The Bonds We Make
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/33315586.

Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Categories:
M/M, F/M, F/F

Fandom:
僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

Relationships:
Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/Midoriya Izuku, Kayama Nemuri | Midnight/Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Bakugou Katsuki & Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku & Shinsou Hitoshi, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Shinsou Hitoshi, Bakugou Katsuki & Shinsou Hitoshi, Asui Tsuyu & Uraraka Ochako, Asui Tsuyu/Uraraka Ochako, Bakugou Katsuki/Shinsou Hitoshi, Midoriya Izuku & Todoroki Shouto

Characters:
Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Midoriya Izuku, Kayama Nemuri | Midnight, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Bakugou Katsuki, Nezu, Shinsou Hitoshi, Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Todoroki Shouto, Shouji Mezou

Additional Tags:
Alternate Universe - Soulmates, Soulmate-Identifying Marks, De-Aged Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Not Beta Read, Bakugou Katsuki is a Good Friend, Midoriya Izuku Does Not Have One for All Quirk, Midoriya Izuku Has a Quirk, Mentor Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Midoriya Izuku is a Ray of Sunshine, Abusive Midoriya Hisashi, Good Parent Midoriya Inko, Cat Midoriya Izuku, Protective Midoriya Inko, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Protective Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead Adopts Shinsou Hitoshi, Yagi Toshinori | All Might Bashing, Shinsou Hitoshi Replaces Mineta Minoru, Canon-Typical Violence, Todoroki Enji | Endeavor's Bad Parenting, Todoroki Shouto Needs a Hug, Slow Burn, Kidnapping, Human Trafficking, Just a mention in a later

chapter

Language:
English

Series:
Part 1 of The Bonds We Make

Collections:
Honestly every fanfic of Izuku I have ever read., BNHA Best Rare Ship Fics, Some good bnha, Why I'm up all night, Gave me ideas, Kori's fic collection, STO My Hero Academia - not completed works, Todo lo que puedo llegar a OLVIDAR, bnha faves that keep me going, Worth It BNHA Fanfics Reading List - Ongoing, Finished Favs, My hero academia, DWL kindle, Villan/hero\vigilante Izuku, Beans, All Mighty Hero Selections, 👌 good shit, Aideku, 💟очень хорошо💟, My Favorite BNHA fanfic ✎, Mirage664's Read and Loved

Stats:
Published: 2021-08-17 Completed: 2022-11-20 Words: 174,874 Chapters: 69/69

The Bonds We Make

by No_One_of_Consequence_05

Summary

Aizawa Shouta is 8 when the outline of his soulmark appears, a cat wearing a scarf curled around a mug.

Notes

Hi!
This is my first fic so please be kind, though constructive criticism is always welcome (keyword constructive).
Just a note, Aizawa has been aged down, he's only 8 years older than Izuku, but this is an AiDeku fic, so if you don't like it well don't read it. Also more tags to come later. Don't want to give too much away.

See the end of the work for more notes

A Mark Appears

Inside the overfull classroom with rickety desks and outdated textbooks, the teacher droned on, her back to them as she wrote problems on the board for the class of 8-year-olds to copy down and solve. In the back, notebook sprawled to cover the splintered carving of the word “Villain”, a new addition to his desk, Shouta did his best to ignore those around him and focus on the math he was to be solving until he felt the pain in his left arm, like a hundred needles pricking him all at once. Head shooting up, eyes turning red, Shouta glared around the room looking for the perpetrator as what little length he had of the hair his foster mother had recently shorn floating as if defying gravity.

“Aizawa!” The teacher called in a scolding manner, “No quirks in the classroom!” Shouta continues to try to find the source of the pain even as it begins to die down, now just a remaining sting. The teacher huffs in annoyance at being ignored. “Principal’s office, now.”

Shouta gathers his notebook into his bag, ignoring the whispers of his classmates, then grabs the quickly scribbled note his teacher hands him before walking down the hallway to the office. The secretary makes him sit on a hard wooden chair outside the door until finally a gruff looking woman opens the door and calls him back. He sits in the chair across from her desk as she reads the note from his teacher then sighs. “Would you like to explain why you were using your quirk in class Aizawa?”

He pauses for a minute, the sting in his arm still present. “Something was hurting my arm,” he mumbles as he gently holds it. “I just wanted to make whoever was doing it stop Tanaka-Sensi” Her look almost imperceptivity softens as she holds her hand out. “Let’s see your arm then,” she nods toward it. Muscles tense a little, but Shouta in an act of weary trust removes his jacket then rolls up his sleeve, revealing a scarred forearm, burns and wounds from a previous home, from other students. Scars the principal knows about and has done her best to stop. Both their eyes go wide however at the new addition, a black outline of a cat wearing a scarf and curled out around a mug. Tanaka smiles gently at him. “Looks like your soulmate was born.”

****

Shouta stands before the almost outlandishly large door labeled 1-A taking in a deep breath as he tugs at his sleeve, making sure it’s pulled

all the way down and pushes a now much longer raven lock out of this face. Calming the panic building up inside, he pushes the door open and takes a step. Students turn to look at him. Why wouldn't they? He's the general studies student who transferred midyear, he's probably who they blame for losing people in this class they'd been friends with, people he'd defeated at the sports festival because he could level the playing field. Some of the looks are hostile, others curious. One girl seems to bat her eyes at him, which he would probably find comical outside the current situation.

"Aizawa!!!" a too loud voice calls out. A student with long blonde hair and headphones hanging around his neck waves. "You were so cool at the sports festival! Anyway, your seats next to mine," he twirls both hands around and points in the most over exaggerated manner Shouta had ever seen. Aizawa hides his amusement, having learned through many foster homes it's best to keep a blank face, and moves toward the seat, slouching into it and setting his bag down.

"I'm Yamada Hizashi," The blonde bundle of energy continues to talk to him. He goes on, asking all sorts of questions, mostly just requiring minimal responses, something Shouta is grateful for as he silently wonders when the teacher will arrive. He glances over at the boy and is now staring at the color against the boy's skin peaking out on his neck over his collar. Yamada seems to notice and pulls the neck of his shirt and jacket down, revealing a pair of headphones resting in a field of flowers. A soulmark, but unlike his, vibrant and full of color. "Yeah, found them at the beginning of the year. Was super unexpected, happened while we were sparing," a goofy grin covers the boy's face. "Speaking of my other half."

Bounding toward them in a skirt that couldn't possibly be regulation length, a girl with long dark blue hair comes to a stop, kisses Yamada on the cheek, and smiles at Shouta. "You're already pushing your friendship on the new kid, aren't you?" she teases as she winks at the new boy, causing her soulmate to stutter.

"I just think he's cool," Yamada defended.

"I know, you've been talking about how cool he is since the sports festival," the girl rolled her eyes but her tone was playful and Yamada blushed. She held out a hand to Shouta, "It's Aizawa, right?" Shouta nods and the girl continues, "Kayama Nemuri. He's not wrong, you were pretty cool out there. I'd love to spar sometime, maybe I can learn some moves."

Shouta just grunts in response, neither an agreement or a denial. This doesn't seem to effect either of the students talking to him as Yamada continues, "So what about you? Got a soulmark?"

Pulling at his sleeve, Shouta shrugs. What's he supposed to say? Yes, I have a soulmark, they're 7 years old. That may not be a big deal in the future but at 15 it's a bit unsettling. On top of that, he knows the danger he'd potentially be putting the kid in when he becomes a hero. A kid, even with a strong quirk, couldn't protect themselves against a villain. Best to keep his mark hidden, even pretend he doesn't have one or wasn't interested. Though he was. He wondered what they'd be like, what they'd grow into. If they were safe, if they were loved.

Kayama began to open her mouth to question but thankfully the teacher walked in and class began.

***

"So you're just never going to show it to us?" Nemuri asked as they walked down the hall toward Principal Nezu's office. The 19-year-old had his gloved hands in the pockets of his jumpsuit.

"Nem, I don't know how many times we're going to have this conversation. I don't want to discuss it," Shouta sighed, wondering not for the first time how the two loud mouthed, nosy heroes had wormed their way into his life. Sure, they were his best friends, they knew almost everything about him from his grumpy demeanor to the nightmares that sometimes still plagued him. Everything except this. His one secret, his one way to protect the kid until they found each other. "You know how easy it is for us to make enemies, I can't do anything that put the kid in danger when I don't even know who they are."

Nemuri pouted as Hizashi countered, "It's just us Sho. You honestly think we'd hurt the kid if we ran into them?"

Shouta sighed, "Of course not Zashi, but you have to understand. If our roles were reversed and it was Nem, you'd do everything to protect her, right?" Zashi winced and nodded, "Well this is me doing that. You never know who's watching." He glanced up at the fairly well-hidden camera as they stopped in front of the door and knocked.

"Come in," a voice called. Shouta pushed the door open revealing their old principal, a Chimera wearing a suit and just finishing pouring tea. "Just in time," he motions them in and they all take a seat, Nemuri and Hizashi taking up their tea while Shouta eyes the

principal, trying to deduce the reason the three former students had been called in.

“Well, I’m very excited to have you all board for staff this coming year, we just have a few things to review and some papers to sign,” Nezu stated, taking a seat.

Shouta’s eyes narrowed, “What do you mean on staff?” He looked from the principal to his friends and Nemuri had the gall to flash him a big smile. “What did you do?” he groaned.

“Kayama and I have been discussing her teaching here starting in the next school year,” Nezu started.

“Wait?” Shouta interrupted, his normally expressionless face showing the barest hint of confusion, “You want the R-Rated hero teaching a bunch of hormonal teenagers?”

“Teaching art history to be specific, Kayama is very knowledgeable about the topic and has already started working on her teacher’s certificate. And in our discussions, she recommended the two of you for positions and I thought it was a brilliant idea.”

Shouta looked at his friends. Nemuri seemed absolutely unrepentant and Hizashi at the very least did not seem surprised. “Me as a teacher is the epitome of irrationality.”

“Oh I don’t believe so,” Nezu said, “I’d like for you to start out as a Teaching Assistant for the current teacher who plans to retire after this coming school year. That would give you time to learn the program from a teaching perspective and earn your certification. Additionally, I think having an underground hero such as yourself would be incredibly beneficial to up and coming heroes in training.” Nezu continued to list off reasons why in his opinion this idea was brilliant.

Shouta groaned again and this time both Hizashi and Nemuri were smiling at him. “I have 2 questions before I agree to anything,” he glared at the chimera. Nezu just nodded for him to ask away. “I get to run my class how I see fit. I refuse to waste time on things that aren’t necessities and if I deem a student has no potential, they’re gone,” Shouta had seem far too many would be heroes killed or severely injured in their first year because they didn’t take things serious or lacked the knowledge and foresight to be heroes. He wouldn’t have that on his hands.

“That doesn’t exactly seem a question,” Nezu smiled at him.

“Are those terms acceptable?” He asked.

“Of course, Aizawa. Once you are the lead teacher you would have full reign to run your classroom as you wish so long as nothing violates school policy and safety. None of the things you’ve mentioned do.” Shouta nodded at this. “Your other question?”

He sighed and unconsciously tugged at his sleeve, a habit he’d never outgrown. “My soulmate,” he stated, surprising everyone in the room, though Nezu did not seem to show it. “I don’t know who they are, where they live, anything about them except they’d be of age to attend a high school or hero school in 4 years. I know the chances of them attending UA and being in my class are low, but what if they do?”

Nezu nods, seeming to understand the question. “While of course normally student teacher relations are frowned upon, we of course make exceptions in the case of soulbonds. If that happens you would need to inform me and we would have to arrange a meeting with the student and their guardian. Of course, we’d also expect there’d be no favoritism in the classroom but knowing you, I doubt that would be an issue,” he smiles.

“Of course not,” Shouta’s face having completely returned to his normal deadpan look. After a moment of silence, Shouta speaks once more, “So, what details did you want to discuss?”

Quirks

Chapter Summary

Izuku and issues with and without quirks

Chapter Notes

CW: References to child abuse - nothing explicit

Quirkless. That's what the doctor had said. Something about a joint in his foot. He wasn't even sure what that meant, all he knew was he would never develop a power as cool as All Might's. "Mom," a voice so fragile it seemed the owner may break at any moment, "I can still be a hero right?"

"Oh Zuku," she hugged him as tears spilled from her eyes, but she never gave him the answer he wanted. The one he needed.

She was still holding him when the door opened and Izuku flinched. "How did the doctor go?" his father asked as he set down his bag from work and began to slide out of his jacket. The tone seemed cordial enough, but both could hear the ice underneath the question.

"Zuku, darling," Inko smiled at him through water tears, "Why don't you go over to the Bakugo's for the evening? Gather some things and you can spend the night, alright?"

Izuku quickly hurried to his room and stuffed a few things in a bag: a change of clothes, some pjs, a notebook, an All Might action figure. He knew his dad would be mad, his dad got mad about a lot of things, and Izuku did not want to be there when his dad got mad. When his dad got mad he ended up with bruises or burns. Sometimes he'd have to stay home from school.

Izuku walked out of his room in time to hear his father yell from the kitchen "So you're telling me the brat's useless and quirkless!" Izuku dashed out the front door, not telling either of his parent's goodbye. Mom would be ok, Dad never hit her, only him. He raced down the street to his best friend's house and knocked on the door.
"Izu, wasn't expecting you," the lady with spiky blonde hair said as she opened the door.

"Mom said I could spend the night," he said with uncertainty.

He didn't notice the way Mitsuki's eyes filled with concern for her friend or her lips pursed together slightly. Izuku did notice the hand that ruffled his hair and the gentle but harsh sounding way she said "Sure thing kid, come on in, the brat's in his room."

Izuku moved past her and up the stairs to his friend's room. He opened it cautiously, the 4 year old boy who looked so much like his mother glancing up in confusion, crimson eyes meeting emerald. "What are you doing here nerd?"

"Mom said I should come over," he quietly said. Katsuki frowned. He didn't know everything, but the 4 year old didn't like his friend's dad. He didn't know why, he just knew his friend got weird around his dad, quiet, scared. Dad's shouldn't be like that.

"Wanna play heroes?" Izuku nodded with a smile but it wasn't as big as normal. Katsuki shrugged it off but after the two played for a while and Izuku didn't seem to cheer up, even when Katsuki said his friend could play All Might, he was really concerned. "Hey nerd, what's wrong?"

Izuku bit his lip. "I don't think I can be a hero with you anymore Kacchan," he quietly mumbled.

"Huh?" Katsuki was annoyed. "Says who?"

"I'm useless and quirkless," the defeat evident in Izuku's voice.

Silence stretched between the two. "That's stupid Izu, we're gonna be the top two heroes still."

Izuku looked up at him with hope. "You think I still can be a hero?"

"Yeah, and anyone who says different can talk to me," little pops of explosions coming from his hands. Izuku ran to his friend, hugging him in tears. "Oi, Nerd stop crying!" he yelled but he didn't really mean it. His best friend still believed in him, even if no one else did.

The rest of the night was normal for the two boys. They played. They drew future hero costumes. Mitsuki made katsudon and the two fell asleep on the couch watching an All Might movie.

The next morning when Izuku returned home, Midoriya Hisashi was gone. His mom said he'd taken a job in America. Izuku just knew home felt safer with him gone.

***

“Kacchan!” Izuku yelled as he ran toward his friend. “Look, look!” He points excitedly to his head where there now rest 2 green pointed cat ears poking out through untamable green curls, his human ears no longer.

“Calm down nerd!” Katsuki yells as his friend jumps around in excitement, “I thought that stupid specialist said you were quirkless,” he asks partially in anger and partially in confusion. He’d watched his best friend get bullied for the past 3 years and the kid had a quirk the whole time.

“He did but I guess he was wrong!” Izuku continued to bounce around his friend on the playground.

“Surprised they’re cat ears and not bunny feet.” He laughed and thought for a moment. “Makes your Soulmark make a lot more sense though.”

Izuku’s hand reached up to the spot on his chest, currently covered by his shirt. He’d been born with the scarf wearing cat who was wrapped around a mug. He wasn’t sure what was in the mug, maybe hot chocolate like he liked or tea like mom drank. “I hadn’t thought about that yet Kacchan! I was just so excited when they came in that I came running.”

“Well what else can you do Nerd?” Katsuki asked.

“I’m not sure?” Izuku admitted, “It’s not like either of my parent’s quirks but I think my nails are more like claws now. My hearing is a little more sensitive. I have a tail, but I’m not sure what else. Mom said she’d take me to a specialist so we can find out more.”

“Well let’s try something now,” Katsuki suggested, trying to hide his eagerness at his friend finally getting his quirk.

“Like what?” Izuku tilted his head to the side in a way that made older girls coo at how adorable he was.

“I don’t know nerd, just like think cat or something!” he huffed.

Katsuki watched the freckled face scrunch up in thought and began to laugh. Izuku glared at him then scrunched his face up again. Suddenly little whiskers began to sprout and the mop of green curls on his friend’s head began to grow, or was Izuku becoming smaller? He

blinked in fascination as his friend's form shifted into a kitten with green curly hair and the same bright emerald eyes.

"Oh shit!" he said as the kitten looked up at him, a little mew sound coming out as it opened his mouth. "I guess that's pretty cool nerd." The kitten started rubbing itself against Katsuki's legs and gently pawing at one of them. "Alright nerd, change back before you tear up my pants." The cat made another mew sound and it's face scrunched up but nothing happened. "Come on nerd, think human," Katsuki encouraged. The kitten's face continued to scrunch but when nothing happened a high-pitched distress call came from him.

Katsuki quickly scoped his terrified friend up and tried to calm him, but nothing seemed to be working. Just as he was about to try to run to find either his mom or Auntie Inko, a teenager in jeans and a black sweater walked up. He had longer black hair and looked tired. "Need help with the cat?" was all he said as he began to reach for the dark green kitten. "Weird color."

Immediately Katsuki pulled Izuku closer into his chest. "You can't have my friend, he's not a real cat!"

The teen stopped but looked confused. "My friend's quirk just came in; he doesn't know how to change back."

"Oh," the teen put his hands in his pocket. "I can change him back, set him down."

Katsuki eyed the boy wearily, but eventually set Izuku down, hovering close enough to grab him first if the teen tried to take him. As soon as Izuku was on the ground the teen's eyes turned red and the hair on his head began to float. When that happened, Kitten Izuku began to shift back, Katsuki thankful that for some reason his quirk shifted his clothes with him.

Izuku sat on the ground, still trying to catch his breath, the kitten distress cries becoming a panic attack. "Hey Nerd, breathe with me," Katsuki said as he began counting, the teen looking on, making sure the younger boy had it handled. This was not the first time he'd witnessed Izuku panic, so fortunately he had an idea of what to do.

When Izuku's breathing had normalized, he looked up at the teen as if he were All Might. "Thanks! Are you going to be a hero? Cause you could be a really great hero with that quirk! You could stop villains from destroying things or using their quirks to harm others. You can make it so they have to fight quirkless! Does it stop all quirks or just

certain ones? Is there a time limit? Is your hair floating part of it? Does it do other things?"

The teen's expression never shifted as the boy asked the questions but something inside him sparked brighter. He'd been told he had a weak quirk, a villain's quirk even. But this kid thought he could be a hero. Maybe his dreams weren't too big. "I'd like to be a hero," he responded, "As far as I know it doesn't work on mutant quirks, it lasts as long as I can keep my eyes open. I'm not sure why my hair floats, and no, it just erases other's quirks."

The kid was practically vibrating with joy and looked about to launch into another round of questions when the spikey haired blonde said, "Hey nerd, we should get you home and let Auntie know what happened."

"Kacchan, just a few more questions?" the green haired kid pouted. The edge of the teenager's lip quirked up just slightly at the pout.

"No nerd, cause it's never just a few questions," he grabbed his friend's arm and started dragging him away.

"Thanks again," the green haired kid waved at him. "You're gonna be a great hero!"

Shouta stood there watching them leave, still feeling that spark of hope. If he could be a hero to just one person, then it be worth it. After the two boys were out of site, he turned and walked through the park toward the other edge, trying to figure out where else to go to avoid his current foster home.

***

The knowledge that her son had turned into a cat then been unable to turn back concerned Inko enough that she called and managed to get him an appointment with the quirk specialist that same afternoon. As they sat in the waiting room, Izuku told her all about the boy who had helped him at the park. "He's gonna be such a cool hero mom!"

"He sounds wonderful Zuku," he smiled as he ruffled his hair. She didn't expect her son to lean into it, nuzzling her hand and letting out a little purr before he clamped his hand over his mouth. That was certainly new.

"Midoriya?" the receptionist called. The pair stood up and followed into the large room. Some chairs were against one wall but there

seemed lots of space and a soft floor. A kind looking lady smiled up at them as they came in.

“Izuku, I hear your quirk came in,” her smile was sweet and Izuku immediately decided he liked her as he nodded in response. “Well, I’m Dr. Ishida. Do you want me to tell you about my quirk first or you want to tell me about yours?”

Ears twitched at the prospect of learning about someone else’s quirk, but Izuku was also curious about his own. “I got these cat ears and tail and I think my nails are more like claws now and I can change into a cat but I couldn’t figure out how to change back,” he hurried through, “What’s your quirk?”

“Well,” she smiled widely at his excitement, “My quirk is called Evaluate. If I touch someone and I want to, I can learn about their quirk.” Izuku’s eyes got big. “Is it ok if we try?” He nodded in an overexaggerated manner and she laughed and asked for his hand. He held it out and as she took it in her own, her eyes began to glow a mellow blue. After about thirty seconds they stopped and she smiled. “Well that’s certainly interesting. Let’s talk about a few things you can do with your quirk Izuku.”

Inko listened intently as the doctor and her son discussed his enhanced hearing and smell, how he’ll want to get special pants for his tail so he doesn’t hurt it on accident. The two practiced extending and retracting his nails, similar to how a cat’s claws would work. She pointed out that once he loses his baby teeth, he will most likely gain very sharp canine teeth. They also talked about morphing into and out of his cat form, particularly how to morph back and practiced a few times. After the doctor provided Inko with some print outs of information and things Izuku could do at home to gain better control of his quirk.

“So he's a late bloomer as far as his quirk but he should have no problem learning to control it. With practice and time he may also be able to access a sort of big cat version in addition to a kitten or cat. He’d be like a large green panther. But I wouldn’t expect him to do that until he’s in his teens,” the doctor told Inko. “You’ll probably also notice him take on some more cat like qualities even when in a human form, so don’t be surprised if he purrs, nuzzles or even nests a little bit with extra blankets or pillows.”

Inko nodded and thanked the doctor, smiling at her son and taking his hand as they left to start the walk home. Hisashi wouldn’t have liked

this quirk, he would have viewed it as weak compared to his. But Hisashi was gone and Izuku was happy and that's all that mattered.

Can I be a hero?

Chapter Summary

Izuku just needs someone who believes in him.

Chapter Notes

CW: bullying, villain attack? ... that's all I can think of. If I missed something let me know.

“What’s wrong, Cat your tongue?” The kid angrily taunted as he pushed Izuku down, angry he wasn’t reacting.

“What makes you think you can be a hero?” one of the other boys asks, his fingernails growing long as they slice into Izuku’s arm. “Can’t even stick up for yourself without Bakugo around with your stupid useless quirk.”

“You’re worthless. Not even your stupid soulmate would want a dumb cat like you,” the third boy spat. Izuku struggled to free himself, not wanting to use his quirk against them when explosive pops caught his attention.

“Hey you damn extras, get off my friend,” Katsuki yelled as he let an explosion off close enough to one of them to frighten but not do any damage. The boys let go and ran off, disappearing behind the edge of the school building.”

“Kacchan,” Izuku frowned as he stood up, “I told you not to do that. We won’t get into UA if you get in trouble for using your quirk.”

“I wouldn’t have to if you’d stand up to those damn extras,” Katsuki practically growled. “Your quirk is a thousand times better than theirs and you’re not a damn bully.” Izuku rolled his eyes at the conversation they’d had a thousand times. “You ready to go home?”

“I need to go the library to look something up for class. You can go on without me,” Izuku smiled.

Katsuki looked at his arm, “At least let me bandage your damn cuts.” He grabbed Izuku’s bag before he could protest and pulled out the small first aid kit, once again annoyed his friend even had to carry the thing around.

Once he finished, Izuku smiled at him then briefly nuzzled against his arm and purred out, “Thanks Kacchan.”

“Yeah, just be careful nerd,” he sighed, use to his friend’s sometimes cat like behavior. At least he’d stopped kneading him for the most part. Though it was nice to know his friend was that comfortable with him, damn if those claws didn’t hurt sometimes.

“You too Kacchan,” Izuku said as they parted ways. He hurried to the library and spent an hour pouring through books for a project before checking out the ones he needed and heading home. He was considering all the things that he needed to do, including training. He’d started lifting some small weights at home, but he really needed to start doing some fighting training, maybe get a support weapon. He had about 10 months until the UA entrance exam, and from what he’d heard the practical exam always featured some kind of fight, typically against robots.

Between his intense train of thought, mumbling everything that came to mind, and the fact that he decided to take a short cut that day, he didn’t notice anything amiss until the brackish green sludge began to encapsulate him. As he struggled to free himself he heard “Don’t worry. I’m just hijacking your body.” The sludge began to fill his mouth, he couldn’t breathe. It felt like his throat, his lungs were on fire. “It’ll only hurt for about 45 seconds… then it’ll all be over.”

Izuku felt everything go hazy. He couldn’t die, he wouldn’t die even as he felt the suffocating presence of the villain try to take over. He extended his claws and started doing everything he could to rip the sludge away from his face, to try to find a weak point. “Stop struggling,” it insisted. Everything was getting darker even as he struggled then suddenly he could breathe again.

As the world came back to him, he looked around, the alley covered in slime and scooping bits of it into a soda bottle was All Might. All Might had saved him. “You okay Young Man?” He asked as he continued scooping up sludge.

“Yes! Thank you, thank you for saving me.”

“Just doing my job!” He nodded as he turned to take off.

“All Might! Wait! Can I ask a question,” Izuku called out. The hero paused for a minute. “Do you think, well, that someone with a quirk like mine could be a hero?”

All Might eyed his ears, “What’s your quirk kid?”

“I um… I have some cat like qualities,” he twitched his ears and flexed his claws, “and I turn into a cat,” Izuku told him apprehensively. He knew what Kacchan told him, but the kids at school all said he couldn’t be a hero.

All Might’s smile faltered. “Kid, it’s nice to have dreams but being a hero is dangerous, you need strong quirks to protect yourself and save others. Maybe it’s better to aim for something more realistic. There’s a man with a cat quirk on the police force, maybe you could be a police officer?”

Izuku’s face fell, heartbroken, but the number one hero didn’t see it because he was already gone. Izuku walked around in a daze, unsure where he was even walking. Next thing he knew he was sitting atop an old refrigerator in the trash heap that was Takoba Beach. He came her occasionally to think. It was quiet.

All Might didn’t think he could do it. The other kids were right. He and Kacchan were wrong. He couldn’t be a hero. The drops of water hitting the ground shouldn’t have surprised him but they did, having not even realized he was crying. All Might, for the longest time, had been his favorite hero. He’d been replaced a few years ago by an underground hero. Not much was known about Eraserhead but Izuku recognized the teenage boy who had helped him all those years ago. But All Might was still the number one hero, he was one of Izuku’s favorites, or at this point had been, and All Might thought it was too dangerous for someone like him. The tears fell harder as it felt like his dream was slipping away from him.

“You alright kid?” A voice called out from a top the trash heap next to him, the sun setting behind him. Izuku tried to wipe his eyes, between the sun and the tears he couldn’t see clearly. When he finally cleared them enough, he saw the black jumpsuit, the large grey scarf, and the long black hair framing the tired looking face.

“Eraserhead?” he asked in surprise.

The pro hero tensed slightly and quirked an eyebrow. “And what makes you think that’s who I am?”

Izuku stumbled over his words. “You… You helped me. Um, it was 7 years ago. When my um, my quirk came in, and I couldn’t change back.”

Looking a little closer at the boy he say the freckles, the curly green hair and the cat ears poking out. Eraserhead seemed to relax a little, “Little Kitten?”

Izuku let out a small snort, “Yeah, but I’m more of a cat now.”

Eraserhead knelt a bit, looking at the kid across from him. “Still look like a kitten to me,” he let his face give a little smirk. Izuku huffed and mumbled something about not being a kid or a kitten. “Well then, if you’re not a kid or a kitten, want to tell me what’s the matter problem child? I doubt you’re here crying cause the view is so pretty.”

Izuku curled his legs up into himself and stayed quiet as he thought. Eraserhead patiently waited, not pushing the kid. Finally, Izuku took in a shaky breath, “Do you think someone like me can be a hero?”

Eraserhead paused, looking the kid over. His clothes were dirty with small tears, and his hair looked like it had mud in it. The kitten looked like he’d just been through some sort of ordeal. He had figured whatever it was had been weighing on him, so this question was unexpected and it hurt. This was the kid who had given him hope when he was holding on to his last thread. The one who gave him the encouragement he need after he’d only been accepted into general studies. Who had told this kid he couldn’t be a hero?

“When I was a kid, I was told my quirk was weak, or that it was suited for being a villain. I got picked on, hurt, among other things. I’d almost given up. But then a little kitten told me I’d be a great hero. So yeah kid, I do think you can be a hero. I think anyone can be hero if they’re willing to work hard. A flashy quirk doesn’t make a hero, your heart and your skill do.”

Suddenly the kid was sobbing again and Eraserhead briefly wondered what he’d said wrong until he heard “Thank you,” through the tears and he let out a sigh of relief. He waited until the tears finally stopped before he spoke again. “Can I ask a question kid?” Izuku nodded at the man. “Why do you want to be a hero?”

“I know what it’s like to feel helpless, to feel unwanted, to feel useless,” the kid said softly, gazing out toward the water. “I was quirkless until I was 7. Then I was told my quirk wasn’t good enough. I want to protect the people like me, the ones society and people like to step on. But not just protect them, but help them rise up a bit. I know it probably sounds stupid, and it’s a lot for one kid to take on, but I want to try.”

“It doesn’t sound stupid kid,” Eraserhead said. It sounded a lot like him when he was younger. It also made him worry about the boy’s home and school life, something he’d have to look more into later. But that answer was the final push to ask his next question, consider making this offer. He didn’t really know the kid, it may be a mistake, but the feeling in his gut said that it was the right choice. And Shouta normally listened to his gut.

“Do you have anyone helping you train? Someone who can help you with exercises or sparring?” He asked the boy.

“No Eraserhead, Well, I mean my friend Kacchan and I are trying to train together but he’s got as much experience as I do,” Izuku stated, looking down and nervously pulling at one of his curls.

That’s what he thought. “Look kid, what’s your name?”

“Midoriya Izuku,” he gives a half smile.

“Well, Midoriya, it seems I’ve got a lot of extra time on my hands right now,” Eraserhead wryly noted that’s what happens when you expel a whole class. His friends had been mortified but Nezu didn’t seem to mind. Not that he would have been sorry he’d done it if the crazy rat had cared. “Your friend, Kacchan? Was that the spikey blonde that day?” Izuku nodded. Made sense the gruff but protective blonde had stuck by the kid’s side. “Well, you can both show up and I’ll train you. We can work it in after school and before my patrols. A few hours every day. Maybe more on weekends if we’re both free.”

The kid seemed to light up, a huge smile growing. Unlike Zashi’s 100-watt smile, Midoriya’s seemed more like the sun, blinding but life giving. Something in that tugged at Aizawa’s heart and he found himself wanting the kid to smile like that more. “Really? Are you sure?” he asked, despite the smile his voice almost sounding afraid to raise his hopes too much.

“Problem Child, I don’t make offers I don’t want to or that I don’t intend to keep. Yes Really,” He replied. “But so you know, it won’t be easy. There will be lots of hard work. I’ll expect you to push past your limits.”

“I’m prepared for that Eraserhead sir,” Izuku nodded seriously. “I’ll give it everything I’ve got!”

“You better be, kitten,” he jumped down from his trash pile, ignoring the look on Midoriya’s face at his continued use of the nickname.

“And call me Aizawa. That’s what my students call me. Meet me here tomorrow after school. First thing we’ll do are some stretches, endurance training, then we’ll clear a training area. Bring your friend if he’s up for it.”

“Yes Aizawa-san,” Izuku nodded enthusiastically.

“Lose the san, it’s just Aizawa. Toss me your phone kid,” he held his hand out as Izuku fumbled pulling his phone out and tossed it down to the hero. Aizawa typed something into it then tossed it back up, the kid missing the catch but it still landing in his lap. “I assume you won’t give anyone else my contact number but now we can stay in touch in case something happens – you’re sick or I get called away on mission. Anyway, see you tomorrow kitten.”

“Still not a kitten,” Izuku called after the hero as he disappeared between the piles of trash. While he didn’t see him, Izuku swore he heard a light chuckle.

Training Begins

Chapter Summary

Aizawa begins training Izuku and Katsuki.

Chapter Notes

CW - implied/referenced abuse and bullying

Yall I've been so overwhelmed by the positive response you've given. Thank you so much and I'll continue to do my best with this story.

“Who the hell did you find to train us at some trashy beach nerd?” Katsuki asked as he and Izuku approached, having already changed into clothes to work out in after school, Katsuki in basketball shorts and a tank top while Izuku was in a long sleeve undershirt and a pair of thin jogging pants. It was warm for the attire, but Katsuki didn’t question it. He’d knew about the insecurities Izu held about his scars, some from bullies at school, others burn marks that even after all these years hadn’t faded. The thought of the burns further secured his hatred for Hisashi.

“You’ll see!” Izuku smiled as he ran ahead. Katsuki could almost hear a satisfied purr coming from the boy as he thought about whoever they were meeting. That’s new, thought Katsuki as he followed him through the piles of trash. Izu normally only purred in cat form or displaying some of his more cat like tendencies. But his friend wasn’t being pet and wasn’t nuzzling against anyone. As he contemplated what was making his friend so happy, he almost ran right into Izuku’s back when he suddenly halted.

“Hey, why are you stopping nerd!” he yelled before following his friend’s eyes to the man standing atop one of the trash piles. He looked maybe 20 and honestly if his friend hadn’t been so obsessed with the hero Katsuki probably would have thought he was homeless. Well that explained the purring. “When the fuck you meet Eraserhead?”

Izuku’s smile was huge as he looked up at the man, “Hi Aizawa! I brought Kacchan.”

“Nice to see you Kacchan,” Aizawa nodded with little expression on

his face.

“Only the nerd gets to call me that,” Katsuki practically growled.

Aizawa rolled his eyes. The boy reminded him of an angry puppy, perhaps a Pomeranian. “Alright then, since he’s kitten you’re pup. Ready to get to work?”

“What did you call me?” Katsuki’s teeth clenched together as he spoke. Over him Izuku called out “Yes!” and Katsuki could see he was practically jumping with excitement. He sighed, deciding not to ruin whatever this was and looked up at the man. “Name’s Bakugo. Use it unless you want me to call you hobo.”

Aizawa snorted as he jumped down. “I’ve been called worse kid. Come on, we’ll need to clear a larger space later but for now there’s a space over here big enough for stretches.” He walked over to another part of the beach and started running them through various stretches and basic exercises the goal being to make sure they were ready for the next exercise.

“Alright problem children,” Aizawa stood up as they finished. “Next goal is to build up your endurance. We’re going for a run.” Izuku nodded but Katsuki looked annoyed.

“Is that all? I can run on my own,” Katsuki huffed.

Aizawa grinned, a look that honestly came across as either maniacal or terrifying, “The goal of this run is to keep up with me kid. No quirks, just running. Good luck.” The man took off in the sand, much faster than either boy had anticipated given his lazy saunter from earlier. The two quickly realized what was happening and dashed after the man as he bounded through the piles of trash, off the beach and down the street, ducking into and through various alley ways. And after years of running from bullies, Izuku was fast. He kept and eye on Eraser and Katsuki kept an eye on him as they endured every sudden twist and turn. But as the chase continued both boys began to tire and as they turned down an alley that came to a T, there was no sign of the dark-haired man. Izuku ran down to the T and looked both ways but couldn’t see him.

“15 minutes. You both lasted longer than I thought you would,” the deep voice sounded from behind them. He turned around to see Aizawa hanging upside down from a pole using his capture weapon. We’ll keep working on that. He flipped around and landed on his feet, then reached into his pocket, pulling out two water bottles. Both boys

caught one as he threw them their way. “Let’s walk back to the beach.” The started to lazily saunter off again as both boys started to follow, still huffing to catch their breath between swigs of water.

“You found the craziest trainer you could, didn’t you?” Katsuki said between huffs.

“No, he found a damn good trainer who is going to help you survive,” Aizawa answered in a matter-of-fact voice. The man didn’t even look like he’d broken a sweat. Katsuki grumbled while Izuku just seemed to be in awe of the man. As they finally approached the beach, Aizawa looked around. “We need to clear a space for additional training and sparring. I think here’d be pretty good. Let’s get to moving trash.”

Aizawa started grabbing items from the piles, moving them either out of the way or up to an actual dumpster. Izuku and Katsuki followed. They worked until sunset clearing the space, both boys collapsing to the ground, muscles aching as they finally pushed the giant refrigerator Izuku had sat on yesterday out the way, providing a good-sized sparring area for the 2 boys.

“Good job,” Aizawa nodded. “Tomorrow we can start working on actual sparring.” Katsuki groaned and Izuku probably would have also if he weren’t chugging what was left of his water. “Make sure you eat a good meal and get plenty of rest, you’re going to be sore tomorrow.” Katsuki got up to start gathering his things while Izuku still lay on the ground, clothes soaked through with sweat and sand sticking to them. “Hey kid, it’s too hot for this outfit. I can’t have you passing out from overheating. You should wear something cooler tomorrow.”

He noticed Izuku flinch at the request and sat down near the kid. “Wanna tell me why you don’t like that suggestion?”

Izuku remained quiet, the moment seemed to stretch as he was trying to figure out what to tell the man until finally Katsuki huffed, “Nerd has some scars he’s self-conscious about.”

“Kacchan!” Izuku yelled, the betrayal evident in his voice.

“Well someone had to tell him,” Katsuki rolled his eyes.

“Look kid, we all have scars,” Aizawa lifted part of one of his sleeves and Izuku could see burns, cuts: things that looked like they’d come from fights or defending himself. Some that didn’t look too different from some of his. “I’m not gonna look at you any different for your scars and I’d much rather see your scars than see you passed out in an

alley. So dress cooler tomorrow."

The statement felt like an order instead of a request and Izuku nodded, though he still felt uncertain. But looking at the scars he thought maybe Aizawa would understand. Pushing the thought from his mind, he moved to get up but his body protested. "Kacchan, carry me home," Izuku whined out his request, turning his head toward his friend.

"You can walk nerd," Kacchan rolled his eyes before turning to see the pout and the big, sad, exhausted eyes. He sighed as he picked up the other's backpack. "Fine."

Aizawa watched as the boy's body began to shift, legs growing shorter, everything becoming smaller, fur seeming to cover his whole body until a lean, adult sized green cat jumped up on the spikey haired boy, wrapping his body across the back of the boy's neck and over his shoulders, head snuggling into the side of the boy's neck. He raised an eyebrow in question, but Bakugo just gave a tiny shrug and said "See you tomorrow, hobo."

"Sure thing Pup," he shook his head walking away to the grumbling from the kid just thinking over everything from the past 2 days. The kid may be a cat now, but Shouta was pretty sure he was still a kitten.

***

Shouta knocked on the door then pushed it open, letting himself into the small office. Looking up from his computer and the small stack of files, the dark-haired man sitting at the desk nodded as he took another sip of coffee. "Eraserhead, what's going on? I wasn't expecting you tonight," Detective Tsukauchi said as he quirked an eyebrow.

Shouta walked in and took a seat. "I know, just wanted to know if you could look into something for me. It's not technically a case, just sort of concerns mixed with a gut feeling." He could see the curiosity peaked on the detective's face.

"I can do my best," he offered. "What did you need me to look into?"

"It's a kid I just started training," Shouta admitted, "Wanted to look into his home life, maybe his school. Was hoping you may be able to give me a place to start."

"Sure," Tsukauchi grabbed his mouse and made a few clicks on his computer, "What's the kid's name?"

“Midoriya Izuku,” Shouta shared, “Should be 14.” He watched the man continue to click and type away for a few minutes until his brow furrowed. “What did you find?”

“It’s more what I didn’t find,” he says, never taking his eyes off the screen. “Midoriya Izuku, age 14, quirk Cat. Born here in Mustafa. Mother, Midoriya Inko, age 41, quick attract small objects, occupation nurse. All the normal stuff for her: Maiden name, where she was born, all that. No criminal record. The concerning part is her ex-husband, Izuku’s father.”

“What about him?” Shouta asked, trying to keep the concern out of his voice.

“Other than their marriage and divorce records as well as being noted as Izuku’s father, there are no records for a Midoriya Hisashi,” the detective scrunches his brows, “It’s as if he appeared out of nowhere then vanished. Only other notes are that Midoriya Inko broke her soul bond with him and his quirk is something called fire breath, but that’s just on the records we have. There’s no entry in the quirk registry for him.”

“When was the divorce?” Shouta asked, a feeling of dread, remembering the way Izuku’s eyes seemed to linger on his burn scars as if he understood.

After a couple of clicks the detective says, “Looks like it was finalized when the kid was about 5, though the two separated when he was 4.”

“Can you check Izuku’s quirk registry for details?” Shouta asks, remembering the green kitten protectively clutched by a seven-year-old Bakugo saying his quirk just came in.

A few more clicks back to the registry and the detective grimaces. “Looks like he was diagnosed quirkless at age 4. Doctor noted an extra joint in his toe,” Shouta let out a huff at that pseudoscience. “I know. His quirk didn’t come in until he was 7. The new doctor made a note that his body was most likely waiting until it could handle his transformation. Said it's possible as he develops for his quirk to as well.”

Shouta sat back to process everything. That there was no paper trail on the kid’s father was concerning. That typically meant something criminal. Also the separation happening right after the kid was falsely diagnosed quirkless didn’t bode well for him. The bright spot in this seemed to be the kid’s mom. She’d chosen to break a soul bond for the

kid, something not easily done and that hurt physically and emotionally. Assuming she didn't regret it now, that at least showed someone other than his friend was protective of the kid. A deep sigh left his mouth. "What about the kid's school? Particularly any red flags about quirk discrimination?"

"Look like he goes to Aldera Junior High. Let me pull up the school's records," he typed away for a few more minutes then leaned back. "Looks like they have on file a pretty strict no discrimination policy." Shouta rolled his eyes this. Didn't they all? His elementary had but it didn't stop anyone but the principal from actually trying to help him and he knew he was lucky in having her. "But it looks like there have been a few complaints. Nothing big enough to launch an investigation on their own but looking at it all together the pattern is," he paused, "concerning."

"I'll get Nezu to look into it and send you anything he finds," Shouta offers. "You know how he loves cleaning up schools." The detective in front of him couldn't withhold the shiver as he thought of the almost sadistic glee the principal got from taking down administrations and teachers with bad records. "Thanks for looking into it," Eraserhead stood, "It's a good starting point."

"No problem," he nodded. "I'll print off the info and have a file ready for you next time you stop by." He watched Eraserhead reach for the door. "And if the kid needs help," he trailed off.

"I'll definitely let you know," Eraserhead finished. "Thanks again Tsukauchi." And with that he left the man to stare at his computer screen wondering about the kid Eraser was suddenly invested in.

Problem Children

Chapter Summary

Shouta evades questions about his problem children.

Izuku has problems seeing his own worth.

Chapter Notes

CW: referenced bullying and suicide baiting - fairly in line with cannon.

Hey yall! Once again the response to this has been amazing! Thanks so much for the kudos, comments, ect.

My weekends are typically pretty busy - I'm kind of a nerd and I GM/play in multiple RPGs along with other life stuff, so next update will be sometime early next week.

Shouta waited on the beach sighing. Today had been a long day.

It had been about 2 weeks since he started training Midoriya and Bakugo. The kid had thankfully listened to him and shown up their second day of training in a t-shirt and shorts. Shouta's face remained emotionless, but his blood boiled. There were visible burns peeking out from the edge of his sleeves and the cuts and scars that littered his arms varied in age from years old to sometime in the past few days. Midoriya had refused to look up and meet his eye as they approached that afternoon, however his protective watch dog glared at Shouta as if daring him to say anything. Shouta had simply jumped right into warmups and soon his green hair trainee was actually looking at him again, a small smile on his face.

After they had finished training that day and the boys had left, Shouta pulled out a jelly pouch and looked at the name in his phone. Even after what he said the night before, Shouta thought more on the topic and began to have reservations. He hesitated to get the rat involved, knowing he'd want to meet Midoriya and probably Bakugo. But after seeing the scars and the newer cuts on the boy's arms, he pressed the call button.

"Aizawa, how unexpected!" The cheery voice his employer rang through the speaker. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

Shouta sighed. “I need you to look into something for me,” he stated. “Bullying, quirk discrimination, possibly illegal quirk use at a local middle school.”

“Oh?” Nezu sounded intrigued. Damn it. “Which school would that be?”

“Aldera Junior High,” Shouta responded. “I have reason to believe their students at the very least are physically and emotionally bullying those with no quirks or quirks they view as weaker and that the teachers are turning a blind eye to it.”

“Well that certainly sounds like that something that should be investigated,” Shouta didn’t miss the hard edge under the joyful mask Nezu always wore. “May I ask where your concern is stemming from?”

He paused. He’d been hoping to leave Midoriya out of this. “I met two kids from there,” Shouta picked his words carefully. “Good friends, but it seems one of them is being pretty severely bullied when the other isn’t around.”

“Interesting,” Nezu responded with a slight hum. “And how are you certain of this if you’d only just met the kids?”

Shouta sighed. “I took them on a personal students,” he admitted.

“Very interesting,” the rat’s voice perked up even more. “I would like to meet these students of yours.”

“No,” Shouta immediately responded.

“Aizawa, you expelled your whole class this year,” Nezu reminded him, “I’m merely curious about the two students you found worthy of being taught.”

“The last thing I need is you corrupting two middle schoolers,” Shouta dryly responded.

There was a slight hum from Nezu, “We’ll talk about this more later, Aizawa.” Shouta internally groaned as he knew the damned rat would just bring it up later. And much like his employment, he’d probably present at least a half hour persuasive speech on why it was a good idea.

Which is exactly what had happened on campus today. Despite not having a class, he still needed to be there to assist with other tasks or

sub in if a teacher was out on a mission or for personal reasons. Zashi and Nem were already bugging him in the teacher's lounge about where he was going every day after school. "You never want to hang out with us anymore," Zashi complained.

"Yeah, what's taking up all your free time?" Nem demanded before gasping, "Did you get a boyfriend?" Shouta just glared at her. "Come on, you can tell us! What's he like?"

Shouta rolled his eyes. They both knew better, he'd talked them about it before. He knew he may never meet his soulmate or that his soulmate may not want someone so much older than them, but he didn't see the point in getting attached to someone else just for his soulmate to pop up and him end up breaking someone's heart. A lot of people didn't view it that way, but Shouta had just never seen the point in trying with someone else before trying with the one he was connected to. "I found a kitten," he responded, turning back to the paperwork on his desk.

"Awwwww," Mic melted in excitement. "Can we see pictures? Does Tora get along with the little guy?" Shouta should have expected this, but he wanted them to stop and just said the first thing he could think of. Why did he say anything? More caffeine was required from now on before talking with his friends. As he took a big gulp from his mug, contemplating how to respond, his phone buzzed. He quickly looked at the text message from Nezu asking him to come to his office.

"Nezu wants to see me," he grunted as he left the room, coffee in hand. He could hear his friend's whining about wanting to see the kitten and he silently thanked the universe for the interruption.

Every ounce of thanks he felt soon evaporated. He found himself sitting across from the principal who was explaining he'd handed everything from his investigation over to Tsukauchi who was going to speak to some students today. "Speaking of students," Nezu sipped his tea, "How are your two pupils coming along?"

He expected this but that didn't mean he wasn't still annoyed. "They're doing fine," he kept his voice as bland as possible. In actuality, Shouta had to admit he was impressed with the boys. In two weeks they'd come further than he expected, though they still had a lot of training before them. If they continued to progress at their current rate, they'd probably be top scorers on the entrance exam. They were both also bright, but Midoriya in particular has an understanding of quirks that rivaled many pro heroes he'd met.

He remembered the day they'd beaten him to the beach. He'd been held up by a staff meeting and when he arrived, Bakugo had a text book out in front of him while Midoriya had been writing away in a dry but water damaged notebook. He peeked over his shoulder and saw a detailed description of Present Mic: Discussing his quirk, it's capabilities, drawbacks, and multiple questions or advice. It was quite frankly impressive. "He does wear hearing aids," Shouta spoke, causing the boy to jump, "But I don't know that he or his agency have considered creating aids that react to his quick and specifically deafen that. I can bring it up next time I see him if you'd like?"

Midoriya turned to face him, eyes wide and mouth open as he slammed the notebook shut. "You can?"

"Yeah," he shrugged, "We're actually friends, went to school together. You got a page in there on me?"

The kid hesitated. "Not in here," he finally said.

"The nerd's got a bunch of those notebooks," Bakugo yelled out, never lifting his face from his textbook, "You've got a whole damn section in one of them, you're his favorite hero."

Shouta watched as Midoriya's face turned bright red and he squeaked out "Kacchan!" It was honestly kind of adorable how embarrassed he got about the whole thing. He would never admit his own blush from the announcement that he was someone's favorite hero was only hidden by the slight duck of his head into his capture weapon.

"I'd like to see it sometime, if you don't mind?"

"You don't," Midoriya struggled for words. "You don't find it creepy?"

"Kitten, being able to understand the strengths and weaknesses of allies and opponents is vital to being a hero," he shrugged, "It's the best way to stay alive and keep others alive."

Izuku looked shocked, like no one had ever told the kid just how amazing these books really were, and agreed to bring the notebook with him in it one day. "Be careful with them though," Shouta cautioned. "In the wrong hands your analysis could be dangerous." Izuku nodded as he put the notebook away and Shouta got the boys to start their stretches.

Thinking back to that day there was no way he could let Nezu meet the kid. He'd probably start training him to overthrow the

government. So Nezu prattled on for an hour with Aizawa doing his best to counter the chimera's arguments that he should meet his students. By the end Aizawa had prevailed, mostly through sheer willpower, though his head ached, and he knew this wasn't Nezu's last attack on the matter. Back in the teacher lounge he curled up in his sleeping bag and rested before finally sneaking out before the last period ended so he wouldn't have to deal with his friends again, which is why he was on the beach early.

Finally, he saw the two boys approaching. They were both discussing something as they drew near and once they were close enough he could over hear Midoriya's upset voice. "You didn't have to tell them Kacchan!"

"Well, you sure as hell weren't going to unless someone else said something," Bakugo responded, "If you aren't going to defend yourself against those damn extras at least fucking tell someone."

"I'm fine Kacchan, I can handle it," Izuku was frustrated.

"You can but you don't!" Bakugo yelled, and Shouta heard a slight crack in the voice. "You just let them do whatever and what they fuckin said, and the teacher outside didn't do a damn thing!"

"It's not a big deal," Midoriya looked down.

"What's not a big deal?" Shouta finally interrupted.

Green eyes refused to look up from the sand but angry crimson ones met his. "Some cops came to the school today and the nerd is mad at me cause I told Detective Lie Detector about the fucking extras and how they use their quirks on him and how yesterday one of them said." Before he could finish Midoriya looked up startled and slap a hand over Bakugo's mouth. The loud blonde quickly pried it off his face looking more annoyed, "What the hell nerd!"

"It's not important Kacchan," Izuku looked at him with pleading eyes.

"Can I be the judge of that?" Shouta asked, leveling them both with a serious gaze. "What did they say?" Izuku looked down defeated.

"They told him to take a swan dive off the roof and hope he gets a better quirk in his next life," Bakugo growled. "And there was a teacher outside the door and he didn't do a damn thing. This was after the teacher made fun of him in class from wanting to apply to UA. It's fucked up."

Shouta agreed, and he couldn't keep the anger from his face. "That's not nothing kid," Shouta said. "If someone said something like that to Bakugo or another kid at school would you think it was not important?"

Izuku looked up at him, questioningly. "I guess not?"

"Well you deserve the same respect those other kids do," Shouta was maybe a little forceful with his words. "And it's not nothing, those are crimes. You understand that, right?"

The kid looked confused but nodded. God he was going to need to work on this kid's confidence and self-esteem. The kid had so much potential, but he needed to see it. "Something like that happens again I need you to tell someone. And if they don't do anything then I need you to tell me." Izuku looked broken and Shouta gentled his voice. "Look kitten, heroes don't just save others, they have to be able to protect themselves: physically, mentally, emotionally. And sometimes that means getting help, living to fight another day, talking to someone. At the very least you can talk to the pup over there and you can talk to me. We're here to support you." He reached a gloved hand out and ruffled the kid's hair. "You think you can let us do that?"

Izuku took a deep breath, his eyes a bit watery as he pushed into the hand slightly and whispered, "Yes." The movement reminded him so much of Tora he almost laughed, but he knew now wasn't the time.

He pulled his hand back and looked at the two. "Why don't we grab some coffee and talk scenarios today?" The boys both nodded, though Izuku looked nervous until Bakugo pulled out a jacket and tossed it at the kid who happily slid into. The sleeves went past his hands and it hung loosely around his body, but he looked much more comfortable. "Come on, there's a café I like down the road." Walking off, the two boys trailed behind him. He couldn't help the upward twitch in his lip as he mumbled to himself, "Problem children."

Coffee and Katsudon

Chapter Summary

Aizawa takes the boys to a cafe and Inko has a request.

Chapter Notes

CW: None that I can think of :)

Did I say the next upload would be next week? Yes
Did I pull out my computer before having to leave this morning cause I was excited for this chapter? Also yes.

Kacchan's laugh filled the street as he looked as Aizawa in front of the small building with a colorful sign above it that featured a mug and a set of paw prints. It read Purrfectly Brewed. Izuku was honestly surprised too, and while he didn't voice anything he was sure the confusion was evident on his face.

"Shut up," Aizawa glared at Kacchan. "You'll scare the cats if you walk in like that." After some teasing and more laughs, Kacchan eventually calmed down and the three entered the café. There was a small area with a counter up front, a girl who looked a few years older than him behind it with a long braid and braces.

"Oh welcome back! Black coffee and a chocolate chip scone?" the girl asked looking at Aizawa.

"Yeah," he nodded, causing Kacchan to crack up again despite Aizawa's glare, "And whatever they're having."

"Oh, no Aizawa, we can pay," Izuku started to protest, his arms waving in the air with the sleeves engulfing his hands.

"I got it kid, don't worry," Aizawa insisted. Kacchan had no issues ordering a caramel macchiato and some sort of streusel and after a little more prodding, Izuku ordered a hot chocolate and the biggest sugar cookie he'd ever seen. Once everyone had their orders and Aizawa had paid he nodded his head toward a glass door by the counter. "Come on problem children."

Izuku followed him through the door and let out a big smile. There were rugs and tables of varying heights making the room warm and cozy but what was exciting were the little towers and shelves for the

cats to run on and the toys, some scattered, some in boxes, and some being played with by a couple of the dozen cats roaming, sleeping, or being pet by one of the costumers in the room.

Never before had Izuku wanted to shift so badly, but the owners may be surprised by the addition of a dark green cat to their café. As Izuku looked around the room wide eyed he missed the small gentle smile that briefly graced Aizawa's face before returning to it's normal blank look. Kacchan finally pushed Izuku toward a table, "Come on nerd, you can't just stand in the doorway."

Izuku blushed and went to take a seat. As soon as he did one of the cats jumped in his lap and began kneading and another circled around his feet. "Huh, they're not normally that immediately friendly," Aizawa noted.

"It's cause they think he's a big fluffy cat," Katsuki laughed. "There's a couple at his apartment complex that follow him around and try to sneak in."

"Mom probably wouldn't care if they stayed with us but it's against the lease," Izuku added as he pet the cat in his lap and took a bite of his cookie.

Aizawa nodded understandingly. He'd had to find a new apartment after he'd found Tora, his landlord at the time threatening eviction when she'd found out he had brought a cat home. Luckily Zashi and Nem had kept her for about a week while he quickly looked and moved, though getting her back was a struggle. Nem had grown attached.

"Well," he took a drink from his mug and sighed, "Let's talk situations," he started as one of the older cats jumped into his lap. He ran the boys through some different hero scenarios: rescues, petty crime, big villains, hostages. Gave some details, asked what they'd do and then pointed out things they'd suggested that were good and things they'd suggested that may not work or cause more harm. All in all, considering they had no real training in heroics, the boys both had pretty good instincts Shouta thought to himself. Though Bakugo did want to blow things up more than he probably should.

Towards the end of their meeting, Shouta heard a buzz and saw Izuku pull out his phone. The boy sighed and looked up at him nervously. "Aizawa, my mom says she wants to meet you," he said before rambling on. "I told her we were training with you and I explained

who you were and that you were a pro hero and teacher but she still wanted to meet who was training Kacchan and I cause she wants to make sure you're safe even though I promised her that you are."

"Kitten," Shouta held a hand up. "It's not a problem. I'd be more concerned if your mom found out you were training with a man she'd never met and didn't have questions. When does she want to meet?" To be honest he wasn't great with parents, but he figured this was a necessity if he wanted to keep training Midoriya. And he did. The idea of not helping him reach his full potential was impossible to wrap his mind around, as if it were impossible to refuse.

The kid let out a sigh of relief. "She asked if you could come over for dinner one night."

"How's Sunday? I don't have school or patrol that night," he offered.

"I'll ask," he looked down at his phone.

Shouta turned his head toward Bakugo. "What about you pup? Your mom want to meet too?"

"Nah," he shrugged, "She knows Auntie and trusts her judgement. She said if Auntie said you were cool then she was cool."

"Mom says Sunday at 6 works," Midoriya responded.

"Sounds good, text me the address kid," Aizawa raised his arms up and arched his back in a stretch. "I need to get ready for patrol, but I'll see you two tomorrow." With that he stood up, deposited his now empty dishes in the caged off tray next to the kitchen, and walked out with the wave.

***

A sizzling sound filled the air as Izuku poured the egg into the pan with the pork cutlet and onion, Inko overseeing his cooking from a few feet away as she fluffed the rice and finished chopping some green onion. "You're doing a great job Zuku," she smiled at him, proud their cooking lessons were going so well.

"Thank mom," he smiled as he watched the egg, making sure it wouldn't become overdone, when a knock at the door made him jump. "That's probably Aizawa," he offered.

"Go ahead and get the door, I'll finish up," she smiled as she brushed

his curls back and gently kissed him forehead.

Izuku took off his apron and ran to open the door. “Hi Aiza,” voice trailing off when he looked at the man standing before him in confusion. “Aizawa?” The man was almost unrecognizable in his jeans and a fitted black sweater with his hair pulled back in a half bun. Izuku felt his stomach churn though not in an unpleasant way. It was strange.

“Yeah kid,” the man answered. They both stood there for a moment, just looking at each other. “Can I come in?”

“Of course!” Izuku moved out the way, letting the man pass. “Did you shave?”

“Thought may be a good idea,” he shrugged. Aizawa seemed aware he normally looked a little scruffy. Kacchan constantly said it made him look homeless but Izuku thought the look fit the underground hero. But so did this.

“Well you look nice,” Izuku said, closing the door behind him then realizing what he said clapped his hand over his mouth and turned red, “Not that you don’t always look nice, I mean you do Aizawa, your normal look is perfect for an underground hero this is just different in a good way.” His blush deepened.

“It’s fine kid,” he said as he took his shoes off, leaving them next to the other ones at the door. “Something smells good.”

“Oh, yeah, mom is finishing dinner,” Izuku walked toward the kitchen with Aizawa following him.

Shouta looked around. The apartment wasn’t large, 2 small bedrooms it looked like with a living room and a small kitchen set off from it, but it was cozy. Warm colors brightened the place and the walls held various photos through out the years of Izuku and a green haired woman he assumed to be his mother. There were, unsurprisingly, no pictures of the boy’s father but he did notice a couple of the kid smiling with Bakugo and a woman who bore a striking resemblance to him. Must be his mother.

“Zuku honey can you take the bowls to the table?” Shouta looked up to see a woman with long straight green hair in her younger 40’s, sleeves rolled up as she pulled something out of a wok. She smiled softly at Izuku as he smiled back and grabbed one of the smaller bowls and what looked like a serving bowl with pickled vegetables. The

table was already set with napkins and chopsticks.

He studied her briefly and a ball of anxiety released in his stomach. This home was warm, it was comfortable, and his guess was right, that the kid did have a caring parent. “Anything I can help with?” Shouta asked. At this point, Midoriya Inko looked up at him and surveyed him in a way that made the pro hero inwardly uncomfortable, as if she could peer into his very soul. She pulled her sleeves down but not before he caught the grey, cracked marking on her forearm.

Then she smiled politely at him and nodded toward the other 2 bowls, “Do you mind taking those to the table? And what would you like to drink?”

“No problem at all,” He moved forward to grab them as Izuku pulled a serving spoon out of a drawer, “And water is fine.” She nodded and poured some water into a glass from a pitcher in her refrigerator. Izuku motioned for him to take a seat at the little four-sided table and Izuku took the side next to him.

Inko eyed the man once again as she set his water down then took the seat near Izuku, directly across from the man.

Shouta sat nervously before Izuku broke the ice, “Mom this is Aizawa, he’s the one who’s been training Kacchan and me so we’re ready for the entrance exams at UA.”

“My full name is Aizawa Shouta,” he nodded. “It’s very nice to meet you Midoriya-san.”

“It’s nice to meet you as well, I’m Midoriya Inko,” she smiled but Shouta could feel the protective aura that radiated from her. “I’m glad Zuku is training, he’s always wanted to be a hero but I’m afraid I’m not much help. How did you become his trainer?”

He glanced over to see Izuku shifting nervously in his seat and he wondered how much the boy had told his mother. Choosing his words carefully he looked back to the kid’s mother. “I ran into Izuku one day before my patrol and we got to talking. I was surprised when he used my pro hero name since I’m underground and most information on me is scrubbed from the internet. Then he shared he was the little kitten who couldn’t turn back into a kid in the park 7 years ago.”

“You’re the one who helped Zuku change back?” her eyebrows arched as if this was new information.

“Mom I told you before that the kid who helped was now Eraserhead,” Izuku said as if surprised his mother hadn’t connected the dots.

“You know so much about so many pro heroes, sweetheart, that sometimes I lose track of which is which,” she gave her son and indulgent smile before turning back to Aizawa. “I never got to thank you for helping Zuku that day.” She gave a slight bow.

“I was happy to help,” Aizawa flatly said, “But after he reminded me who he was, we got to talking about heroes and how your son wants to be a hero. He didn’t have anyone helping him prepare for the entrance exam though and well, I’m a pro hero and a teacher. So I offered to help.”

Inko’s eyes narrowed slightly. “I’d like to know why?”

Aizawa sat back and looked at her. He should have anticipated this question. He could make something up, something solely about potential and helping the next generation, but he had a feeling Midoriya Inko didn’t tolerate bullshit. “I asked him why he wanted to be a hero,” he finally settled on saying. “I already had a gut feeling that your son had potential, my gut feelings are usually right. And when he gave me his answer on why it sealed the deal. Midoriya and Bakugo both have the potential and the drive to be great heroes but not just that, your son has a heart for helping people. That’s why I decided to offer my help.” It was truthful without sharing too much about himself.

Inko seemed to contemplate his answer then smiled at him genuinely. “Tell me more about your training sessions,” she requested and all three settled into the meal.

Once the meal was over, Shouta excused himself, saying he needed to go because he had an early morning ahead of him. “Zuku, sweetheart, do you mind starting the dishes? I’m just going to see Aizawa out.”

“Sure thing mom,” Izuku nodded, “I’ll see you tomorrow after school Aizawa.” He smiled brightly, that life giving smile and Shouta felt his lip involuntarily quirk up.

“See ya tomorrow kid,” he waved and walked toward the door, Inko trailing behind him. He slid on his shoes and looked up at her to say thank you again and good bye but he realized by the look on her face she had something more to say.

The two stepped outside and she closed the door. “I want to thank you

for training my son," she said, her lips flat and her eyes once again assessing him. "But I want you to promise me that nothing you do will ever hurt him."

"I promise Midoriya-san," the words slipped easily and truthfully from Shouta's lips. "Training will be difficult, and I can't promise he won't ever get hurt, but I would never purposefully do anything to bring your son harm."

"I intend to hold you to that," she nodded turning to head back inside but stopping with a hand on the handle. "Keep him safe," she whispered before opening the door, leaving Shouta standing alone with the impression that Midoriya Inko was sweet and kind but also a truly formidable woman. He's glad the kitten has a mother like the one he'd always wanted.

Reflections

Chapter Summary

Inko reflects on some things after dinner while Shouta finds some uninvited guests in his apartment

Chapter Notes

CW: referenced/implied Family Violence, Child abuse, depression, bullying, and like a super brief mention of someone in the past not respecting someone's sexual orientation

This chapter has a little more angst in it than the last chapter.

Also yall are pretty amazing! Thanks so much for reading and for every Kudo, subscription, bookmark and comment. I was honestly really nervous about starting this but the support from yall has been awesome

Midoriya Inko laid back on her bed as she let out a breath she'd unconsciously been holding in. It was too early to sleep, not that she could if she tried. Too many things raced through her mind and she knew if she stayed in the living room, Izuku would notice something weighing heavily there. A lot of people looked at her and thought she was emotional, scattered, kind but naïve. But after everything she'd been through, Inko was primarily observant. She quietly watched and read people like her son watched and analyzed quirks.

The observations she'd made tonight had been surprising. Her son and his trainer had no clue, but she could see it. She'd seen it before, in year 3 of high school when Mitsuki had first spied the quiet, reserved new kid in class. Her best friend had a boyfriend at the time, one she was incredibly happy with. He was unmarked and she had never placed much stock in the soulmarks, both her parents being markless. The two were inseparable, even talking about getting married after high school. Still, Mitsuki found herself inexplicably drawn to the new boy who was so different from her. And Inko didn't miss the looks Masaru had given back, though he'd get nervous and shy away every time her boisterous friend tried to talk to him.

But she watched the glances, the unconscious interest, the way they circled each other. Inko watched for almost a year before they finally touched, shortly before graduation. And then it all clicked. Mitsuki

ended up breaking things off with her boyfriend to pursue her soulmate. The boy had been crushed and therefore angry. He purposefully misconstrued the situation, accused her of giving up her free will and following some biological urge she couldn't control. That night as Inko cuddled with Mitsuki in her bed was the only time she'd seen her friend cry.

Her thoughts drifted back to dinner. The two must not have touched, which she supposed was comforting to know. But she saw the way Izuku lit up around him, his normally bright smile shining even more. She noticed the way her son's eyes followed the man. And she saw the glances that Aizawa Shouta probably unknowingly gave her son, the ever-present awareness he seemed to have of Izuku, the way he seemed to innately know what he was feeling. She was sure there was more to the story about how they met, but Aizawa had sensed Izuku's reluctance to share that part and had avoided it.

She could be wrong. The man could not be Izuku's soulmate. It could just be Izuku's excitement over having a pro hero in their home and his astute awareness as said pro hero and a teacher. But that didn't feel true, even as she thought it. He'd agreed too quickly, too sincerely, to never hurt Izuku when she brought it up. She closed her eyes and continued to think. If they were soulmates, at least she had time to prepare herself for the idea before they found out.

He seemed a good man. And if it was a romantic bond, while eight years seems a big difference now, in a few years it wouldn't be. If she was right, she hoped for Zuku's sake that despite their age difference he accepted the bond. She looked at her own forearm as little tear pricked her eyes. 16 years ago, a stranger had asked her to dance and she accepted. When her hand gracefully landed on his, the butterfly with fire for wings had sprung to life with color. At the time it was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen, and she'd fallen into the bond unquestioningly. Within 2 years they were married and had Izuku.

But Hisashi was not a good man. He angered easily, sometimes he would yell, throw things. Worst was the way he hid things from her, like what he actually did for a living, a question she still didn't have a solid answer to. Or the burn scars that appeared on Izuku's arms and shoulders around his fourth birthday when his quirk hadn't come in but before they'd visited the specialist. She did her best to protect Izuku and to maintain her bond. She had hoped that he would change, that he was just stressed, that the anger would lessen. But when his anger manifested so strongly after Zuku was officially if incorrectly diagnosed quirkless, she knew she had to choose between the two.

It was simultaneously the hardest choice she'd ever made and one she knew she'd never regret.

The physical pain was difficult. Her arm burned, as if something was searing into her skin, for days. But the emotional trauma was worse. It felt like a piece of her very being had literally been torn out. She spiraled: There were days she couldn't get out of bed, when she alternated between tears and just feeling numb. Izuku had spent a lot of that next month with the Bakugo's while Inko did her best to continue to protect her son from seeing her like this while she pieced herself back together, constantly reminding herself that her bond was toxic, that her and Izuku deserved better. And slowly, day by day, the pain got better. There were still bad days, even 10 years later, but she could function, she could laugh, she could care for son. She could feel joy and love again.

And worry. She worried every day for her son, for his soulmark. That they would be kind, caring, and a good person. And if they weren't she prayed he would never find them. She never wanted her son to feel the pain she'd felt with a broken bond. But now, if her suspicions were true, all she could do was watch over her son until he realized and be there for him no matter the outcome.

***

As Shouta ascended the last flight of stairs to his apartment, he paused and took a defensive stance. The light in his apartment shown faintly through the curtains. He cautiously approached and listened at the door then almost immediately turned around and walked away.

Instead, he groaned, knowing if he didn't face this now they'd stay there all night waiting for him and at some point he needed to get his hero costume before school tomorrow. Maybe he should start leaving an extra one at his desk or in his sleeping bag, he pondered as he turned the key in the lock and pushed the door open. "I wasn't expecting company," he grumbled as he looked at his two best friends.

"Well you weren't home so we let ourselves in," Nemuri shrugged, as he pet the Toyger cat happily purring in her lap. He would have to make sure she didn't try to leave with Tora.

"That key was for emergencies," he reminded as he walked toward the kitchen and started brewing a cup of coffee. He ignored the looks his friends were giving him.

"Why are you all dressed up?" Zashi confused voice rang throughout

the apartment. Even without his quirk the man was still loud tonight and Shouta silently wondered if both his hearing aids were on.

“I’m not,” he continued to stare at the machine, trying to force it to brew faster through sheer willpower, a trick that was sadly not part of his quirk. “I’m wearing clothes.”

“Sho, I’ve known you for 7 years,” Zashi scoffed at his friend’s obvious deflection, “If you’re not in your jumpsuit then you’re in sweatpants and a hoodie or a tank top with that stupid sleeve for your arm. For you this is dressed up.” Beside him his wife’s eyes lit up with excitement.

“Oh my god was I right?” Nem squealed, “Did you finally get a boyfriend?”

“Seems likely Nem,” Zashi smirked, “Cause I looked all around this house and I haven’t seen any sign of a new kitten.”

Shouta poured his coffee as his two friends discussed their made-up version of his love life. He offered them none, hoping they wouldn’t stay long, but did reach into the cabinet, grab a bottle, and add a shot of whiskey to his mug. Caffeine was not enough on its own to deal with his two best friends tonight. They were worse than the problem children.

After taking a sip he sat down on the chair near the couch they sat on. “I was having dinner with someone if you must know and before you go off again, no it wasn’t a date.”

“Are you sure?” Nem asked taking a closer look at him, “Cause you fucking shaved. When was the last time you were clean shaved?”

“I just wanted to make a good impression,” he shrugged then felt a vibration in his pocket and pulled his phone out, opening it to a message from Midoriya. Before he could put it back in his pocket, Nem snatched it from his hand. He fumbled to get it back without spilling his drink and silently wished once again he had his capture weapon on.

“Ohhhhh,” a glint appeared in her eye and she looked at him mischievously, “So this is what you meant when you said you found a kitten.”

Zashi was eagerly peering over her shoulder. “From Kitten: Thanks for coming to dinner tonight! Mom said she approves and there’s a big

grinny face at the end!" In his excitement, Zashi had activated his quirk at the end and Shouta's hair that wasn't tied up floated up as he canceled it out.

"So who's kitten and why do you need mom's approval?" Nem grinned and leaned in, ready for her friend to finally spill what she assumed was information on some clandestine romance.

Shouta snatched his phone back. "I took on a personal student," he grumbled as he practically chugged the rest of his drink, the burning sensation down his throat uncomfortable but not unbearable.

"You what!" Shouta found himself cancelling out Zashi's quirk before something broke or his neighbors complained again.

"You expel a whole class of kids who passed the entrance exam and you expect us to believe in your spare time you took on a personal student?" Nem quirked an eyebrow.

"Two students actually," he walked back toward the kitchen, this time just pouring more whiskey into his mug.

"And you call one of them Kitten? And needed to meet their mom for approval?" the quirked eyebrow and slight smirk showed she doubted the story.

"His quirk turns him into a cat," Shouta sighed, knowing there was no way out of explaining everything. "I actually met him for the first time when his quirk manifested and he couldn't turn back info a human from being a kitten." He took a sip of his whiskey and a different type of burn coated his throat. "I hadn't seen him since until a few weeks ago and his mom had never met me so she wanted to meet the man who'd decided to train her kid." They all just stared at each other for a few minutes, deciphering everything he'd just said.

"Nem, I think he's telling the truth," Zashi eventually spoke up. "I'm just confused as to why."

Shouta shrugged. "They showed potential. The Kitten and his friend." He leveled a look at both of them. "Now you want to tell me what you're doing here?"

"Well, we wanted to see the kitten Sho, but obviously that's not going to happen!" Zashi laughed.

Nem's eyes took on a wicked glint as she grinned at him. "Oh no

Zashi, I still want to see the kitten."

"No," Shouta firmly replied, trying to hold his expressionless look. He was honestly enjoying training the two hero hopefuls and his friends were chaos, they would create trouble either for or, God forbid, with his problem children.

"Yes," Nem's grin only widened.

"You'll get to meet him and the Pup when they get into UA," he told them. "And no mentioning the nickname or anything else at school. Nezu is already trying to meet them and has no information about the kitten's quirk."

"How did Nezu find out?" Zashi seemed confused. "You hadn't even told us, why would you tell him?"

"Needed his help with an investigation at the kid's school and he knows it's related to my student," Shouta replied. "He may have already determined who it is but with the quirk information he'd no for sure, so not a word."

"What was he investigating?" Zashi questions, brows pulled down in an uncharacteristically serious face.

"Bullying, quirk discrimination, illegal quirk usage," Shouta explained. "Sounds like it got resolved. The students have been punished and the teachers and administration who let it happen have been replaced and if necessary prosecuted."

"Wait?" Nem's expression also changed to one of serious concern. "Was your little kitten being bullied?"

Shouta inwardly grimaced but figured if he didn't share, they'd keep hounding him. "He was covered in scars and I was able to confirm that the newer ones weren't from home, though sounds like his dad may have been abusive," Both of his friends looked startled. "Don't worry," he assured them, "he's been out of the picture for a while and his mother seems very protective. Broke a soul bond with the man to protect the kid."

They both winced at that, remembering the time they saw a bond broken in high school. The boy insisted the bond be romantic and the girl insisted it couldn't be because she was a lesbian. When he refused to accept that the bond could only be platonic, which was stupid, lots of bonds were, she broke it. None of them would ever forget the

screams as they collapsed, clutching where their marks were or the haunted looks the two still had when they'd returned a month later.

He took a sip of his drink and remembered the way Nem referred to the kid and added, "Also he's not my kitten."

The mood quickly shifted. "Really?" Zashi laughed at his friend's late insistence. Normally that be the first thing the man would deny.

"Oh I think he very much is," Nem countered with a grin, thinking the same thing as her husband.

Shouta briefly considered the ramifications for murdering two pro heroes even if they were his best friends. He settled for ushering them out of his home with a promise from them to keep their mouths shut.

New Friends

Chapter Summary

> Izuku attempts to befriend everyone's favorite purple haired teen (ok, my favorite purple haired teen)

Chapter Notes

> CW: implied/referenced child abuse, implied/referenced depression, implied referenced bullying, a bit of a breakdown cause feels can be a lot
>
> Once again yall are so amazing! I love your comments and all the kudos and bookmarks and subscribes are honestly crazy for me to think about.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku took a drink from his water bottle and seemed to be staring at something back towards the road. Shouta followed his gaze and looked up toward the stairs leading from the city down to the beach. The purple haired teen was back, just watching them as the two boys practiced sparring while he occasionally stopped them to demonstrate something they'd done wrong or to have them review a match.

The green haired boy waved with his tail flicking behind him like he'd done every day he'd seen the boy. This time the boy's body tensed but surprisingly he didn't immediately run off like he'd done every time the past two weeks. Izuku smiled, his tail moving in a more excited manner as he called up, "Hey! You want to join us?" The boy didn't respond, only watched him for a minute before turning around and walking off.

Bakugo scowled from his position on the floor, "Could have at least fucking answered."

Izuku shrugged. "Maybe he's scared? I'm sure he has his reasons." He watched the figure disappear. "He seems lonely," the boy almost whispered.

This was one of the things Shouta admired about Izuku, his desire to save everyone, even if they didn't want to be saved. It was something

he'd picked up on in the way he talked about others, even those who had hurt him. And with lots of conversations, praise and assistance over the last couple months the boy was perhaps beginning to understand that he was just as deserving of being saved.

Shouta thought that may be the last they'd see of the boy but he showed up the next day. Izuku once again called out to the purple haired stranger, asking him to join in the training. The boy didn't respond, but unlike yesterday he didn't leave right away. Even after being acknowledged he sat up there and watched them a while longer.

After a week of this happening, Shouta walked onto the beach, a little late. He'd taken a detour to dispose of the tracker Yamada thought he had so carefully placed on him. His two friends had been relentless in trying to figure out where he was going and with their latest attempt, he felt they deserved being sent on a wild goose chase. Which is why the tracker was now attached to the bandana he'd tied around the neck of one of the cats he sometimes fed on patrol. There was a small upturn of his lip at the thought of people watching Present Mic and Midnight chase after a cat.

Down on the beach now, he could hear Izuku talking to someone. He turned the corner of trash into their training area to see Bakugo sitting on the ground staring up as the purple haired boy stared in amazement at the green cat boy bouncing on his heels in excitement. "That's such an amazing quirk!" Izuku was obviously about to go off on one of his rambles. "Think of all the good you can do with a quirk like that! You could stop villains before they create major damage, calm panicked civilians or end hostage situations. I wonder if it would work over a phone or through a speaker? How many people can you use it on at once? Though your quirk really works best if people aren't expecting it, so it probably be good for you to go underground. Maybe you could talk to," he looked up and Shouta saw the ray of sunshine that was Izuku's smile, "Zawa!"

"Eraserhead," the kid whispered. His eyes were blown wide and Shouta took a good look at the kid now that he was closer. His hair seemed to defy gravity, but of it's own accord, not like his when he used his quirk or Zashi's when he used a whole bottle of hair gel. The bags under his eyes looked like they could rival Shouta's own.

The most concerning thing though was the line that went across the kid's cheeks and over his nose, a fresher cut over what looked like years of scars. Scars similar to the ones he'd seen once when he'd busted up an underground dog fighting ring. He noticed Bakugo and

Izuku glancing at them. The boys had noticed them too, but neither seemed to have said anything. Izuku probably for fear of scaring off the kid or personal knowledge of not wanting to discuss scars and Bakugo probably only out of respect for Izuku's efforts to befriend the boy.

His stomach clenched at that, the idea that someone could do that to a kid. He wanted to help, but that would require getting him to tell him something. He searched his mind for a quick way to help gain the boy's trust when a thought crossed his mind. Well, if Izuku saw potential, he probably had some.

"It's Aizawa here kid," The teacher said finally responded. Somewhere in the last couple months, Izuku had shortened it to Zawa, a name that somehow felt natural coming from him. Additionally, Shouta found himself being invited over to dinner by Midoriya-san regularly, at least a couple times a month. Sometimes it be just the three of them and sometimes Bakugo would show up too. Somewhere between the dinners and their regular training, it started to become natural to think of the kid as Izuku. "What's your name?"

"Shinsou Hitoshi," he offered cautiously.

"Well, Shinsou," Shouta looked at him, his normal bland expression, "I'm working with these problem children to help get them ready for the UA entrance exam. Heard Izuku talking about how amazing a hero you'd be. You interested in joining them?"

At this the kid looked down and he reached his left hand around to clutch his upper right arm. "I can't be a hero," he whispered. Shouta's stomach clenched even tighter. He felt like he was looking at himself at this age, when he was about to give up.

"Why not?" he asked. "I just walked up to Izuku listing off a bunch of ways you could be a hero."

"But I have a villainous quirk," he replied, looking down. Shouta feared for a moment he was about to run and tried to figure out what to say.

"Bullshit," Bakugo spoke up first. Everyone looked over to him in surprise. "I've been told my whole fucking life I have a great quirk to be a hero but do you know how much damage I could do if I decided to be a villain? Zuku's been told he has a weak quirk, that he can't be a hero, that not even his soulmate would want him but I've never met anyone with more hero in him. A quirk doesn't make you a fucking

hero, you do."

Shinsou seemed startled by that assessment of it and Shouta decided to grasp on to what Bakugo had started.

"He's right," They all turned to look at him now. "When I was a kid I was told my quirk was villainous. I could stop others from using their quirks, I could prevent heroes from saving people, I could do all sorts of things that would be harmful to society. But now I use that same power to stop villains, to help people, to be a hero." He pauses until the kid is looking him in the eye, his own purple eyes watery. "No one gets to decide how you use your quirk and no one gets to decide the course your life takes but you. So would you like to join us for training?"

Shinsou nods, "Yes sir," he verbally adds.

"None of that sir or san or sensi stuff," Shouta stops him. "Here at least it's just Aizawa. Do you have clothes to change into? We'll start now."

Shinsou's face shifted and he looked distraught, "I don't."

"I may have some," Izuku starts to reach for his bag before they hear a sigh come from Bakugo.

"Here," Bakugo reached into his bag and pulled out an extra pair of his normal workout clothes. "They're clean and the nerd's clothes won't fit you." He was right, Shinsou was the tallest of the three boys while Izuku was small for his age.

Izuku smiles at his friend and turns to Shinsou. "There's a box over there that I lay in sometimes." Shinsou seemed confused by this.

Bakugo laughed. "It's the cat in him, he fits he sits."

Izuku glared at him but the kitten wasn't particularly intimidating. Shouta hid in his capture weapon to suppress a laugh before Izuku turned back. "Anyway, it's big enough to change in. Unless you want to go up to one of the stores." Shinsou just nods and walks over the box after thanking Bakugo for the clothes.

A few minutes later, Shinsou nervously walked out, his hand once again holding his upper right arm. That's when all three noticed it, peeking out from between his fingers. Grey and cracked. No one said anything at first, unsure what to say, then Izuku went up and threaded

his fingers through the fingers on Shinsou's free hand like he did with Bakugo sometimes when he was upset.

"You know, my mom's is broken too," he softly said. Shouta watched in mild awe and Bakugo with a pained expression as the boy looked up to meet Izuku' eyes, his own filled with so many questions. "It hurt her. She likes to pretend she's fine, but I remember how sad she was, all the nights I spent at Kacchan's. I saw how painful it was. But it gets better."

Shinsou watched the sincerity in the boy's eyes and simply asked, "Why?" Shouta wasn't sure what he was asking why about but Izuku seemed to know.

"My dad was, well he wasn't a good man. She did it to protect me," Izuku shared as the hope in the boy's eyes seemed to dim a little. "The bond was toxic. He hurt me physically," Izuku pushed up his sleeve and showed the burn scars on his upper arms, the first time Shouta had seen this much of them. "And he hurt my mom emotionally. Your soulmate shouldn't hurt you and if they do then you should try to find something better."

Shinsou was actually in tears now. "She said she couldn't be soulmates with a villain," he sobbed and Izuku pulled him into a hug as the boy cried on his shoulder. Bakugo huffed at the display but got up and wrapped his arms around both of them.

"Then she was toxic," Izuku whispered. "She would have hurt you more if she couldn't see all the good you can do. You deserve more than a toxic bond." The three stayed like that, Shouta watching over them, not wanting to interfere as the two boys seemed to have it covered. After a while, Shinsou either pulled himself together or ran out of tears and the boys finally separated.

Shouta stretched a bit from where he was standing. "You know what? I'm thinking today may be a good day for some coffee and scenario discussions, what do yall think?"

"You just want to see the cats at the café," Bakugo teased.

"So what if I do," he shrugged. "Sorry Shinsou, you can change back if you want then we can all walk there together."

Shinsou winced, "I," he stumbled, "I don't have money for a café."

"Don't worry," Shouta shrugged, "If I make you go as part of my

training then I pay." Shinsou looked like he was about to protest but Shouta added, "I've got two well paying jobs, I can afford to buy three problem children a drink and something to snack on once in a while."

"He'll insist," Izuku added, "I tried to pay the first couple times. One time I even slipped some money into his jumpsuit pocket then found it in my backpack the next morning."

Shinsou laughed at this. "Alright then, I guess I'll change real quick."

***

The four of them were finishing their drinks and going over what they'd do in a hostage scenario, office building, no windows, unconfirmed threat of a bomb when Bakugo's phone went off. He picked it up and groaned. "Nerd, the old hag wants to know when we'll be there for dinner."

Izuku checked the time and realized how late it was. He carefully pried the three cats off of him, Shinsou had been amazed they'd all found places to rest on the small boy, and said his goodbyes, giving Shouta a huge smile as he did. "Come on Kacchan," he started out the door. Bakugo huffed a goodbye that sounded more like a grunt and disappeared after the kitten, leaving Shouta and Shinsou sitting across from each other to finish the last of their coffee.

"I guess I probably should head out too," Shinsou offered, though he didn't look too pleased by the prospect.

"Kid?" Shouta looked at the nervous face with those scars and worry crawled up his chest. "Kid, is there a reason you don't look happy to go home?"

Shinsou schooled his face in a way Shouta was very familiar with. "I was just having fun," he says casually. "It's quiet at my foster home."

That worried Shouta, having been in the foster system he knew the number of bad homes that kids with quirks people deemed villainous got sent to. "Give me your phone kid." Shinsou pulled out his phone again, having put it up after Izuku insisted they exchange numbers earlier. The pro hero grabbed it, typed something in then handed it back. "You ever need to let me know you're not going to make it to practice or if I have a mission or something come up we can text now. Also, if you ever need anything else, just let me know." He wanted to help the kid but he couldn't do much at this exact moment if the kid wouldn't admit there was a problem.

Shinsou left and Shouta sat there for a minute, petting the old tabby that had curled up in his lap, considering his options. He could wait for Shinsou to trust him enough to tell him, or he could try to do something on his own. Making up his mind, he went to stand up, the cat jumping off his lap with an annoyed look, and Shouta walked out of the café.

Walking down the street, he pulled out his phone and called Tsukauchi. “Hey. I’m on my way to stop by the station, have a debrief with another officer before I go home. Do you think you could pull some information for me?”

Chapter End Notes

> Are we about to embark on a short side quest and save Hitoshi? Yes. Does it serve an ultimate purpose to the main plot? Also yes

Welfare Check

Chapter Summary

Shouta digs into Hitoshi's life and makes some decisions.

Chapter Notes

CW: Child abuse/neglect. Hospitals.

Once again yall are amazing! I love your comments and am constantly blown away by the others ways yall love and support this work.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouta slumped into his couch with a mug of coffee and began to flip through the file Tsukauchi had given him, not having time earlier in the evening to actually sit with the man and discuss it before heading to his meeting and the detective being out when he'd finished.

Shinsou Histoshi's parents had abandoned him at an orphanage shortly after his quirk, brainwashing, appeared. Report stated he accidentally used it on them, though the two adamantly insisted it was purposeful. Which was ridiculous. What four-year-old could control their quirk? A lot of adults didn't always have full control of their quirk depending on the activation requirements. Because of their illogical conclusion, they decided they couldn't have a son who, in their words, "would grow up to be a villain".

Shouta's heart ached at the familiarity of the situation. He himself had only found a truly good home, one where he was cared for and about, until the older couple who had taken him in his last two years at UA. They had been kind, caring and supportive in a grandparently way. Though they didn't talk often, he would be invited over to the Ogawa's for dinner every so often to catch up.

His mind shifted back to the file before him. Shinsou had been moved around between foster homes and orphanages, typically never staying in one for longer than about 6 months, though his longest time in one was around a year. They all ended in similar ways: the foster family claiming Shinsou was a trouble maker, the kids claiming he tried to use his quirk on them, or just claiming the "inability to handle him." That certainly didn't sound like the nervous and quiet teenager he'd met or the one he'd watched sobbing in Izuku's arms.

His most recent placement was with the Kondo family, a couple who was apparently known for helping children with dangerous quirks. Shouta had been in one of those homes. Helping was not the word he would have used for it. He looked at the clock. With no patrol tonight, he had gotten home early. The sun had only set a little while ago so he knew Tsukauchi would still be at the office. He picked up his phone and dialed the man.

“Eraser? Wasn’t planning to hear from you again so soon,” the detective answered.

“What would it take to foster a kid and have their current home investigated?” he asked.

Tsukauchi paused. “Is this about Midoriya or Shinsou?”

“Shinsou,” Shouta shared. “The stories from his past homes aren’t consistent with the boy I met. Also he’s got scars and a cut overlapping on his face.” He paused, trying to force the words out. “Tsukauchi, I think they muzzle him.”

“Shit,” the normally calm detective spat out. “We’ll have someone do a wellness check right now.”

“Do you mind going?” Shouta asked. “I think the homes are lying about him because they view his quirk as villainous.”

“Yeah, I’ll go and I’ll take Sansa. I’ve got the address here, file is still up on my computer,” he responded. “As far a fostering, it looks like your license from when you first became a hero is old but thankfully it hasn’t been that long. You’ll need to take a recertification course but since you’ve done everything else already and your CPR/First Aid are up to date, you should be able to complete it online. In the meantime, I can talk with his case manager and get an emergency temporary placement done since you’re a hero.” The detective paused and Shouta heard the uncertainty in his voice. “Eraser, you sure you want to do this? You’re single, a pro hero and 22. Are you sure you’re ready to take on a 14-year-old who is probably going to have some trauma?”

“He’s a good kid,” Shouta answered, not even considering the question. “He just needs someone who’ll believe in him and he’s not getting that in the system.”

“Alright. Did you want to meet us there?” the detective asked.

“I just started training the kid,” Shouta said. “If I show up for a

welfare check and it turns out I'm wrong." He trailed off.

"I understand," he replied sincerely. "We'll keep you posted." The phone hung up and Shouta laid his head back on the couch, praying he was doing the right thing.

***

Hitoshi sat in his small, fairly empty room, trying not to make any noise. Not that he could make much noise with the way the muzzle hugged his face. But any movement that made noise would anger the Kondos.

He was texting Midoriya, who kept insisting he should just call him Izuku and after one day had already shortened his name to Toshi. The green ball of energy accepting and comforting him was the last thing he'd expected today. It was warm and kind, something he hadn't experienced since his quirk came in. Even Bakugo, in his own blunt way, had shown him kindness. And then there was Eraserhead and offer as well as his questions.

Hitoshi had wanted to tell the man, almost had. But he held back from telling the pro hero he admired. He'd already spilled too much of his problems onto them today. Plus sure, this place wasn't great, but they at least fed him sometimes and rarely hit him so long as he was quiet. Who knows what the next family would do? Or where they would be. He was finally making friends he thought, something that hadn't happened since his quirk came in. And they thought he could be a hero, even offered to help him train for the exam. He couldn't lose either of those opportunities.

His phone buzzed and he looked down. "Toshi are you sure you're ok?" Izuku had texted. The two had been messaging back and forth since Hitoshi arrived home to be immediately locked in his room. "I am worried about the cuts on your face. Part of it looked infected."

He shouldn't be surprised Izuku had noticed. It was hard to miss and a kid with that many scars of his own would assume the worst. Not that his assumptions would be wrong of course.

"I'll put some antibiotic on them Izu," he typed back.

"Are they from school? Or home?"

Well, that was a loaded question. He finally texted back "My foster family isn't great, but they're not the worst I've lived with." The boy

sent him a frowny face and he could see where he was typing something else when he heard a loud knock at the front door. His heart started to race. It was much too late for normal visitors. “Someone’s here, hold on,” he texted quickly before settling the phone into his pocket and quietly moving closer to the door so he could hear better. Thankfully it was quiet in the house and his room was at the top of the stairs by the front door.

“Hello?” he heard the surprised yet sugary voice of his foster mother.

“Evening ma’am, my name is Officer Tsukauchi, Are you Kondo Akane?” A male voice asked.

“Yes, I am,” she responded. “Is something the matter officer?”

“Just wanted to speak with Shinsou Hitoshi,” the officer told her. “Is he here?”

“He’s actually out at a friend’s house right now,” he could practically see her fake smile. “Has he done something wrong?”

“No, he hasn’t,” the officer told her, “But it may be best if we’re honest Kondo-san. Is Shinsou in the house right now?”

“No,” she seemed incredulous, “I told you he’s at a friend’s house.”

“Do you know of anything happening in the home or at school that may cause any form of physical or emotional harm to Shinsou?” The officer asked.

“Certainly not,” she declared.

“I’d like to see Shinsou’s room please,” the officer requested.

“I’m not sure that’s entirely necessary,” she said firmly. Of course she wouldn’t want an officer up here.

“Ma’am,” the officer firmly spoke. “My quirk is called Human Lie Detector. The name is fairly self-explanatory. I know Shinsou is here and if you will not take me to him then I will find him myself.”

“You can’t just barge in here!” he heard her scream.

“Actually you have given me enough cause to believe a child may be in danger, so I am completely within the parameters of the law and if you try to interfere I will have you restrained and detained.”

Hitoshi felt himself begin to hyperventilate. Someone was checking on him. Someone would find him like this. Would they care? The last cop hadn't when he'd found out his quirk. He'd either be in massive trouble with the Kondos or he'd be sent somewhere new like he feared.

"Do you have a lock on the outside of this door?" the voice came from right outside and the officer seemed angry.

"You don't understand, he's dangerous!" she yelled.

"He's a child!" The detective yelled back at her. "Officer Sansa, please restrain Kondo."

Hitoshi heard sliding latch on the door then her heard the squeak of the hinges as his breathing got shallower. A man in a tan trenchcoat and hat walked, took in the room. A look of disgust briefly flashed across his face which only made Hitoshi's panic attack worsen. The man then knelt beside him. "Hey kid, can you hear me?"

Hitoshi nodded. "Ok good. I need you to match my breathing, can you do that?" The man started counting in breaths, holding and out breaths. Slowly Hitoshi's breathing began to normalize but tears still stung his eyes. "Ok, kid, I'm gonna take this thing off of you."

The detective began to look at the muzzle then turned in annoyance, "You put a lock on it?"

"Without a lock he could take it off!" She screamed. "He's dangerous! He's used his quirk on children in other homes and started fights. He's a villain in the making!"

Hitoshi shook his head with tears in his eyes, doing his best to deny everything. "I know you unfortunately believe those things to be true but even if they were it doesn't excuse this. I'll be launching investigations into his prior homes. Now where is the key?"

The man believed him? Hitoshi isn't sure where it came from, but another officer brought him a small key and the muzzle was removed, the top pulling against his already raw skin. "Kid, this looks like it's infected. Between that and the panic attack, I need to take you to the hospital to get checked out. You think you can walk with me?" Hitoshi only nodded as the officer helped him stand and led him past his angry foster mother who was being placed in hand cuffs then down the stairs and out the door to the police car. He cringed when the back door was opened. "I know kid, but I can't let you ride upfront, it's

against protocol. But it's a short ride."

They were pulling away from the house as other officers began to arrive, most likely to help with the Kondos, the other kids and collecting other evidence. Finally, once the house was out of sight, Hitoshi spoke. "What's going to happen to me?"

The officer gave him a gentle smile. "Once you get checked out, I'll take a statement. It's important for the case but making sure you get proper medical care is the most important thing. Then I've got someone who wants to offer you a place to live if you're interested, but I'll let him talk to you about that."

Hitoshi nodded and looked at his phone. He had a couple missed texts. "At this hour, who's there?" "Toshi what happened?" "Toshi is everything ok?" All from Izuku.

"Hey Izu, I'm actually going to the hospital. I'm not sure what's happening from there. Sorry if I can't train with you after all," more tears fell at the thought as he hit send.

"Which hospital?" was the only response he got.

"Mustafa General," he answered, knowing it was the closest.

"I'll meet you there," was the response from Izuku. He tried to text him that he didn't need to, but the messages went unread.

***

Shota hurried up to the third floor of the hospital and quickly found the reception desk. He flashed his hero badge at the nurse sitting there "Shinsou Hitoshi? Came in with Detective Tsukauchi?"

"Room 314," she pointed down the hallway and Shouta was off again, hurrying past nurses and doctors as well as other patients. It was way past normal visiting hours. He pushed the door open to see a green haired nurse leaning over the bed, the patient's face not visible though tufts of purple hair could be seen. As she stood back up and gently said, "there you go," smoothing the last of the bandage over the kid's face, Hitoshi and Shouta both jumped in surprise.

"Eraserhead?" Hitoshi asked in disbelief.

"Midoriya-san?" Shouta asked. The nurse looked up and blinked at him, taking a moment to recognize him in uniform. He always dressed

casual but nice when he came over for meals.

“Aizawa what are you doing here?” she questioned.

“Shinsou just started training with Izuku and Bakugo after your son was pretty insistent,” Shouta’s lip quirked up.

She laughed. “That sounds like Izuku.”

“You’re Izu’s mother?” Shinsou asked.

“Yes,” she smiled fondly. “I’m normally home with him at this hour but one of the night nurses needed to switch shifts.”

“He’s on his way here, ma’am,” Shinsou nervously told her.

“Of course he is,” she shook her head but a small smile still graced her face. “He’ll probably drag Katsuki along too. The nurse up front will let me know when he’s here and I’ll let him come back if you want.” The purple haired boy nodded, indicating it was fine. “Well, I’ve got other patients I need to check on and you two probably need to talk. I’ll be back by shortly to check on you Shinsou but I don’t think the doctor will see a need to keep you long.” With another soft smile she walked out of the room, leaving Shouta, Shinsou and Tsukauchi.

“Eraserhead what are you doing here?” Shinsou asked, his brows furrowed in confusion.

“I told you it’s Aizawa. And Tsukauchi called me,” he gestured toward the detective. The boy looked over to the detective, still confused.

“Why would he call you?”

“Eras, I’m sorry, Aizawa is the one who contacted me asking me to do a welfare check after he looked into your past foster homes. He said the information they had down didn’t match the boy he’d met,” the detective explained. “He also wanted to talk to you about something else after I take a statement.” He pulled out his phone. “Is it ok if I record?” Shinsou nodded and the detective pushed a couple buttons then looked up.

After stating the date and time, Shinsou looked shocked to hear it was after Midnight, he introduced himself, made sure Shinsou understood his quirk, and noted Pro Hero Eraserhead was also present. “Alright, can you please state you name and age?”

“Shinsou Hitoshi, Age 14,” the boy nervously said.

“True,” The Detective responded. “And Shinsou, how long have you been with the Kondo family?”

“For about two months,” he responded.

“True,” the detective noted. “And tell me about your treatment in the Kondo home.”

“When I was there, I was mostly expected to stay in my room and make no noise. If I didn’t they would punish me,” Shinsou shared.

“True, what kind of punishments did you receive?”

“Mostly they’d hit me,” he said. “I got a couple big bruises the first week and after that made sure I never made any noise.”

“True. How else were you treated in the Kondo home?”

Hitoshi gulped. “They were afraid of my quirk so from the moment I got home to the moment I left for school they’d force me to wear a muzzle. It had a lock on it so only they could remove it.”

“True. Also note the detective found Shinsou in his room wearing said muzzle,” Tsukauchi added. Shouta ground his teeth together to keep from saying something he shouldn’t while the detective was recording. “When did they start using the muzzle on you?”

“As soon as I arrived. It was sent with me from my last home,” Shinsou just looked so defeated and Shouta was trying to hide his wish to burn the whole system down.

“True. How many homes have you had that muzzle in?”

“That particular one? The last 5,” he said.

“True. And how many did you have a muzzle in?” The detective asked, not missing the way Shinsou had focused in on the implication we were just talking about the current muzzle.

“Too many to count. It happened on and off in my first five years but it’s been consistent the last five,” Shinsou said it too matter of factly.

The detective paused for a moment before finally saying, “True. When you say expected to stay in your room, was that by choice or were you forced?”

“There was a lock on the outside of the door. I was allowed out to use the restroom and of course for school.”

“True,” the detective noted. “Anything else I should know about? Meals, hygiene?”

“They let me take it off to brush my teeth and shower but it went right back on after,” Shinsou noted. “They would normally send me to school with a breakfast bar and some kind of lunch. Which is more than some prior homes fed me.”

“True,” the detective frowned, “I’m sorry you went through all this. Those are all the questions I have for now, though I may have more later about some of your prior homes. For now, I believe Eraserhead has something to discuss with you.”

Shinsou turned and looked at the pro hero. “Hey kid,” he wasn’t really sure how to ask this so he just started. “I know you need a place to stay. I’m not much of an adult and I really don’t know how to be a parent, but I promise you’ll be fed and safe and cared for. If you wanted to live with me that is.”

The purple haired teen’s eyes went wide. “You want me to live with you?”

“Yeah kid, if you want,” He rubbed the back of his neck. “I could foster you.”

“Why?” Shinsou’s voice carried and air of suspicion with it.

“Let’s just say I’ve been in your shoes,” Shouta shrugged. “It was real rough in the system until someone finally gave me a good home. I’d like to do the same for you.”

Shinsou’s eyes shift to one of sadness then resolution. “If you’re sure you want me.”

“Kid, I wouldn’t offer if I wasn’t sure.” He watched tears well up in the kid’s eyes as he nodded and said ok. “Alright,” Shouta ruffled the boy’s hair, “Nothing to get all teary about. We’ll pick up your stuff tomorrow and then buy anything else you may need, ok?”

Before the boy could answer a mop of green hair ran into the room, “Toshi!” the boy yelled as he flung himself at the purple haired boy. Tsukauchi looked shocked and Bakugo just laughed quietly from the door as the two boys hugged and cried and Shinsou told Izuku all

about what was happening.

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry yall - the next chapter has got some much needed fluff.
Also coming next time, assuming I can get the picture to embed, my very first piece of fan art that was sent to me by my amazing friend!

Settling In

Chapter Summary

Izuku and Aizawa help find new belongings for Hitoshi.

Chapter Notes

CW: None that I can think of! Mostly just fluff :)

OK yall... I've been at this for around a week and a half and yesterday I hit 200 subscribers which is just mind blowing to me. So I decided I'd do a little Q&A if yall want? So if you've got questions about the story or me go ahead and drop them in the comments. I'll do my best to answer them in the end notes in a couple chapters

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa probably would have just ordered items for Toshi online but when Izuku's mother had discovered he would be taking in the boy, she had insisted that it be easier for them to pick things out if he could see them in person. This became increasingly obvious he was told when Zawa picked up Toshi's items. He only owned a few sets of clothes and they were all different sizes, none of them fitting him properly, not even his school uniform though they supposed it certainly came the closest. Same with his shoes. Toshi owned one pair that was too big and rubbed this heels and another that were too small, his big toe pushing through the hole in the front.

Somehow Izuku had been invited on the trip, partially because Toshi felt overwhelmed with the task and partially because his mother tasked him with making sure the other two didn't give up once stepping foot in the mall. Kacchan had been invited too but he apparently had a family thing out of town this weekend. So Izuku followed the directions and arrived early that morning on Zawa's doorstep, giggling at the sleepy eyed man who answered, hair in more of a disarray than usual and a mug of coffee in his hand.

They had spent the morning moving Aizawa's office. Bookshelves had gone in the main room along with Tora's tower, his desk had been moved into his bedroom, and other items, including a half dead plant he said a friend forced upon him, had been moved around to various corners of the apartment. A futon had been left in the room for Toshi

to use until his furniture arrived. Izuku had been excited to see the man's living space and found it comfortable, mostly dark woods mixed with other earthy colors. Hanging in the living room were a few pictures, primarily ones of him and what looked like Present Mic and Midnight through out the years.

There was also a painting, not totally without merit but obviously completed by an amateur, of a beach at sunset. "What's that?" Toshi had asked Izuku moved closer. It was signed "A.S"

"My friend teaches art history and likes to paint," Aizawa blandly offered, his voice dripping with indifference. "She dragged her husband and me to an art class then she insisted on hanging it up. I just left it." Toshi laughed but Izuku kind of liked it. Plus, if Aizawa really didn't want it there, he would have taken it down. The man really didn't do things he didn't want to do. Soon after, they left for the mall, knowing crowds may already be starting to form.

Once they stepped inside, Izuku looked around the mall taking in everything. He didn't come here often and when he did it was straight to the Hero Merch Store then back home. Glancing around at their little group, Aizawa seemed uncomfortable as he saw the crowds of people milling about, though he tried not to show it, the set of his shoulders gave him away. Toshi also seemed uncomfortable too but in a different way, like the whole experience was just too much.

"Zawa, Toshi," Izuku called over to gather their attention. "Where do you want to go first? Mom gave me a list of places you should stop to get the things you'll need." He smiled encouragingly at them. "We can look for clothes, furniture, bedding or decorations?"

"I guess maybe furniture?" Toshi shrugged.

"Seems logical," Aizawa responded. "We need to get you a bed, a desk, probably some drawers and shelves. All those things will have to be delivered so we can shop for them before we're carrying around bags from other stores."

"Alright, this way then," Izuku lead them to the larger furniture store. It took a while looking around as well as some discussion about how to place things in the room but they eventually left with a delivery set for the next day. Next they moved to bedding where Toshi picked out a mattress, also to be delivered the next day, then some sheets, pillows and blankets. Izuku noticed he kept checking the price tags on things as they looked.

“You ok?” Izuku asked.

“It’s just a lot,” he sighed. “And everything seems expensive. I don’t want him to have to spend this much money on me.” Izuku brows knit together as he was trying to figure out how to quell this concern.

“Problem child,” Aizawa sighed and they both jumped, not realizing he was there. “What did I tell you at the café? I have two jobs. Two well paying jobs. I can afford it.” He picked up the blanket Toshi had been looking at and put it in the cart. Toshi’s face scrunched up and Izuku could tell he was still conflicted, but he didn’t argue. The conversation was replayed at the clothing store where Zawa started just adding extra hoodies and shirts to the boy’s arms when he’d only grabbed one of each. Then it cropped up yet again when they made it to the hero merch.

“Seriously pick out some posters or figures. Or if you don’t want hero stuff we can pick something somewhere else. But you looked excited when we passed by earlier.”

The two looked through everything and Toshi eventually turned to Aizawa looking disappointed. “There’s nothing here for you.”

“Well yeah, cause I’m underground kid,” he looked around at everything. “It would defeat the purpose if we’re out there interacting with the media and selling merch. Additionally, I don’t belong to an agency and agencies are who normally make those kinds of deals. I have a one person staff who is my entire PR department and their job is to make sure there’s no PR.”

“That explains why any videos of you disappear of the internet so quickly,” Izuku muttered.

“Yeah, can’t exactly surprise people if they all know what to expect,” he shurgged. “The fact that you two and the pup knew me was honestly surprising.”

Izuku and Hitoshi both seemed to blush a bit at that before turning back to the merch. Both noticed when Izuku’s face scrunched up in distaste at the All Might merch. They didn’t ask questions, but Toshi decided it be best to avoid the items for that hero. Izuku eventually talked Toshi into getting a few things he’d been eyeing, amongst them posters for Present Mic and Hawks, a not R-Rated midnight figurine as well as a Fatgum plush. Toshi looked cautiously excited but Izuku noticed Aizawa groan at the choices. “Is that ok, Zawa?”

“It’s fine kitten,” he responded. “My idiot best friends are just going to have a field day next time they decide to invade my apartment and see their merch in my old office.” Izuku giggled at this and Aizawa shot him a scowl. “Don’t laugh at my pain, kitten,” he warned which only made Izuku laugh harder.

They also stopped by a book store. “Every room needs at least a few books,” Aizawa insisted and Izuku agreed with the sentiment. He assisted Toshi in looking through both fiction and nonfiction, making various recommendations based on things the boy liked.

After finally finishing they headed back to Aizawa’s place as the sun was already setting. “I guess I should order dinner. You staying or you need to head home Izuku?”

“Let me check with my mom,” Izuku pulled out his phone. “Oh,” he said noticing a missed text from her. “Apparently she has to stay late at the hospital, a villain attacked a bus on the other side of town.”

“I saw a mention of that online,” Aizawa said. “Didn’t take long to subdue but the bus tipped so a lot people were rushed to the hospital.”

“Well they took them to her hospital so she won’t be home till late and told me I would be on my own for dinner tonight,” Izuku added. “So I can stay.”

“Alright,” Aizawa nodded. “Shinsou why don’t you take Izuku to help you put your clothes away, I know we can’t do much else until your furniture gets here. Then once food gets here we can watch a movie?”

Both boys nodded and hurried off to Shinsou’s soon to be filled room, carrying bags with them. “Hey Izu,” Shinsou called as they were putting some different clothes on hangers.

“Yeah Toshi?” he looked up at his friend.

“What do you think of Aizawa?” he asked, trying not remain calm at the question.

For some reason that Izuku couldn’t pinpoint, the question bothered him. “Why?”

“Well he’s fostering me,” Toshi shrugged. “I’ve honestly only known him a couple days. I’m not sure why he stepped in to save me or take me in, but he did.”

Placated for some reason by the answer, Izuku thought for a moment. “That’s just the kind of person he is Toshi,” Izuku shared. “Sure he can be gruff and at times closed off and honestly wait till physical training, he’s a little sadistic there. But he’s also the person who saved me three times: when my quirk manifested and I couldn’t change back, when I almost gave up on being a hero, and I’m pretty sure he’s the one who had my school investigated, though he hasn’t said anything about that. He’s bad at showing feelings but he cares.”

He noticed the unsure look on his friend’s face. “And before you start questioning this whole thing, nothing can make Zawa do something he’s not interested in doing. He wouldn’t have taken you in unless he wanted to.”

Toshi gave a slight smile to his friend. “So what should I call him? What do I tell people?”

“I’d probably have that conversation with him when you’re ready,” Izuku shrugged. “I’m sure he doesn’t expect you to call him anything in particular. And if you don’t want to tell people about the whole foster thing, then don’t. You don’t owe them your story.” Toshi looked at him as if that last part was a revelation.

“Also you may not even get asked questions. You two could honestly pass as related with the whole dark circles under the eyes and broody look thing,” Izuku chuckled at the last part as Toshi threw a shirt at him.

“Rude,” Toshi rolled his eyes but let out a chuckle too.

“Toshi, seriously,” Izuku looked at him. “From what I can tell he’s a good man. You just need to trust him, even if it’s just a little bit to start out with.”

Toshi nodded considering what his new friend had said. “I’ll try.”

Shouta stood outside the door, not intending to eavesdrop but when he overheard Shinsou’s first question, he wanted to wait and see. He smiled and his heart felt a little lighter hearing what Izuku thought of him. He felt like he and the kid were growing closer, like Midoriya-san was giving him a place in her family’s lives. What he thought was just going to be mentoring a couple kids until the entrance exam had turned into something else: Something new, bigger, unfamiliar but warm.

At the sound of Shinsou laugh loudly while calling out, “Izuku get out

of the box," Shouta decided it was time to open the door. What he was not expecting was to see pointed green ears poking out of a semi large box that was no longer empty despite them removing all the item's Shinsou previously owned earlier that day.

"I can't," Izuku whined.

"Why not problem child?" Shouta asked, trying to keep the smile from his face. He saw the top of Izuku's face peak out and could see the pink blush on his face.

"I'm stuck," he admitted. "I had no problem getting in but now I can't get out."

[image]

Toshi clutched his stomach as he continued to laugh at his now pouting friend and Shouta pulled out his phone and took a picture, causing Izuku to call out in protest, trying to wiggle free until he knocked the box over, landing on his side and falling out of it some, making everyone laugh even more. With the box tipped over, he crawled out it, still pouting as the others laughed at him and Shouta couldn't help but think how ridiculously adorable the sulking kitten was. Tora seemed to be the only one with any sympathy as the cat curled up in the boy's lap and attempted to nuzzle and comfort him. Shouta grabbed a video this time of Izuku nuzzling back and purring. He'd have to save that incase he ever needed blackmail against his problem child.

"Well if we're done with the box, I ordered Pizza. Figured I'd go with something I knew your mom wouldn't make tomorrow and we had chicken last night," he shared, knowing Midoriya-san had invited both of them over for another meal. "So clean up and go pick a movie while we wait."

The boys started picking up bags the clothes were in and other odds and ends that needed to be discarded when there was a knock at the door. It was definitely too early for the pizza to be here and that thought unnerved him. "Stay in here you two," he ordered. "And please try to be quiet."

Closing the door to the room, Shouta made his way over to the front door. He looked through the peephole and briefly considered what would happen if he didn't let them in. They'd probably break something, they both had very little understanding or perhaps respect for his boundaries. "Sho, the light is on, we know you're home,"

Zashi's voice rang out.

"I'm not feeling good," he said. "Go away." He didn't want them meeting the problem children, not yet at least. Though they'd certainly tried. Aside from the tracker, he recalled purposefully walking through a crowd so they'd get recognized to lose them once. Another time he'd taken them on a chase across rooftops, a place he excelled but that was less their forte. And here they were about to meet them without even trying.

"Bullshit," Nem called him out. "You came to school once with a fever and a broken arm not in a cast saying you were fine. Based on your definition of not feeling good, if that were true you wouldn't be standing there, and I'd be calling an ambulance."

"Come on let us in Sho," Zashi pleaded in a sing song voice.

"Or we'll let ourselves in," Nem warned. They were both menaces on their own. How the universe had ever decided to put them together was beyond him. He reluctantly opened the door.

"You can't stay long," he glared, "I ordered pizza and just wanted to relax this evening."

"Ohhh come on Sho," Zashi pleaded as he flashed a DVD of some action flick. "I brought that movie I'd told you about." Shouta honestly couldn't remember what movie his friend was talking about, the only thought on his mind now being how to get them to leave.

"DVD players broken," he tried.

"Oh I can try to fix it," Zashi offered. Of course he would. And he'd quickly realize it was working fine.

"Sho, why are your office bookshelves out here now? Did you get new furniture?" Nem, ever the observant one, asked.

"I just thought it was time for a change," he shrugged, hoping she'd leave it at that.

This was evidently too much to hope for. "Ohhh I want to see," she moved toward the door and Shouta stepped in front of her.

"It's, uh, not done yet," he offered, not a complete lie.

Nem's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "Zashi," her husband looked up

from the open tray of the obviously working dvd player, “Rugby.”

Shouta gawked at the sudden use of one of the code words the two had and immediately reached for his capture weapon. He cursed when he realized he was in his civilian clothes and before he could get into a defensive stance, Zashi had rushed him, grabbing him around the waist and thrown them both to the floor. Shouta desperately tried to reach up and grab Nem’s leg as he leaped over them, but he just missed, grabbing the heel of her shoe and pulling it off rather than getting her ankle. Next thing he heard was the door being thrown open and a breathless pause as everyone stared.

“Oh my god you’re Midnight!” Izuku yelled.

“Shouta, you mind explaining why you’ve got two teenagers hidden away in your old office?” Nem asked in confusion.

Chapter End Notes

Art by my amazing, wonder and talented friend Mouse! When I first told her about this story and she started reading it she had 2 requests - more queer (which is coming) and Catzuku getting stuck in a box. 50% of this chapter was written to build up to that moment for her haha. She also insisted on wanting to create my first fan art <3

Also for anyone who loves her art, the two of us are collaborating on an original online comic. It's still in the early stages so I'm not sure when we'll start posting but I'll let yall know once it's out :)

And once again, if you've got any questions for Q&A just drop them in the comments :)

Explanations

Chapter Summary

Aizawa has some explaining to do and he's annoyed about it.

Chapter Notes

CW: referenced/implied child abuse. Nothing explicit, just a brief mention of shared pasts.

Yall are once again amazing and I'll never get tired of saying it! The weekend is upon us, so I'm not sure if there will be an update Saturday or Sunday, but at the latest I should have a new chapter out by Tuesday (probably before but Tuesday at the latest.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku had heard some commotion, most of it sounding like Zawa's normal grumpy banter. Of course the crash of something to the floor made him discard Tora as both him and Toshi jumped to their feet, ready to defend themselves and help their mentor if needed.

However surprise overcame him and he couldn't help but yell the name of the pro hero when she threw the door open. But when she turned and asked about them, he got a look at what was going on in the main room.

Aizawa was on his back looking distraught but not necessarily in danger while a blonde-haired man was on top of him and both boys slipped back into slightly defensive stances. "Zawa, are you really not feeling well? And why is Present Mic pinning you to the ground?"

"Zawa?" Midnight asked at the same time the blonde man grinned and exclaimed, "The Little Listener knows who I am!"

Izuku was ready to pounce and Hitoshi looked stiff and concerned. He didn't have any physical training yet, so he was probably trying to figure out the best approach using his quirk. "I'm fine kid," Zawa groaned out. "I just have nosey idiots for best friends."

"If you say so Zawa," Izuku responded, but didn't really let up his stance.

“Zawa?” Midnight repeated louder this time. “Sho what the fuck is going on?” Midnight demanded glared at the man. She turned to study him and Toshi again and when her eyes landed upon Izuku’s ears she suddenly squealed. “Oh my gosh, is this kitten? So you must be pup!”

“Pup?” Toshi’s nose scrunched.

“That’s not pup,” Shouta practically growled. “If Zashi will get off me we can sit down and I can explain.”

Present Mic, or Zashi as Aizawa had called him, looked a little sheepish and stood up before extending a hand to Aizawa. He glared at the man but took it. “Sorry, I heard the code word and well.” He shrugged.

“I know, Nem has you trained well,” Aizawa rolled his eyes.

“Damn right I do,” Midnight replied then walked over to the couch. “Well, let’s talk.”

Present Mic joined her and Izuku took note of how close they were sitting. Aizawa pulled over a chair from the kitchen and sat on it, leaving a spot on the couch and the chair that is normally in the living room. Toshi took the chair and Izuku sat on the floor next to him, tail twitching nervously.

“Boys, these are my friends who I wish would stop showing up unannounced, Nem and Zashi, or as you so cleverly identified them, Midnight and Present Mic,” Aizawa told them. He looked annoyed. “Nem and Zashi, this is kitten and cub.”

“Cub?” Toshi asked, equally as confused as when he’d been called pup.

“Well you were almost cat number 2 but that seemed confusing. So I figured Lions are big cats and they have cubs,” Aizawa shrugged and Izuku let out a giggle. “Pup is not here today. Which you should be thankful for, you probably would have gotten an explosion to the face before he realized who you were. Be glad Kitten had a fanboy moment.” Izuku blushed at this and Hitoshi looked like he finally understood who Pup was.

“Wait, you picked up another one?” Present Mic looked shocked.

“It’s new,” Zawa grunted.

“What are your real names, boys?” Midnight asked.

Before Izuku could answer, Aizawa cut in, “You don’t need to know that right now,” he glared at his friends. “And frankly with your lack of respect for our privacy the past couple of months, it may be a while before you get to know.”

Present Mic turned to Midnight, “I told you that tracker didn’t end up on the cat by accident.” She just glared at him.

“What tracker?” Toshi asked.

“These two have been trying to follow me to meet Kitten and Pup ever since they found out I was training them even though I told them no,” Aizawa explained, rubbing his temple and sounding thoroughly exasperated. “Thankfully they’re absolute trash at Stealth. It’s a good thing they didn’t try to go underground.”

“Rude Sho!” Present Mic glared at his friend. But Izuku barely registered it.

“Why didn’t you want them to meet us?” he asked, his voice sounding broken and barely above a whisper. Was Zawa embarrassed by them? Or was he keeping them hidden in case they failed so his friends wouldn’t know?

“To save you from them, kitten,” Izuku looked up in confusion. “They’re absolute agents of chaos,” Aizawa told him. “They’re too curious for their own good and wanted to meet the personal students I’d taken on and I didn’t want them disrupting our trainings or drawing attention to you since they’re Limelight and you’re all still in middle school. I’d told them they could meet you once you made it into UA since you’d start to become recognizable then. But they refused to listen.” He shot them both a menacing look.

Izuku pondered this reason as Midnight spoke up. “Well of course we wanted to meet your personal students!” Aizawa was trying to stop her for some reason but she was ignoring him. “You expelled a whole class of heroics students this year, so why wouldn’t we want to meet your personal students!”

Both boys paled and stared wide eyed at Aizawa. “You expelled a whole class of heroes?” Toshi gulped.

“They had no potential,” Aizawa stated like it was something he’d said 100 times before. The boys continued to stare at him until Izuku

finally seemed to come out of a bit of a daze.

“You teach heroics!” he screeched.

“Yeah kid,” Aizawa looked at him confused. “You knew I was a pro and a teacher. How did you think I was able to devise your training?”

“I don’t know, I figured as a pro you just understood what training we needed! Where do you teach heroics at?” he gasped.

“Kid, all three of us are teachers at UA,” Aizawa told him. “Have I not mentioned that?”

“No,” Izuku’s eyes were huge, “You hadn’t. Oh my god the man who’s been mentoring me also teaches at UA,” Izuku started down a trail of mumbling, worrying about everything from having Zawa as a teacher to not having Zawa as a teacher to how it would reflect on their mentor if they failed the entrance exam. Izuku was so lost in his own thoughts that he couldn’t see the looks of concern from everyone in the room except Aizawa, who watched him with patient indulgence, something Nemuri picked up on.

“Does he do this a lot?” She asked him.

“Normally about quirks,” he smiled softly. “Kids kind of a genius about them. Now that you’ve met him I guess I’ll ask him to show you his notebooks sometime if he’s comfortable with it.”

“His notebooks?” Zashi asked in curiosity.

Aizawa didn’t answer. “Hey Kitten?”

Izuku stopped, looked up at everyone looking at him, then slapped a hand over his mouth as he turned bright red and his ears twitched downward, realizing he’d just said all of that out loud.

“Oh my God Sho, no wonder you were hiding him from us,” Nem smiled as she watched the kid. “He’s absolutely adorable.”

“That has nothing to do with it and you very well know it,” Aizawa said, not denying he was adorable which for some reason neither fully understood made Izuku go even redder.

“Hey kid,” Aizawa called out to him. “You’ve got nothing to be concerned about. You three are smart, clever, and determined and no matter how you do on the entrance exams, I would never be

embarrassed to call you my students. The only reason I haven't told anyone else is cause the rest of the staff at UA is just as nosey as these 2. And my class or Vlad's class, all three of you will do great. Got it?"

Izuku's blush never faded through the encouragement, but he nodded in understanding.

"Now, I have a question and it is absolutely in your right to say no if you are uncomfortable, but do you have one of your notebooks and if so would you mind letting Zashi and Nem take a look?"

"They want to look at my notebooks?" Izuku seemed confused. The only people who ever wanted to look at his notebooks were Kacchan and Zawa.

"What notebooks?" Toshi asked.

"Oh," Izuku realized he hadn't shown them to Toshi yet. "My hero analysis notebooks. I analyze quirks as kind of a hobby. I do have a few in my bag that I was making updates to. I can go grab them."

"Only if you're comfortable with it, kid," Aizawa told him. "They're really amazing, like I keep telling you but if you don't want others to see then that's ok."

Izuku looked around the room. He trusted Toshi. He looked at Midnight and Present Mic. "You said they're your friends?"

"Yeah kid," Zawa responded.

"We've known him since we were all at UA together," Midnight grinned.

"Yeah!" Present Mic said excitedly. "Ever since this guy transferred into our class and we all became quick friends!"

"He means ever since they accosted me on my first day in a new class and since then I couldn't get rid of them," Aizawa rolled him eyes. Present Mic dramatically pretended to be hurt by the comment though something told Izuku it wasn't the first time Zawa had made the joke. "They're loud, nosy and obnoxious but they're good heroes and good people."

Izuku nodded before standing up and going to grab the notebooks he had out of his backpack in Toshi's room.

***

Izuku returned with four notebooks right at pizza arrived. Shouta got out some plates. Thankfully he'd ordered with the intentions of having left overs for lunch tomorrow so there was enough for his uninvited friends. Once they all settled around the kitchen table, Izuku passed out the notebooks and they all began to flip through them.

Nem was the first to speak. "Ok, I understand why you want to keep him away from Nezu now."

"The principal at UA?" Izuku furrowed his brows.

"Yeah kid," Shouta said. "He asked at one point to meet you and the pup but I'm concerned about the chaos he'd lead you into."

"Oh he'd absolutely try to corrupt the cinnamon roll," Nem agreed.

"Corrupt him?" Toshi looked concerned.

"Every so often Nezu takes on a personal student," Zashi explained as he looks up from his notebook. "He had one when we were in school. Pretty sure he taught classes in Anarchy 101 and How to overthrow the government."

"That makes sense given what I know about him," Izuku mumbled.

He probably would have gone off on a long string about why that made sense but before he could really get going Zashi's quirk activated in excitement. "Oh my God I'm in here!" Shouta had thankfully cancelled out his quirk quickly, but Zashi kept on reading in his excitement, not even noticing the red eyes or floating hair. "Sho!" Zashi gasped as he read something, "Was little listener the one who suggested the mods to my hearing aids?"

"Yeah, I read it in his notebook and told him I'd let you know," Shouta shrugged. "Did they finally figure it out?"

"Yeah! I just tested the prototype today and they're amazing!" Zashi gushed. "I can't wait to get the finished product! They figured out how to mute just my quirk so I'm not deaf to everything else around me. It's a total game changer!"

Nem smiled. "The idea was real clever, Kitten," she gently placed a hand on Zashi's arm. "His quirk has already done a lot of damage to his ears and your suggestion will probably keep him from going deaf

before he's 30."

Izuku and Toshi both watched the movement before Toshi's eyes got wide with recognition and Izuku's blush returned. How the kid kept blood flowing anywhere but his face, Shouta wasn't sure. Izuku looked at him questioningly.

"Yeah kid," he hid a laugh. "They're actually married."

Nem and Zashi both looked at him confused. "He figured it out. You're the one who got all gentle touch in front of the kids. Honestly I don't know how you've kept it a secret from the public so far."

"One, unlike you not everyone can go without normal human contact," a knowing look leveled at Shouta, "and two, he didn't even say anything," Zashi pointed out.

"He didn't have to," Shouta shrugged as he turned back to his notebook, missing the raised eyebrow Nem had at that comment, and he almost choked as he flipped the page. "Kid did you give us each the notebook with ourselves in it?"

"Yeah, thought I don't have much on Toshi yet since I haven't seen his quirk in action," he whispered, an unsure look on his face. Midnight and Shinsou both got wide eyed and started flipping while Shouta returned to his entry.

It was honestly impressive. It discussed his quirk, how it worked, the time limit, the drawback. He also had information about his fighting style and knew his capture weapon was made of steel wire alloy woven with carbon nano fibers, which was a pretty well guarded secret so it couldn't be reproduced. The question/suggestion part was most interesting. Wanted to know if it had to be direct eyeline or if it worked through translucent materials stating that completely enclosed goggles would better protect his eyes and going so far as to say the outside could be mirrored to still hide the direction he was looking or a protective layer could be added to the inside of his current goggles. He also wanted to know if his quirk only worked with both eyes open or if would work with one eye open, stating he could close one eye at a time and maintain consistent eye contact without over working his eyes as much or in place of blinking.

"Kids plug your ears," Shouta said. Shinsou and Izuku looked concerned but did as told. "Zashi use your quirk."

"You want me to use my quirk?" the man seemed confused.

“Yes,” he confirmed.

“Alright,” the man shrugged then took in a deep breath. As the scream started Aizawa closed one eye and activated Erasure. He felt his hair float up and the scream returned to a normal human pitch.

“That’s good Zashi,” Shouta said, an almost manic grin on his face. He turned and looked at Izuku who was also grinning. “It does work Kitten.” The two launched into a conversation about how this would work in actual combat, the different uses for it, how he may have to change fighting stances, as well at the limitations. His friends watched with peaked interest at what and who had dragged this excitement out of their friend. “God Izuku, you’re so clever. I’ll have to train it and I can’t use it all the time, but this is definitely a game changer for those times I end up in longer fights.”

“Izuku?” Nem asked and Shouta’s excitement dropped. He’d slipped on his own rule. The glare he sent Nem told her that this wasn’t something he was going to joke with her about and she dropped it, for now.

They finished diner and Shinsou and Izuku moved over to the living room to finally start a movie. Zashi went with them but Nem offered to help wash dishes. “So,” she finally said once the movie was started, “We covered who they are, well sort of they’re your students, but we never covered why they’re here or why you cleared out your office.”

“I’m fostering Cub,” Shouta said as he passed her a dish to dry.

“You’re what?” her eyes were huge and she hissed, “You’re 22 and you took in a teenager?”

“His situation,” his voice broke a little, “It’s like mine was.”

Nem softened at this. “Ok, I get it. So that explains Cub but what about your little Kitten, Izuku?”

Shouta glared at her. “Izuku is one of my personal students, as you know. He also is who found Cub and pulled him into the group. I think the Kitten was his first real friend. So he was helping him pick out stuff today for his room and clothes he needs and his mom had to work late so he stayed for dinner.”

“Hey Zawa,” Izuku called from the living room.

“Yeah Kitten?” he gave the kid his full attention.

“Mom said some of the injuries are pretty severe from the attack and she’s going to be at the hospital later than she thought. She wanted to know if someone could make sure I get home safe since it’s so late?”

“Why don’t you just stay the night and we can make sure you get back in the morning?” He suggested.

Izuku’s smile lit up, “Let me just make sure that’s ok!” He turned back to his phone.

“That kid smiles at you like you hung the moon,” Nem noted in mild concern.

Shouta blushed, having been thinking himself of the sun. “I’m apparently his favorite hero,” he explained with some embarrassment. “And the first person other than his best friend who believed he could be a hero.”

“Right,” Nem said with an assessing gaze.

“She said it’s ok,” Izuku called out.

“Great kid,” he smiled. “I’ll pull out the spare futon and put it in Shinsou’s room.”

“You sure he’s not your kitten?” Nem teased, earning a growl and a shove from Shouta.

Chapter End Notes

> I'm working on a second story! It's not aideku - it'll have dadzawa and erasermic going on and I'm 95% sure Todoroki. Also a lot more angst, particularly at the beginning. It won't update as frequently as this one for the reasons of I have other responsibilities and have to sleep sometime (even if it's just 4 hours a night).
>
> I'm hoping to start posting on that by the end of next week and will drop a link to it when I do :)

Family Dinner

Chapter Summary

Time for dinner at the Midoriya home. Then Aizawa and Shinsou have a talk.

Chapter Notes

CW: Implied/referenced past child abuse.

Guess who doesn't understand what sleep is and managed to get a chapter edited for yall this morning? This enby.

I've noticed that at least 10% of my edits includes removing the word yall from the original draft ¯_(ツ)_/¯ Also this chapter is long but it felt weird to break it up.

Thanks again for all the amazing support yall have shown!

Inko smiled as she opened the door. “Aizawa, Hitoshi, come on in boys,” she smiled. Once the two entered and had their shoes removed, Inko immediately took a look at Hitoshi’s face. “Here, let me fix that bandage dear,” she offered, referring to the long strip of padding that was starting to peel off. She motioned him toward the couch. “Aizawa do you mind helping Zuku in the kitchen? We’re having Okonomiyaki tonight.”

The man’s face didn’t shift but something in his eyes looked nervous as he walked toward the kitchen and Inko went to grab the first aid kit out of the bathroom. Sitting down on the couch next to Hitoshi, she began by removing the current bandage then cleaning and applying some ointment to the area. “How about we let it breath for a bit then I’ll put a new one on after dinner?”

“Ok,” he nodded. “Thanks Midoriya-san.”

“I know that’s what Aizawa calls me but Hitoshi dear, just call me Auntie. That’s what Katsuki calls me,” She assured the boy as there was a knock on the door. “Speaking of which that’s probably him. Do me a favor dear and keep him out of the kitchen? The Katsuki and Zuku in a kitchen together always ends with arguing and one of my pans being ruined.”

The boy laughed and agreed before going to answer the door. Inko

moved closer to the kitchen to observe the two. They were still circling around each other, but it had been almost 5 months and still nothing. She'd seen Izuku drying his hair after a shower recently and his mark was still just an outline.

She was starting to think maybe she'd been wrong. While she had never seen them actually touch in any way at her home, how could he be training with them, sparring and things like that without them ever touching? None of it was making sense.

Then he'd burst into the hospital room of her patient while he was wearing full hero costume and it all clicked. Long sleeves, long pants, combat boots, gloves, the large scarf around his neck, hair down. Literally the only place that would provide skin to skin contact would be the man's face. She considered accidentally bumping them into each other here at the house when the man didn't have his hands covered, but that seemed a bad idea. Something told her that once they figured out, Izuku would not appreciate her interference. For now, she'd just let them keep doing this awkward dance.

"Zawa take it out now! You're burning it!" Zuku yelled.

"But it's not done yet," he replied. Inko held back a laugh at their response.

"That's because you're supposed to flip it during cooking Zawa! It's literally smoking!" Zuku countered. "Why is the burner up that high!"

"Who let teach into the kitchen?" Katsuki yelled as he marched toward the kitchen and Inko decided maybe it was time to intervene. She pushed the three teenagers out of the kitchen and told them to set the table, reminding Zuku to bring in the chair from his desk in his room. Then she took over for Aizawa at the stove.

"It really is burnt black on the bottom," she removed it from the pan and opened a window the air out the faintly present smoke that lingered. "How did you let it get this bad."

The man starred at the charred food that would have to be discarded. "I never really learned how to cook."

"At all?" she furrowed her brows. Knowing something like this needs to be flipped to cook through is fairly basic.

"I spent most of my childhood in foster homes," he offered. And at that her look softened. That explained the nervousness she noted

when she'd sent him to help in the kitchen.

"Well," she shrugged. "I guess I'll just have to teach you. We'll start with turning the burner down. You have it high enough to boil water." She passed him the spatula and began providing instructions and tips like she did with Zuku.

After the meal the three boys settled down to watch some movie Katsuki brought over while Inko moved to wash the dishes. "I can do that," Aizawa offered. Inko nodded and instead dried and put dishes away. "Thank you for the help today Midoriya-san."

"No problem Aizawa," she smiled. "You've got a kid to look after now, you can't just feed him take out and protein bars."

"It's jelly pouches actually," he mumbled.

"Even worse. For both of you," she laughed. "Zuku's mastered most of the meals I've taught him. I also know you've been working hard with the boys to get them ready for UA. It's not much, but how about in return once a week I teach you to cook something?"

"Are you sure Midoriya-san?" he asked. "I wouldn't want to be any trouble."

"It'll be more trouble if I'm worried about what you're eating or that you're going to burn the house down," she gave him a motherly glare. "I'm sure you remember the doctor said Hitoshi had some deficiencies from the malnutrition he faced? The vitamins will help but that alone isn't the best way to help him. And fried chicken and pizza won't do the trick either." Zuku had mentioned the leftovers they'd had for lunch yesterday and the dinner last night. The man at least had the decency to look embarrassed at that comment.

"In that case I'd really appreciate your help Midoriya-san," he stated.

"Come over about an hour early next Sunday then," she told him. "Now, go watch the movie with the boys, I'm going to make a few things you can take home with you real quick."

"You really don't have to do that," Aizawa started to protest.

"You learned how to cook this meal but not how to prepare it," she huffed. She'd already boxed up some of the leftovers for them. "So you currently can't cook and I refuse to let you feed that boy jelly pouches and take out for a full week." Her gaze softened. "It'll just be some

soup and some curry. Enough for at least a few meals. I'd teach you but I figure it's best to just make them quickly so they'll be cool enough to take home easily."

"I guess that's logical," he sighed. "Thank you again Midoriya-san."

"It's no problem Aizawa," she smiled again. "Now get out of the kitchen so I can get to work."

***

Shouta and Hitoshi left the Midoriya home that evening with two grocery bags filled with containers of Miso soup, rice, curry, left over Okonomiyaki, and a side dish of broccoli in sesame oil and one of okra aemono. It was much more than he originally agreed to and Shouta had tried to at least pay for the cost of the groceries for all these dishes but Midoriya-san had refused. So instead he asked her to give him a list for next week's dish and he would do the shopping. She agreed only because shopping for ingredients was a necessary part of cooking dinner.

Monday morning, the two went to Aldera Junior High and enrolled Shinsou. While the school didn't have a great track record, it had improved after the investigation so the two talked and decided that Shinsou would be more comfortable at school with his two friends. Shouta talked with the principal and managed to have him placed in the same class at Izuku and Bakugo. In the same meeting he also made it clear that his ward had faced quirk discrimination in the past and any evidence of that happening here would not be tolerated by the pro hero. The principal rightfully looked terrified.

Shinsou settled in nicely at school. There were a few small scuffles the first week, but with Izuku and Bakugo there he seemed happy and whatever incidents had happened that first week didn't seem to repeat themselves.

After he was settled in school, Shouta went about looking for a therapist. He knew Shinsou had been through a lot and while Shouta could very easily empathize with a lot of it, the kid would benefit from talking to a professional. He reached out to Hound Dog, who was known for being discreet, and explained the situation. Hound Dog gave him a list of therapists who he thought may do well with the kid and Shouta did a little bit of research on them himself.

The discussion about starting therapy when fairly smoothly. Especially when Shouta shared about his own experience with therapy. They

looked over the therapists and picked one with the promise that if they weren't a good fit, they could always try another one. Thankfully, Shinsou seemed to click with Ando-san and agreed to go back and see her weekly.

After school training continued with all three boys making vast improvements. Dinners and cooking lessons at the Midoriya home became a regular event. After a burnt and overly spiced curry was the result of his first lesson, Midoriya-san had started him with more basics. Chopping vegetables, using the rice cooker, making sure meat was cooked properly. He'd finally redeemed himself enough to try making the curry again just a couple weeks ago and this time it actually turned out well.

As time went on, he noticed Shinsou relaxing more, smiling more, gaining more confidence. He was still a serious kid, and recovery isn't linear. There were bad days, but the good were starting to outnumber them. It wasn't until two months after he moved in that the boy finally brought up the topic he'd asked Izuku about the day they'd gone to the mall.

Shouta was sitting at his desk, working on materials for the entrance exam. It was still a few months away but a lot of logistics went into the event, particularly the practical exam. He groaned again in frustration at how unfair the test was for people like him and Shinsou with non-physical quirks, but no matter how many times he protested, they had yet to change the test. There were ways for those who didn't pass the exam to prove themselves and earn a spot in the hero course, but it was after hero course students already had started training and Shouta himself was the only student who'd succeeded at it in recent memory.

He set down the stack of applications he was sorting into combat groups, trying to ensure school mates were split as well as taking into consideration quirk details in an attempt to create some semblance of balance between the groups. While life wasn't fair, he did want to make sure the exam groupings didn't create overly powered groups trying to take down the same number of robots as more average groups. Taking a sip from his almost empty mug, there was a knock on the wall and Shinsou was standing in the doorway.

"I um," the kid looked nervous just standing there.

"Let's go to the kitchen, Cub," Shouta offered, "I need a refill and you could probably use a snack." Shouta's kitchen which had once

primarily housed jelly pouches and take out left overs now had actual food in the fridge and cabinets. Most of it was still stuff that could be heated and then eaten, and a lot of it was food Midoriya-san always sent with them, though there were ingredients for omurice right now, one of the two recipes Shouta had mastered well enough to do on his own.

He topped off his mug and tossed an apple toward Shinsou and they set down at the table. “So, what’s on your mind?”

“I just have some questions and Izu said I should just talk to you about them,” the boy said quietly.

“You know I’ll answer any questions you have,” Shouta told him. “Why don’t we run through them?”

“How,” Shinsou paused, a pained expression crossing his face. “How long do you plan to let me stay with you?”

He wasn’t positive when the boy knocked at his room, but now he was sure this was a bad day. “Shinsou, I know you’re used to bouncing around from place to place but this is your home now,” Shouta said. “For as long as you want it. I’m not going to send you away unless you want to leave.”

“So you’ll be my foster home until I’m an adult?” he asked with uncertainty.

“Kid I’ll be your home as long as you need a home and want that home to be here,” Shouta promised. “Fostering is just the legal way to make that happen.” He noticed Shinsou didn’t seem to believe him. He'd probably been promised these things before. With no hesitancy he added, “If it make you more comfortable with knowing I mean it, I could petition for adoption.”

Shinsou’s eye started to tear up, “You,” he sniffed, “You’d adopt me?”

“If that’s what you want, yeah,” Shouta told him. “I told you before that I was in the system and I knew it was rough?” Shinsou nodded. “Well, I got put in the system at 6 when my principal realized my parents were abusing me because of my quirk. They said it was villainous.”

“But it’s not,” Shinsou protested, eyes wide and mouth scrunched up in a look of horror. “You’re a hero!”

“I am now,” he said, “Back then I was just a kid with a quirk that scared people. They only saw what I could do if I turned my quirk against them or the good guys. Sound familiar?” Shinsou gulped and nodded. “Well after that I jumped around from foster home to foster home. A lot of them weren’t great. I got hit, burned, starved, locked in rooms, accused of using my quirk against people. I continued to move around until I was 16 when a nice older couple took me in and gave me a real home. They actually still invite me over for dinner a couple times a year. I want to do for you what they did for me. I want to be a place you can call home if you need to.”

By this point Shinsou was in tears but he nodded. “I really like it here,” he sobbed.

“Then if you want, and only if you want Cub, I’ll file for adoption,” he offered. Shinsou nodded as tears, unable to find the words he wanted. “Then we’ll make everything official. I would have done it from the beginning but I didn’t want you to feel trapped.” Shinsou smiled at him through the tears and thanked him. Once the tears subsided, Shouta asked, “So what were your other questions?”

“Well, particularly now with the adoption, what should I call you?” Shinsou asked.

That surprised him. Shinsou had just been calling him Aizawa and Shouta assumed it’s because it’s what he was comfortable with. “What do you want to call me?” Shouta asked.

Shinsou took in a deep breath. “Well, you’re not a dad.” Shouta snorted at that observation. Yeah it be weird to have a kid the same age as your soulmate. “I kind of look at you like a brother? But Nii-chan or Nii-san feels weird also,” he thought for a moment. “Maybe Shou-Kun?” He stared at Shouta as if waiting for rejection.

“Izuku mentioned once we looked like we were related,” Shouta pointed out. “If you need a brother and Shou-Kun makes you happy then it works for me.” He took a sip of his coffee. “Now, in the same vein, I’ve been calling you Cub, which I’m sorry is sticking, or Shinsou. Are you ok with that or you want me to call you Hitoshi?”

“Hitoshi,” he said immediately. “I was actually thinking, well with the adoption,” he paused the closed his eyes and blurted, “Maybe I could take your last name?” There was silence as Shouta was certainly surprised by this. “It’s just, my last name is attached to people who didn’t want me and.”

“Hitoshi,” Shouta interrupted, “I think we can do that. Brothers often share a last name.” A look of relief fell across the kid’s face. “Anything else?”

“Can I invite Izu and Suki over?” he asked quietly.

He figured it be something else about the adoption or their relationship dynamic but this was easy to answer. “Sure thing kid,” he smiled. “Sleep over or just to hang out?”

“Sleep over?” he asked.

“I’ll order something for dinner,” he suggested.

“Actually, could you make curry?” Hitoshi was slowly getting better for asking for things he wanted, but mostly on good days. Maybe their conversation had turned this day around for him. “I just really like the curry Auntie taught you to make.”

“I think we’ll need to run to the store for that but it’s early so should have time. We can grab snacks while we’re at it,” Shouta noted.

“Sounds good Shou-kun,” Hitoshi smiled as he texted on his phone and Shouta drank more of his coffee. “Oh, they’re coming over now!”

“We’ll just all go,” he shrugged, “That way you can pick out your own snacks.”

Never again would Shouta volunteer to take three teenagers to the grocery store. The cart was full with more junk food than they would ever eat. They were running up and down the aisles. Bakugo screamed from the other end of one aisle at Izuku that he was grabbing the wrong soda. The boys couldn’t decide on a flavor of Kit-Kat so they grabbed all the flavors. Shinsou accidentally dropped a liter of soda on the ground and it exploded on all of them. From the look the stocker gave him as she went to find a mop, Shouta was fairly certain he was about to be banned from the store and have to find a new place to shop.

And then the crowning jewel was amidst all the chaos, a talking rat in a suit carrying a small grocery basket turned the corner, smiling and introducing himself, a glint in his eye like he’d just won a prize. “Hello Aizawa,” he smiled. “My you have some energetic pupils! I assume these are Midoriya-kun, Bakugo-kun and Shinsou-kun? It is nice to finally meet you. My name is Nezu.” Izuku of course immediately launched into a discussion about Nezu, his quirk, and

UA.

Meanwhile Shouta was positive he was having an aneurism. How the hell had the rat learned their names?

***

Zashi was sitting on the couch in the teacher's lounge, reading over some materials before the students arrived, when the door flew open and his arms were restrained to his side by a very familiar scarf. "Sho isn't it a little early in the morning for whatever new kink this is?" he joked.

"Did you or Nemuri talk about them?" His friend demanded.

"What are you talking about?" Zashi was generally confused, as were Power Loader and Ectoplasm, but both knew better than to get involved when Aizawa was angry.

"The damned rat!" Sho growled. "We ran into him at the store this weekend and he knew all their names. He's got Izuku meeting up with him this week to look at his notebooks!"

Zashi paled. "Nem and I were talking about them the day you let us come watch their training but we were the only ones in here."

"He's got camera everywhere Zashi!" Shouta sighed. "This is why I didn't want to tell you. Because I wanted to avoid this exact situation." He released him from the capture weapon and Zashi fell back onto the couch.

"I'm sorry Sho, I really am. I was just a short conversation about us meeting to go meet you. It didn't even last a minute," Zashi sighed as his friend glared at him. "What can we do to make it better?"

"You can help me make sure they're safe. Because if he does anything to hurt them in any way, particularly Izuku who he seems most interested in, I will seek revenge," he said and then walked out of the room.

"Do I want to know what that was about?" Power Loader asked.

"Sho's got 3 personal students," the two teachers looked at Zashi in surprise at that news but before they could ask any questions he continued. "One of them is a super sweet, an absolute cinnamon roll, but he has this crazy analysis ability that's all him, not a quirk. Sho

has spent the last 7 months trying to stop Nezu from meeting them." Zashi explained then cringed. "And it seems Nem and I fucked that up."

Zashi quickly shot off a warning text to his wife. The two teachers who witnessed the exchange were currently glad they did not have to trade places with any of their three youngest staff members.

Dream School

Chapter Summary

The problem children visit UA

Chapter Notes

CW: There's a nonconsensual touch - it's in no way Sexual it's just, you know, don't touch people without permission.

Surprise! My weekend suddenly freed up so I am here! With a new Chapter! (sorry yall, I couldn't resist haha)

Also yall are are amazing! Thanks for all the support :)

Izuku hummed with excitement the entire train ride to UA. Months ago he had almost given up on seeing the school from inside the gates, but now he was walking in with his mentor and his two best friends at the personal invite of the principal. He looked over at Kacchan and Toshi who also seemed excited but were hiding it better as they discussed what the school may look like.

Their classes had let out early that day, so Zawa had told them to come over to the school and he'd meet them at the gate. He wasn't helping with any classes that day so they could wait with him in the teacher's lounge until their meeting with Nezu. The invite had initially been extended to Izuku but at Kacchan's insistence that he wasn't sending his friend on his own and Toshi's request to also join, they had all been invited to campus, though the meeting later was still intended for Izuku who had a bunch of his analysis notebooks stuffed into his backpack.

The train soon came to their stop and they left the station and started toward the school, Izuku mumbling the whole way about the school's history and some of the graduates. "Calm down nerd," Kacchan growled at him. "It's going to be fine." They could see the gates down the road and Aizawa leaning up against one of the pillars.

"Hey," he pushes off as they approach. "Nezu added you three to the system so you shouldn't set off any security alarms but each of you carry one of these just incase a teacher stops you and I'm not around." He hands them each a badge with their name, a picture and the word visitor.

“How did you get our school pictures?” Toshi asked.

“I didn’t,” Shouta sighed. “The overgrown rat did. Now look, classes are in session, they’ll be breaking for lunch soon. We can go get lunch then after hang out in the teachers lounge. You’re free to look around but stay out of trouble. If any students bother you then threaten them with me. Any teachers bug you, same thing. Unless they’re just trying to confirm you should be on campus, then show them your badge. Got it?” All three nodded. “Let’s go problem children.”

They moved up the grounds and through the halls of the main building. Izuku stared at everything in wonder and amazement. The other boys did too, this time unable to hide their excitement. This was their dream school. Finally, Zawa led them into the currently empty cafeteria and approached a cafeteria window. “Hey Lunch Rush,” Zawa called.

A person in an apron and chefs hat with a mask covering his face appeared in the window. “Hey, I need a Takoyaki, a katsudon, a spicy ramen and a curry rice.” Lunch Rush gave a thumbs up and disappeared from the window for only a moment before coming back and placing all 4 dishes on the counter. Zawa swiped his badge to cover them while Izuku was itching to grab one of his notebooks and ask the hero some questions.

“No time for that now, Izuku,” Zawa chuckled. Grab your lunch so we can find a seat before the place is packed.” As if on cue a bell rang and Izuku could hear the start of voices in the hallway.

“Thank you Lunch Rush Sensei,” Izuku said as he grabbed the Katsudon. The others grabbed their meals, Zawa had learned over various dinners what they all liked, and they followed their mentor to a table in a corner of the room.

Students began to file into the room and Izuku began to lose himself in looking at their different quirks and wondering about them. “Your lunch is getting cold kitten,” Zawa poked his sleeve. “Eat first, analyze later.”

He blushed and dug into his food. They ate and the three of boys carried most of the conversation, telling Zawa about their morning and asking questions about the campus. It was in the middle of their questions about the different training grounds for hero students when a girl with long blonde hair and hopeful eyes wearing a student uniform approached their table. “Aizawa Sensei, I was hoping to talk

to you?" She asked. He looked up at her, as if encouraging her to continue when she nervously added, "In private?"

The teacher stood up and followed her to a secluded corner of the cafeteria, still vaguely in sight but not where anyone could listen. Izuku watched with interest until he felt someone grab his tail. "Oh my god you're so cute!" He turned to see a group of about 3 girls surrounding him. "How are you so fluffy?" another one reached out to stroke his hair and Izuku instinctively pulled away and tried to pull his tail out of the girl's grip.

"Hey," Kacchan yelled, "He a person not a pet, you can't just around touching him." This startled the girls.

"We didn't mean any harm," one of the girls said defensively. "Yeah," another added, "You didn't mind, right?"

"He pulled away from you so obviously he did," Toshi defended. "Would you like it if people just walked up and started touching you?"

"That's different," the lead girl said before her eyes went blank.

"Leave and take your friends with you," Toshi said. The girl grabbed the hands of the other girls and dragged them away from the table, both confused as to what was happening.

"You alright, Izu?" Kacchan asked.

"Yeah it just started me," he pulled his tail in close. "Seriously, in the world we live in a bunch of people have animal quirks. How can people think that's ok?"

"Cause they've probably never been told no before," Zawa sighed slipping back into his seat. Izuku looked up to see the girl who'd asked to talk to him running towards the hallway crying. "You did good guys, but Shinsou no using your quirk on campus unless you're in a training class or exercise."

"I was hoping you wouldn't see that," Shinsou grimaced.

"Yeah, well I did," he told him.

"Zawa why was the girl you were talking to crying?" Izuku asked in confusion. Zawa was strict during training but he'd never make any of them cry.

“Because she’s young, hormonal and misguided,” Zawa grunted. Izuku was still confused but Kacchan started laughing.

“No way!” he continued through laughs. “Did she ask you out?”

Izuku’s eyes widened as Zawa flatly said, “Unfortunately.”

Izuku frowned. “Does that happen often?” Zuku felt his chest clench up a little. For some reason he did not like the idea of random students asking out Zawa.

“Typically, a couple times a school year. I’m young and unlike Midnight and Mic, I’m single,” Aizawa shrugged. “But I have zero interest in dating anyone until I’ve found my soulmate first to find out what kind of bond it is. And I know they're not my soulmate.” That for some reason eased the tension Izuku was feeling.

“You have a soulmark Shou-chan?” Toshi blurted. “How come I’ve never seen it?”

“Because I keep it covered,” he explained. “I’m a pro hero, I expelled a whole class of students. I have villains and criminals who would love to hurt me and I have a soulmate who is younger than me. I keep it covered to protect whoever they are. Not even Zashi and Nem have seen it.”

Aizawa then steered the conversation away from his unwanted popularity as a young teacher and his soulmark. Kacchan and Toshi started guessing about who the other teachers on campus may be and what classes they may teach, a conversation Izuku would normally take a huge role in. However Izuku found his mind wandering the rest of lunch, thinking about what Zawa’s soul mate would be like when he finds them.

***

Shouta sat next to Izuku in comfy chairs while a rat poured tea for everyone. Izuku had said he’d be ok on his own but Shouta had insisted on accompanying him. Thankfully Snipe had offered to take the boys with him to watch 2-B’s rescue training from the observation room. Izuku had been sorry to miss it but Shouta promised to bring them back another time so he could observe too. Mic and Midnight probably would have taken the kids too, but Shouta was still annoyed and they were giving him some space. And at least he knew Snipe would keep the other two out of trouble, he could not say the same for his friends.

“Midoriya-kun, here’s your tea. And here is your’s Aizawa,” Nezu smiled then settled down with his. Aizawa just looked at him. The rat always made him tea despite the fact that he never drank it. “Midoriya-kun how are you finding UA?”

“It’s an amazing school,” Izuku smiled before he launched into a discussion of the different heroes he’d met and what he’d learned about the various training facilities.

“I can tell you’re very excited,” Nezu smiled. “Midoriya-kun, did you bring your notebooks?” Izuku nodded. “May I see them?” Izuku pulled out a small stack of the notebooks and handed them to the rat. “Is there any place I should start?”

“The third one has you in it?” Izuku timidly suggested. Nezu’s eyes lit up as he flipped through the book and Shouta could see a page open that had information on him as well as a decent drawing. Nezu began to read it then stopped and looked up at Izuku. “Midoriya-Kun, what makes you believe I am a Chimera?” Shouta blinked at this. The overgrown rat was a what?

“Ohh well you’re obviously part mouse, your paws though are more dog like and your ears kind of like a bear? Oh and your tail, it reminds me of my own,” his tail flicked in the air. “I know you were born an animal with an intelligence quirk, so I assumed you were originally a mouse or a similar animal and someone probably experimented on you to add the other parts to your DNA. Which if they did, I’m very sorry about.”

Nezu blinked then smiled. He read on, looking through the other notebooks and asking Izuku questions about some of the other heroes. Finally they came to a stop. “These are very astute observations,” Nezu told the boy. Shouta felt this was going well. Izuku seemed comfortable and the rat hadn’t done anything crazy yet. There’d been no strange offers, no talks of world domination. They’d just spoken about his analysis. But Shouta wasn’t quite ready to put his guard fully down.

“Thank you Nezu-Sensei,” Izuku blushed. “But it’s just a hobby, I’m sure real analysts are much better.”

“Not really,” Shouta snorted. Izuku looked at him wide eyed. “Your analysis probably saved Mic from going deaf and you helped me come up with a new technique that may help in group combat. We’ve both seen a number of analysts through our years as students and heroes

and you're the first to suggest those things."

"Aizawa is correct, you noticed a number of things documented in these notebooks I've seen other analysts miss," Nezu stated.

Izuku mumbled a thank you and Nezu took a sip of his tea.

"Midoriya-kun," Nezu set his cup down. "How would you like to be student at UA?" Shouta tensed, wondering where the rat was taking this. He already knew the three boys were training for the entrance exam.

"I've always wanted to attend UA," Izuku claimed excitedly. "It's the top hero school in the area and some really amazing heroes have graduated from here and a lot of them end up in top agencies starting out. Zawa has been training us so we're prepared for the entrance exam." He turned toward Shouta at the last part and his smile was like a ray of sunshine coming through clouds. It eased him, but only until Nezu spoke again.

"Well, I can make sure that happens," Nezu proposed.

Izuku looked perplexed. "What do you mean Nezu-sensei?"

"Yeah, what do you mean Nezu?" Shouta's voice had a sharper edge to it.

"I'd like to offer you admittance to UA next school year as my personal student, Midoriya-kun. We'd primarily work on your analysis and of course you'd also be part of the hero course. You would get to train to be a hero and further hone your rather remarkable intellectual skill."

Shouta almost lunged in protest at the rat but he saw the way Izuku's eye brows knit together. If he wanted this his face would have lit up. But this was the look he gave when something didn't sit right with him. So Shouta held off on murdering his employer. For now.

"That is a very tempting offer Nezu-sensei," Izuku started, seeming to choose his words carefully and Shouta hid his smile in his capture scarf at what he realized was coming next. "The thing is, I've been told by too many people my whole life that I can't be a hero. Students, teachers, even heroes. That with my quirk I should aim for something more realistic." Shouta's eye twitched at that last one. What sort of good for nothing hero had told the kitten that?

“I know they’re wrong, Zawa has really helped with my skills and my confidence in that. But I need them to see that they were wrong. Not just for me but for others with quirks they think are weak. So, while I understand that what you’re offering me would obviously help me become a hero, I have to get into UA the same way as everyone else. It’s my first step in showing them I earned my place as a hero.”

Nezu smiled. “I believe I understand Midoriya-kun.”

“Once I’m accepted perhaps, we can revisit finding a time to work on my analysis?” Izuku asked. “But for now I’ll have to decline your offer.” Shouta felt pride swell in his chest. Izuku was going to be such a great hero.

“Of course. We can revisit it at a later date Midoriya-kun,” Nezu took a tip of his tea looking contemplative as Izuku packed up his back packs. Contemplative on the rat was never good.

“Oh and Nezu-sensei?” Izuku added once he finished. “If for some reason I don’t score high enough and you alter the test results, I will decline my acceptance. I was very serious when I said I would earn my way in like everyone else.” Nezu for once could not control his facial features and looked shocked at the boy’s declaration. “Thank you for meeting with me today Nezu-sensei!” Izuku said as he walked out.

Shouta was behind him laughing when Nezu called out to him. He turned back and looked at the rat. “Aizawa, how did he know I was considering that?” Shouta shrugged, still laughing and followed Izuku back to the teacher’s lounge.

Preparing

Chapter Summary

> The teachers and problem children get ready for the entrance exam and new year.

Chapter Notes

> CW: None that I can really think of... If you notice something let me know
>
> You guys are amazing! Thanks for all your support :)

It was one month to the entrance exam and today had been exhausting for Shouta. With the entrance exam being so soon, the final preparations for everything were beginning. That meant coordinating multiple test sites and, since he had no classes he taught, helping Power Loader test all the robots.

Shouta hated the entrance exam. It was designed so people like him, people like his now adopted brother, and even people like Izuku were put at a major disadvantage without prior combat training. In fact, Bakugo with his flashier quirk was the only one of the 3 who would have for sure passed without any outside training because he can blow things up. So, testing the robots wasn't only a pain in the ass but also just left him feeling sour.

Then, after that was completed, Nezu announced an impromptu staff meeting. Shouta texted the problem children and told them he'd be late and to go ahead and start stretches and to run without him then the already annoyed pro headed for the conference room attached to the teacher's lounge.

Taking a seat next to Zashi, he looked around and noticed there was an extra seat. "Are we expecting someone?" he asked. Zashi just shrugged and gave him a smile.

It took another week after the problem children had visited UA before Shouta stopped glaring at his two best friends, knowing even if they hadn't screwed up, they still would have run into Nezu at the store that day. They took the glares ending as their cue to smoother him with apologies and gifts of coffee and snacks. Despite forgiving them within the first week of their excessive and sometimes exhausting

efforts, the occasional gifts continued, and he knew his friends really did feel terrible about the part they played in the event. Nem walked into the conference room and set a cup from a nearby cafe in front of him, receiving a nod of gratitude, before taking her seat on the other side of Zashi right before Nezu walked in.

“Greetings everyone,” he waved. “First I wanted to discuss everyone’s upcoming duties prior to and on the day of the entrance exam.” Shouta groaned inwardly and took a sip of the still warm coffee. Nezu went down a list of different tasks, including helping with registration, monitoring the written exams, and overseeing the 2 practical exams, one for the support course and one for the hero course. Shouta of course was not surprised that in addition to the robot testing and the tedious battle center groupings he was already working on, he’d been assigned to the observation room for the hero course practical exam since Hero Course 1-A should be his homeroom this year. Once that was complete, Shouta was hoping it would be time to go. His head already hurt and his problem children should be at the beach by now.

“There’s one more thing,” Nezu said, making Shouta slump back into his chair. “He’s running late but we have a new staff member joining us this coming year. He’ll actually be helping teach heroic’s courses across the board.”

This made Shouta sit up. He always handled his own classes’ heroics courses with the help from one of the other teachers when it was required or featured their specialty. Who would be helping teach them permanently? Then the conference room door flew open and a boisterous voice called out “I am here!” As the man apologized for being late, Shouta glared in annoyance at him. He’d met the number one hero a few times before and to put it frankly the man was not exactly a planner, he was more of a puncher and he didn’t always follow protocol, knowing he would often detain or rescue then just disappear and leave other heroes or the police to clean up. He also didn’t really listen to others so it probably would be difficult to gently guide the man when his teaching method was lacking.

“I don’t mean this to be rude, but are you even certified to teach All Might?” Snipe questioned. That was a very good question indeed.

“For reasons about to be explained, the school board and the Heroes Commission have made an exception,” Nezu stated and every teacher in the room bristled at that. Even Shouta who hadn’t started with a certificate was working on getting his when he began as just an assistant. He’d completed everything before he took over the class

completely. He continued to glare at the man when he realized smoke or steam was coming off the number one hero. That was certainly not normal and startlingly suspicious.

Immediately concerned, Shouta jumped to his feet, activated his quirk and when the large form of All Might disappeared, leaving behind a skeletal man with sunken eyes and a long neck, Shouta threw out his capture weapon to ensnare what could only be an imposter. “Who are you?” he growled. Every teacher at the table was standing now too – Nem holding her whip, Snipe with guns pointed while his platonic soulmate Thirteen was next to him with their finger pointed at the man, Zashi with his fists up looking ready for a fight, and everyone else with either fists or quirks at the ready as well.

“All Might,” the man said in the same voice, though with less booming.

“Aizawa,” Nezu calmly called out to him, the only one still sitting as he sipped on his tea, “This is the reason that was about to be explained. If you would please release All Might and everyone take a seat.” Shouta glared at the rat, or as Izuku had called him the Chimera, but released the man and allowed his capture weapon to settle around his neck. Everyone nervously settled back into their seats.

“Explain,” Nem demanded, looking as annoyed as every other teacher at the table. The man shared about his injury, showing them the large wound on the side of his stomach, and talking about the multiple surgeries. He explained that since then he couldn’t perform hero duties for more than three hours a day, but he was still too young to retire without drawing inconvenient questions and there wasn’t someone to take his place.

“People are already beginning to question why they don’t see All Might as often as before. The Hero Public Safety Commission fears that news the Symbol of Peace has been injured enough that he can’t continue to do hero work would both terrify the public and embolden villains,” Nezu added. “The current Number two hero is physically strong, but he doesn’t have appeal or the ability for the public to rally behind him like All Might does.” Shouta had to admit they weren’t wrong. All Might was a reckless buffoon, but Endeavor was just a fire coated asshole.

The idea of one figure the public placed their trust and safety in so much wasn’t a good one. He blamed the Hero Commission and their

stupid Hero Billboard Chart for creating a situation where this could happen. The ranking system made a few too many limelight heroes more concerned at times about their popularity and competing for numbers than saving people. Not Nem and Zashi, thankfully. Though Zashi was still excited when he cracked the top 100 a year into hero work, mostly due to his radio show taking off.

“After a number of talks, it seemed the best choice would be to have All Might both in and not in the public eye,” Nezu continued. “He will teach here, taking over one hero lesson for each of the courses once a week. The rest of the time he’ll work on other duties. Then there are fewer questions about where All Might is because he is behind the gates of UA, acting as a teacher to help raise up the next generation of young heroes.”

Shouta frowned. The teachers here were kept a secret for the most part because no one wanted villains targeting students to get back at heroes they held grudges against. Sure you saw some at things like the Sports Festival, but it wasn’t made clear they were teachers, just that they assisted with the festival.

“And if All Might’s numerous enemies decide to target the school?” Vlad King asked. At least someone was on the same page as him.

“We’ve added additional security around campus over the past year that we feel are sufficient to keep the students safe,” Nezu shared. “Additionally, we have more plans on stand by should the need arise.”

That wasn’t reassuring. “And the school board?” Zashi asked confused as to how much they knew and what they had agreed to.

Shouta rolled his eyes. “Let me guess. The school board just knows the publicity and donations they’ll get from having All Might teach here?”

“A very good deduction Aizawa,” Nezu nodded. “And not an incorrect one. Well, now that you all know, you are free to go about your days. I know you have a training session to get to Aizawa.” He didn’t want to know how the rat knew that. Instead, he stood up, the remainder of his coffee in hand, and walked out the door while everyone else gathered their things and chatted. He immediately headed toward the beach.

Standing on the beach, assuming his problem children were still on their run, he tried to temp down his frustration, not wanting to take how rough his day had been out on the boys. When 3 figures started jogging his way and Izuku smiled toward him, it was like a parting of

clouds and he felt most of the frustration melt away. It was amazing how the kitten's smile could do that to people.

Quickly setting up the next exercise, his students would take turns and each had 5 minutes to try to land a single hit on him that wasn't dodges or deflected. The other two would spar against each other then they would switch. Which is how he found himself dodging throw after throw Izuku was sending his way. Shouta's mind briefly wandered to the events from earlier and he almost missed something heading his way from the left and brought up his arm just in time to block the fist that would have collided with his jaw. Before he could come back down to a defensive position a foot collided with the side of his stomach and sent him stepping back.

Izuku grinned excitedly at him. "Did I win?" he asked.

"That wasn't a punch kid," he grumbled as he rubbed his side.

"You just said land a hit, not punch you," Izuku countered.

Well, the kid had him there. "Yeah kid, you win. Water break then we'll all switch partners," he suggested. They all grabbed their bottles and sat down near each other. The playful banter between Hitoshi and Bakugo didn't escape his notice and he was glad Hitoshi was letting himself get close to others. He also noticed the way they'd both shortened each other's names to Tosh and Suki, a name Shouta thought would make the boy explode but the first time Hitoshi said it the tips of the boy's ears had reddened before he mumbled something Shouta didn't hear under his breath.

A few more weeks of training went by and it was the night before the exam. Hitoshi had suggested Izuku and Bakugo sleep over so they could all go to the exam together and Shouta had agreed under the condition that they all actually get some sleep. The last thing he needed with three exhausted kids battling robots.

Shouta wasn't at all surprised when he walked through the door after completing final set up to find 3 balls of nervous energy. He knew he should probably make them something nutritious for dinner, but he ordered pizza and made the boys promise not to tell Midoriya-san. He'd just make a good breakfast in the morning instead of cereal.

The boys ate, talked about the exam, made guesses for what may part of the practical. Bakugo just seemed to be fishing for details while Shouta revealed nothing. He'd already intentionally given them advice that would help them month ago in one of their cat café sessions. Of

course, he hadn't mentioned anything about the advice pertaining to the exam, just another possible villain encounter. They would simply have to remember and then apply it.

After a few more obvious pokes and prods, Shouta looked up at all three of them. "What does it mean to be a hero?" he asked, looking all three in the eyes interchangeably. "What is the primary purpose of a hero?"

The boys thought about it a moment and Izuku softly spoke, "To save people."

Shouta nodded, proud of the little kitten. "So long as you remember the purpose of a hero, you'll all be fine tomorrow."

This of course confused the boys. Was it a rescue task? They wondered aloud. But they'd heard in the past it had been battle based. Shouta let them speculate. Hopefully they'd understand what he was telling them once they saw the task tomorrow.

Eventually Shouta could only take so much of their speculation and worry so he ushered them into the living room to watch a movie, all of the boys in their pajamas and bundled in blankets while Shouta worked on some last-minute paperwork for tomorrow. A couple hours later the credits rolled and Shouta peeked in. Bakugo and Hitoshi were curled up on the couch, leaning up against each other while a small green cat was curled up in Bakugo's lap. He cut off the movie and let the boys stay like that, cleaning up his papers so he could head to sleep as well.

***

The next morning, Bakugo Katsuki, Midoriya Izuku and Aizawa Hitoshi were standing around outside the auditorium. They'd arrived early with Zawa and Nemuri-san had gone ahead and checked them in so they observed as other UA hopefuls began arriving and signing in. Izuku and Kacchan didn't recognize anyone, they were the only three from their school who had applied to UA and they had attended the same school system since they were little. But as they were waiting, Izuku noticed Toshi tense.

A girl with long blue hair scowled their way. "What are you doing here?" she demanded walking up to Toshi. His friend seemed frozen in place.

"He's taking the exam just like everyone else," Izuku finally answered.

She scoffed, “Someone with a quirk like his can’t be a hero.”

“What did you say?” Kacchan’s voice took on a deep growl and Izuku could hear the popping noise of his quirk.

“Kacchan, stop,” Izuku warned but the growl got deeper the longer he snarled at the girl.

“It’s ok Suki,” Toshi finally said, seeming to come out of his stupor. The growl lessened and the pops stopped but Kacchan still looked ready to kill. Toshi looked up at the girl, “I’m here to become a hero. And I don’t need your approval to do that. Now please leave before I inform the staff that your quirkiest beliefs run so deep you broke a soul bond over them.”

Katsuki’s growl came back full force along with the popping noises when he realized this was the girl who was intended to be Toshi’s soulmate. Izuku was tempted to let him attack her but he assumed attacking another hopeful student would probably make it impossible for his friend to be accepted into the program so he grabbed his hand in an effort to hold him back, the pops stopping as Kacchan recognized the familiar touch. The girl gave them all baneful looks but left and as soon as she did Toshi turned around and collapsed onto Katsuki’s shoulder.

“I never thought I’d have to face her again,” he sighed.

“Are you ok Tosh?” Kacchan asked while Izuku rubbed his back gently for comfort.

“Yeah, it actually felt really good to tell her that,” he smiled.

“You should tell Zawa,” Izuku suggested. “Someone like that shouldn’t be in a hero course.”

“I will, but honestly I’m not too worried,” Toshi lifted his head and shrugged. “She was always toward the bottom of the class and I didn’t exactly attend an elite school before so I doubt she’ll pass the written.”

Izuku shook his head while Kacchan laughed at this and ruffled Toshi’s hair. “Makes sense,” he said. “Only an idiot would give up you for a soulmate.” Izuku didn’t miss the way his purple haired friend blushed at the comment, an unusual site since normally Izuku was the one who blushed at everything. He smiled to himself at how interesting that was.

After a few more minutes, they decided to make their way inside and find their seats, the written exam was about to begin.

Entrance Exams

Chapter Summary

The Problem Children take the entrance exam.

Chapter Notes

CW: Umm violence against robots? A brief mention of Mineta (his mere existence can be triggering... for my own mental health, he won't be making another appearance)

You guys are amazing! Seriously. Every conversation we have in the comment section and other bit of love yall give this story just blows me away.

If you saw the end note last week about my other story I should have the first chapter posted later this week. Forewarning - this story is a lot of fluff. That one is NOT. Be prepared for Izuku to get put through a lot in the first few chapters and check the tags carefully. As always I'll put CWs at the top of chapters. I'll post a link in this story once I start posting that one :)

The written exam wasn't too difficult. Izuku finished and checked over his paper with time to spare. Once the exam was over they were given a short break then all filed back into the auditorium to learn about the practical exam. They found their seats, the room buzzing with excitement.

Everyone quieted down when Present Mic took the stage. "Can I get a YEAAAHHHHH?" He asked, looking slightly dejected when no one answered, leaving Izuku, Toshi and Kacchan stifling giggles. The man continued however and started telling them about the exam. They'd be fighting robots. All three boys smiled and Izuku started mumbling through everything he remembered from the conversation months ago when Aizawa had set a scenario where a villain with a tech quirk had released robots onto a city but the villain was nowhere in sight and civilians were in danger.

"Excuse me sir but I have a question," A tall boy with blue hair and glasses stood up from a few rows in front of them.

"Hit me!" Mic called out. Seeing him in his hero persona in real life and not just over the radio, Izuku now understood why Zawa wanted

to keep him away months ago. The man drew attention like a flame drew a moth.

“On the print out you’ve listed four types of villains, not three. With all respect, if this is an error on official UA materials, it is shameful. We are exemplary students. We expect the best from Japan’s most notable school. A mistake such as this won’t do.” The boy suddenly turned and pointed at Izuku. “Additionally, you with the unkempt hair.” Alarmed to be called out, Izuku just let out a small huh while Kacchan growled and Toshi scowled. “You’ve been muttering this entire time. Stop that. If you can’t bother to take this seriously, leave. You’re distracting the rest of us.”

Izuku covered his mouth, not liking the attention on him when Kacchan stood up. “Hey, four eyes. His muttering is part of how he processes information when he’s taking something seriously. I’ve dealt with it for 14 years without being an ass, so you can handle 10 minutes. Plus, your damn rant was the most distracting thing here. So, if you’d sit down and shut up, I’m sure Present Mic was about to explain the fourth robot.”

The boy looked affronted and was about to start up again when Present Mic called out, “Right you are about the fourth robot Little Listener,” taking all the attention back up to the stage. He proceeded to explain that the last robot was worth zero points and to basically run away from it. Then he sent the hero hopefuls to get changed and report to their testing sites.

Izuku’s brows were knit together as they walked toward the changing room. Kacchan had discovered all 3 of them were at different testing sites. “They probably split up people from the same school on purpose,” Toshi suggested.

“Yeah, plus they know we’ve been training together,” Kacchan added. “Probably didn’t want us teaming up together and confusing their scoring shit.”

“Hey guys,” Izuku stopped and pulled them aside as people continued to the changing rooms. “They only talked about Villain Points, but the purpose of a hero is to save people.” They both looked at him intently. “I think there’s more to the test.”

“Why wouldn’t they tell us that?” Toshi asked.

“Well think about it,” Izuku said, his mind processing everything. “If you told a thousand student hopefuls that there were also points for

saving people, first, what kind of chaos would you create? And second, would you actually get to see who would really forego getting more villain points to actually help someone else?"

"Fuck nerd," Kacchan looked around to make sure no one else was listening. "You're right. I was just focusing on getting as many robots down as I could."

"Which will probably work for you," Izuku smiled. "You've got a quirk built for taking down robots. But mind control doesn't work on robots and unless they have exposed wiring, I'm relying entirely on hoping I can break joints or find control buttons."

"So," Toshi summarized, knowing they didn't have a bunch of time. "We try to take down as many robots as possible, but we also try to help others if we see the need?"

"I think so?" Izuku said. "I'm not positive but I think this is what Zawa meant when he mentioned remembering the purpose of a hero."

"Damn cryptic hobo," Kacchan grumbled. "Alright, lets go get changed and then ace this thing."

***

Izuku looked around at all the other students approaching the gate that led to his testing ground. His palms were sweating as he noticed how confident everyone else looked. While his confidence was certainly better than when he'd first met Zawa, moments like this were when he started to doubt himself. As he stepped forward, he missed a crack in the walkway and began to tumble forward.

Faceplanting into the ground was not how he expected his potential hero career to end as he felt his body succumb to gravity then suddenly, he felt light and the floor never rose up to meet him. "Sorry," a female voice called out. "I don't normally use my quirk without asking but it seemed a shame for you to injure yourself before the exam started." She carefully adjusted him so his feet were facing the ground and then put her fingers together and said, "release" as Izuku felt his weight return to him.

"Thanks," he smiled at the girl. Her face was round with rosy cheeks and brown hair framed her face. "Your quirk it really cool. There's so many applications for it, both in combat and rescue."

"Thanks!" she grinned. "And yours is really cute," she pointed to his

ears. He blushed, though not as much as when Zawa implied he was adorable.

“I hope you’re not distracting someone else now,” a stern voice carried through the crowd as people turned to look at them. “Everyone here is trying their best to become heroes. If you’re just here to distract people.”

“He wasn’t distracting me,” The girl interrupted the boy, glaring at him and looking annoyed.

He seemed taken aback by this swift defense. “Very well,” the boy stalked off and Izuku could see the engines in his legs. The boy was rude but that was an interesting quirk.

“Honestly,” the girl huffed before turning a smile back to Izuku. “Well good luck Cat-kun! I hope to see you in class.” With that she moved toward the front of the crowd leading Izuku to ponder what she’d just called him.

Izuku started to move toward the front of the group too. Just as he pushed his way through, he saw Zashi in all his Present Mic gear at the top of a tower near the gate. “Right! Let’s start.” Everyone turned and stared. “Get moving!”

Zawa did this during training. “There’s no countdown in a real battle,” he’d tell them. Izuku’s training kicked in and he began to run for the gate.

“One little listener has the right idea! Run, run run listeners!” Mic called out and Izuku could hear the people behind him begin to move, some speeding by him, including the boy with engines in his legs. A number of them followed the main road in but the first think Izuku did was split off down an alley until he found a long metal pipe. That in hand, he returned toward the main streets where he could already see others taking down robots.

He looked over the first robot in front of him and saw a weak joint where the head of it met the rest of the body and he aimed the end of the pipe for the crevice and using leverage to pop the head off. He then pulled a boy with purple balls on his head who was too busy staring at one of the girls out the way of a laser beam from one of the robots.

He didn’t wait for a thank you, not that the look on the small boy’s face made him think he’d receive one. The next robot was different.

This one dislodged one of the knees, brining it crashing to the ground. A third he noticed some exposed wiring along the neck and he quickly extended his claws and sliced, bringing the robot to a stuttering halt.

He continued much of the exam like this, taking down robots at their weak points and occasionally pulling another examinee out of danger when everyone felt the earth shake and they looked up to see the giant robot, the zero pointer. Everyone around him started to run and Izuku turned to follow when he heard a call for help.

Pinned underneath a piece of rubble was the brown haired girl who'd helped him earlier and she was right in the path of the zero pointer. He reaches toward the nearest person to him, a girl with long green hair. "I need some help," he said.

"Kero, ok," she answered. He grabbed her hand and pulled her toward the robot. "What are we doing?"

"Being heroes," he smiled as he continued to run until he was in front of the trapped girl. "Are you injured?"

"Maybe my ankle," she said, "But I can't lift this, quirk exhaustion."

Izuku nodded and handed the pipe to the girl he realized had a frog quirk. "Try to use this to leverage the big piece of rubble up enough for her to climb out. I'm going to try to stop the robot."

"How?" the frog girl asked with wide eyes.

"I don't know yet," Izuku admitted as he raced that direction, looking over the robot. "Weak spot, weak spot, weak spot," he mumbled to himself. "There!" he yelled as he spotted the opening to a control panel above the robot's right leg. Shifting into his cat form mid run, he began to climb up the robot the best he could until he was resting on the joint just below the panel. It was barely large enough for him in this smaller form, so he'd have to hope this was possible at a cat.

Thankfully, he pressed a paw to the panel and it popped open. He saw a number of different buttons, unsure what they all did, then there at the bottom was an emergency turn off. Shifting his position so his paw could pull the switch, he swatted at it, losing his balance just as the robot stuttered to a stop. Falling through the air, he briefly hoped he did have nine lives because this was not going to end well. Eeven if it's true cats always land on their feet, this distance would be a potentially fatal jolt to his body.

Then something wrapped around his body and he was yanked toward the frog girl, who released her hold on him once she brought him low enough to make a safe landing. Once on the ground, he shifted back. “Thanks,” he grinned.

“No problem,” she smiled as she watched Izuku stand up. Suddenly an announcement calling for the end of the test was heard through out the area. He hoped he had enough points; he wanted to make Zawa proud.

“Thank you both,” the brown haired girl said from the ground. They both assured her it was no problem and offered to help get her to Recovery Girl, who Izuku knew was somewhere nearby. The frog girl offered her a hand to help her up and she reached out to take it. The moment their hands touched, they both pulled back with a gasp and a wince, the frog girl grabbing at her stomach and the brown haired girl clutching her shoulder.

“Are you both ok?” Izuku asked. “Should I get recovery girl?”

But they both ignored him as they stared at each other. “Is it?” the brown-haired girl quickly removed her jacket and Izuku moved to see where she was grabbing, looking for an injury and if she needed first aid. He instead let out a small gasp at the little frog wearing a space suit, stars in the background, all slowly filling with vibrant color.

***

Shouta watched all three of his students perform remarkably well and couldn’t help the grin on his face. They’d even figured out what he meant about the true purpose of a hero, all helping other examinees. Bakugo had pulled a few people out of danger, albeit a little aggressively but that was the boy’s normal state of being. Hitoshi had carried a yellow haired boy out of the way of the Zero Pointer after the boy had short circuited by overusing his electricity quirk. That’s something he’d have to get Izuku to look at if the boy made it into his class.

And all the judges and a number of teachers had been impressed with the little kitten. Sure, he’d taken down a number of robots and had rescued quite a few people, but he’d also utilized team work to save someone and had been the only person to stop the zero pointer today. And he’d done that last part while transformed into a dark green house cat.

“Isn’t a little dangerous for him to be out there?” All Might asked.

“Cats aren’t exactly sturdy.”

“It’s dangerous for all of them to be out there, they’re middle schoolers, most with no or minimal training.” Shouta rolled his eyes. “He did well, and he didn’t get hurt. I want him in my class, Nezu.” This startled the other hero. He’d heard a lot about Aizawa as a teacher, particularly about his penchant for expelling students. His requesting a particular student seemed out of the norm given what he’d heard.

“Midoriya-kun is exceptionally clever and has been training for the past 10 months with a skilled hero,” Nezu stepped in before the Symbol of Peace could say anything else that may set the younger man off. “Of course, we’ll have to compose all the final results from the written exam too, but based on how he performed today I see no reason he couldn’t be in your class.”

“Good,” Aizawa nodded. “I want Bakugo and Hitoshi too if they make it.”

“I also don’t believe that will be a problem,” Nezu took a sip of tea. “Any other requests?” Shouta shook his head. “Well then I believe you have people who should be waiting for you soon. We should be able to finalize your class list with you tomorrow.” Taking his chance to leave at Nezu’s obvious dismissal, Shouta slipped out the door and went to wait near the front gate for his problem children.

Letters and Discussions

Chapter Summary

Letters from UA arrive and Inko talks with one of the boys.

Chapter Notes

CW: mentions of past child abuse and emotional abuse

Surprise? I'm a lot of chapters ahead so double update day!

“Who’s opening theirs first?” Zuku asked as the three boys sat nervously around her table, three identical looking letters in front of them. Inko was nervous for them, but she noticed Aizawa looked relaxed as they watched from the kitchen while she was trying to teach the man to make soba noodles.

“You go first nerd,” Katsuki suggested and Inko watched as her son nervously picked up the envelop and ripped it open. A small disc fell out which confused everyone except Aizawa then suddenly above it was the face and voice of All Might. “I am here! As a projection.” The screen zoomed out and he was standing in the yellow suit he wore for all his interviews in front of a, Inko wasn’t sure what it was but it looked like some sort of game show set with flashing lights and bright colors.

Her son’s face scrunched up a bit at the appearance of man. She wasn’t sure what happened and Izuku didn’t seem to want to tell her, but around the time he’d met Aizawa, her son had also sold all his All Might memorabilia.

“Wait, what’s wrong?” All Might asked as a black clad figure stepped onto camera and pushed him out of the way.

“Zawa?” Izuku asked, looking back at the man in confusion.

“Just keep watching kid,” he smiled.

“I got this one,” projecting Aizawa said, his face looking emotionless, but Inko watched Izuku smile warmly at it. “Hey Kid, so first All Might’s a new teacher this year. Now on to the important stuff. You did great on the written test, you were one of the top scores. In the practical exam you got 36 combat points which is not bad, and if you hadn’t gone around rescuing people if probably wouldn’t have been

enough. But you understood what it meant to be a hero, and for that you earned another 70 rescue points. Oh yeah, those rescue points were a secret scoring method. So combined that gives you the second highest grade on the entrance exam. So Welcome to UA and Class 1-A." A small smile graced projection Aizawa's face. "Good job kitten."

"I did it," Izuku was in tears and Inko ran around to the table to hug her son as Hitoshi grinned and Katsuki said something about knowing he would.

"Zawa did you know this whole time?" Izuku asked the man.

"I knew right after the exam," he shrugged. "I just wasn't allowed to say anything until you got the official acceptance.

"What about us?" Katsuki asked anxiously.

"You haven't opened your letter yet problem child," Aizawa said.

Hitoshi reached forward and ripped his open and was greeted to a similar scene, starting out with All Might to only be pushed off the screen by Aizawa. Katsuki's was similar. All three had placed into class 1-A and Katsuki between Villain points and rescue points had scored the highest on the entrance exam.

The boys were celebrating and Inko was pulling all three into huge hugs.

"Well, I brought something to have a little celebration," Aizawa smiled, and Inko remembered the box he'd brought in with him. She'd realized when he brought that the box looked like something from a bakery but he seemed to wave it off and she didn't ask questions.

"After dinner," she smiled, "Let's finish making soba first." She walked back into the kitchen.

Dinner was it's normal loud but friendly affair, with the boys discussing needing to get their uniforms and all the paperwork they had to turn in, asking Aizawa for tips on costumes and support gear. Once everything was cleared away, Aizawa pulled out the box and opened it, revealing a cake with layers of fluffy sponge, cream and strawberries. Izuku's eyes got huge. "Is this from the café? I thought they only sold slices?"

"They have to get those slices from a full cake at some point," Aizawa shrugged. "So, I talked to the manager. Told her how much you liked

it after you tried it that time and we were celebrating. She made an exception."

"Thank you Zawa," Inko watched her son smile brightly at the man and his smile back seemed soft too.

"It's no big deal kid," he said as he pulled some forks and little plates out of the cabinets and drawers, now knowing his way around the kitchen as well as his own. "You all put in a lot of hard work and it paid off." Inko had to admit when she took a first bite that the cake was good, Hitoshi and Katsuki seemed to agree, but her son seemed to melt at the flavor and there was a happy gleam in Aizawa's eyes as he watched.

Ten months and they still hadn't touched, she sighed. Even Mitsuki had asked the time she'd come over for dinner with Katsuki a couple months ago to finally meet her son's mentor. Mitsuki isn't exactly the observant type. She sighed, wondering if they'd ever figure it out. It would be uncomfortable if someone in the class realized the way they acted around each other was unknowingly like two teenagers with a crush and they hadn't realized they were soulmates yet.

After dinner, Aizawa pulled Inko aside. "Hitoshi wanted to talk to you but wasn't sure how to ask."

"What about?" she was confused. The boy was of course always welcome to talk to her, but what would he want to talk to her about that he couldn't talk with Aizawa about? The man gently touched her sleeve over where her mark was. "Oh," quiet realization slipped over her. She'd seen the boy's broken mark in the hospital when she'd rolled his sleeve up to check his vitals.

"Izuku told him when we first found out. He was still pretty upset about it. Seems he ran into the girl at the entrance exam and it's brought up questions," Aizawa shrugged. "He didn't want to talk to me about it. He wanted to talk to someone like him and I haven't found my soulmate yet."

Inko resisted the urge to roll her eyes at that last statement because she was pretty sure he had and they just didn't realize it, but she focused instead on the boy who was needing her help. "Hitoshi dear?" Inko smiled over at the boy.

"Yes Auntie?" he looked nervous.

"I just remembered that bookstore in the neighborhood I told you

about is open tonight," she smiled gently. "How about we take a walk over and I can show it to you?"

"Ohhh I want to go to the bookstore!" Zuku cheered.

"Zuku sweetheart, you can't walk into a bookstore without buying something and you already have a stack of books you need to finish," Inko said firmly. "Besides, Aizawa said he'd take care of all the dishes, and Katsuki is working on his paperwork. Someone needs to stay here with them."

Izuku frowned but stayed, as did Katsuki who was indeed already filling out the form for his hero costume. As they were putting on their shoes she laughed as she heard Zuku's exasperation. "Kacchan, we discussed this! Those gauntlets are too big, they'll get in the way in close quarters fights!"

***

Hitoshi knew he'd mentioned to Shou-Kun about talking with Auntie, but he didn't think it would happen this quickly. As they walked down the quiet street, the older woman smiled at him. "Aizawa said you wanted to talk Hitoshi, and the apartment is small, I didn't think you'd want everyone listening."

"Thanks," he said softly.

"So what did you want to talk about?" she asked, kind, encouraging.

"You saw my broken mark," he said hesitantly. It was a statement but it felt like a question.

"Yes, I did dear, in the hospital," she admitted, not a hint of judgement in her voice over it.

"And Izuku said you had a broken mark?" he asked this time, unsure if she'd be willing to talk to him about it.

To his surprise, she rolled up her sleeve, revealing the gray and cracked once beautiful butterfly. "I believe he already told you the basics, but I'm happy to answer any questions you have." He was quiet, collecting his thoughts, but she waited patiently.

"We brushed by each other in the hallway at one of my old schools," Toshi started. "I was elated. I knew I liked boys already so I knew it would only be platonic with her, but it was finally someone who I

thought would understand me." He paused as if searching for the words. "I didn't have friends at the time. This was before I met Izu and Suki. And things in the foster homes were bad." She gave him a small, empathetic smile. "So the idea that someone would get me, that a person was meant for me was really exciting. Then she immediately broke it. She rejected the bond. She said she couldn't be with a villain."

The boy started to cry. They'd stepped into a park and Inko had pulled him into a hug then settled them both onto a bench, never letting go of the hug. "I'm sure that hurt," she softly whispered.

"It hurt so bad," he cried. "Why, why would someone who is supposed to be bonded with your soul hurt you like that?"

"Oh child," she softly rubbed his back. "First, there's a lot we don't know about soul marks or souls for that matter. One of the things we do know is souls are not constant. They change and are malleable based on the things we take in and the lives we live." She stopped, looking contemplative. "We believe that Soulmarks, when they appear, match souls together as they are at that moment. The thing is soulmarks stay but the souls can change in a direction they weren't intended to."

The woman's face looked distant for a moment, sad, before she continued. "I could see a lot in Hisashi that I loved, that my soul loved and wanted to bond to, but there was a lot that hurt my soul too. I fought for longer than I should have to try to fix his soul. But time had twisted part of his soul into something angry and abusive. Just like it sounds like time twisted her soul into something that couldn't see the beauty in yours." She smiled softly at him, brushing a tear from his cheek. "Just because are souls are marked for others doesn't mean they're the only true way to our happiness. Those souls have to stay in sync and grow in the same direction."

Hitoshi nodded and thought, supposing that made sense. He was fairly certain he was starting to get feelings for someone, developing a bit of a crush, but he wasn't sure. But for some reason his blonde friend made him blush and his heart would flutter a bit. Still, he wasn't sure about his own feelings and even if he was, he wasn't sure someone would want him if his own soulmate didn't.

Taking a deep breath, he reached his real question, "Is it possible for someone other than a soulmate to love you in that way?"

“Sweetheart,” Auntie brushed a hand threw his hair like he saw her do with Izu sometimes. It was gentle and comforting. “If you’re asking if it’s possible to form another soul bond, not in the way the soul mark does. A few people have multiple soul marks, I suppose, but it’s rare. To develop another one your new soulmate would have to not be born yet. There’s never been a case of two people forming marks when both were already living,” Hitoshi hung his head, having expected that answer but hoping for something different. Then the woman continued.

“But our souls constantly bond with others, forming new relationships outside of the context of a soulmark. And those bonds are just as important.”

That was new. Hitoshi looked up and hesitated at his next question but decided to ask. “I’m sorry if this is rude but I just noticed after 10 years you’re still single.” It was a statement, but she seemed to understand what he was asking and continued to smile, though there seemed to be a little more melancholy in it.

“My circumstance is different. I trusted someone, married someone, had a child with him, and then they emotionally abused me, broke my trust, and physically abused my son. Even without the bond, it took me years to move past that and I’m not willing to risk putting Izuku through that again, so I haven’t tried to find another romantic partner. But I’ve found happiness in ways that aren’t the same as my soulbond. In my son, in my friends, in my work. In the three of you and our dinners together. Looking back to then and comparing it to now, these new bonds are better than my soul bond ever was.”

No one had ever talked about bonds like this. Everyone he knew before treated them like the ultimate form of love and acceptance. Even Shou-Kun who was normally so logical had never even dated anyone because of the mere knowledge he had a soulmate and didn’t know what type of bond it was.

“And I think you have that too,” her smiled warmed in the same way Izu’s did sometimes. “You have Aizawa who looks at you like a younger brother. There’s Izuku and Katsuki who would fight any battle by your side whether you asked them to or not. And I’m here for you too, for anything you need. And other people will also be able to see all the amazing things in your soul that she couldn’t see. They’ll see you and they’ll love you like we do. And without a mark and all the things that come with it, you’ll still find your soul connecting and bonding to them. Sometimes the bonds we make are just as strong or

stronger than our soul bonds.”

At that Hitoshi burst into tears again, processing the words he didn’t know just how badly he’d needed to hear. The two stayed on the bench as twilight settled into night, Auntie embracing him in her arms until he ran out of tears. And for the first time since his bond broke, his heart truly felt lighter.

First Day

Chapter Summary

It's the start of our problem children's first day in Class 1-A.

Chapter Notes

CW: Unwanted contact again, but also this time they think he's an actual cat ... also referenced child abuse/abandonment

Here's the new chapter! Thanks so much for all the amazing support yall give <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku and Kacchan wanted to sleep over at Toshi's the night before the first day of school so they could all go together, but his mom had wanted to see him off his first day at UA and Zawa had expressed concern about them not getting any sleep which in turn meant he wouldn't get enough sleep.

So instead after tearful hugs and promises to tell her everything at their dinner with everyone that evening, Izuku left and met Kacchan outside his house. It was early, but they had planned to be there early to hopefully get to talk to Toshi before class started. "Your tie is tied weird nerd," Kacchan grumbled as he walked out of his house, Auntie Mitsuki waving goodbye to both of them.

"You're not even wearing the tie," Izuku shot back, sticking his tongue out.

"Yeah, cause it looks better this way than having it tied all weird," he shot back. Izuku just laughed and the two continued on, arriving at campus well before any of the other students.

They knew where classroom 1-A was, Zawa had shown then around the first time they visited, so they found it easily and opened the door that seemed made for giants. A small pout crossed Izuku's face when he saw the classroom was empty. "He'll be here soon, be patient nerd," Kacchan sighed and went to take his seat. Izuku found his assigned seat right behind his friend and set his bag down. He hadn't slept well last night, nerves keeping him up.

And idea crossed his mind and he watched Kacchan lean back, putting his feet up on a desk. At that moment, Izuku's body shifted and a dark green cat jumped up into the blonde's lap, purring and circling around until he found a comfortable spot to lay.

"You drag me here early and then you go all cat on me?" Kacchan grumbled but he let Izuku be. He was just about to drift off when a voice started firmly scolding Kacchan. Izu opened sleepy eyes to see what as going on.

The blue haired boy with glasses from the entrance exam was standing there, his arms chopping through the air as if he were a robot. He was saying something to Kacchan about not respecting UA and having his feet on the desk. "And pets are not allowed on UA campus! Did you even read the handbook for this sacred institution?"

"Are you kidding me?" Kacchan was more amused than angry, not that anyone else could tell. "Your old school put a stick up your ass or were you born with it?"

"This is obviously inappropriate behavior," the boy started again and Izuku decided it was time to jump off Kacchan and landed on the desk before his friend forgot he was there.

"Oh I'm gonna have to much fun tearing you down," Kacchan moved to stand up. As the boys continued arguing, Izuku watching to make sure it didn't get out of hand, no one noticed the girl with pink skin and horns until she yanked Izuku up off the desk and held him up.

"Oh my gosh what a cute little kitty!" She squealed in excitement as she started dancing about the room with him, and passing him around to other students, who were exclaiming how adorable he was, some asking why he was green, one even stating it may be a quirk. Izuku squirmed and tried to get away, refraining from hissing or scratching at his new classmates but still uncomfortable with unfamiliar people touching him.

"Stop passing him around like that!" Kacchan yelled, trying to move past the other students to where Izuku currently was. Then he felt something wrap around his waist and he was pulled into someone new's arms. Looking up he recognized the frog girl from the entrance exams.

"Hello, kero!" She said brightly. "It's nice to see you again. I'm glad we're in the same class."

The other students looked at her like she had two heads, but she ignored them. The cat butted its head against her chin in a friendly way and then jumped out of her gentle hold and scurried across to the room jumping up into Kacchan's arms. He sat back down at his desk, keeping the cat protectively in his lap.

They all started talking amongst themselves again, some asking Kacchan about his cat to which he responded, "He's not mine and mind your own damn business." Though the green ball of fluff curled up on his lap looking sweet and obviously attached negated some of the bite to his statement.

"If I were a villain, you'd all be dead by now."

Izuku lifted his head, looking for the source of Zawa's voice but couldn't see anything until the yellow sleeping bag he'd seen previously in the teacher's lounge stood up with the man's face poking out. He looked like a giant caterpillar. It unzipped to reveal his mentor in full uniform with a juice pouch in hand.

Other students looked confused. "It took you a minute to notice me and 8 seconds to quiet down. That's too much." Zawa looked around the room until his eyes landed on the empty desk and the green cat. "Midoriya," he sighed. "Use your own desk, not Bakugo's." Izuku let out a mewl of understanding then jumped back to sit on top of his own desk. "As a human, Midoriya." The voice sounded stern, but Izuku could just hear the amusement in it. He jumped off the desk and shifted back, to shock of some of his classmates, before taking his seat.

"Sorry Za… Aizawa, we got here early and I was just tired," he shrugged, glad he remembered to use the man's full last name at the last second.

The teacher gave him a warning glare before stating. "I'm Aizawa Shouta, you're homeroom teacher." He reached into his sleeping bag and threw out a stack of clothes. "Put these on and meet me at the practice field." Then he turned and walked out the door.

Toshi was next to him in a flash. "When did you get here," Izuku asked his friend.

"Just a few seconds before Aizawa and his cocoon," his lip quirked up and he handed a set of the clothes to both him and Kacchan. "They're gym clothes. Yours was adjusted to accommodate your tail."

"Thanks Toshi," Izuku smiled, accepting the clothes.

“Yeah, thanks Tosh,” Kacchan added and they all started towards the locker room. Izuku looked around once he found his locker but it seemed by that point the couple of stalls were already taken. He knew Zawa expected them to hurry so he sighed and began to change in the main room.

“Dude, what happened to you?” a student with bright yellow hair asked, standing behind him and starring at scars from cuts that littered his arms and the burns that covered his upper arms and back.”

Izuku looked incredibly uncomfortable as he tried to neatly fold his uniform. “Dude, you can’t just ask people about their scars,” a boy with red hair and sharp teeth exclaimed. “So not manly.”

“I’m sorry,” he quickly blurted, and the boy looked like he meant it. “I was just surprised is all. I’ve met pros who don’t have scars like that.”

“It surprises a lot of people the first time they see it,” Izuku acknowledged. “Let’s just say I didn’t have a great father, but he’s gone now.”

“Is that your soul mark mon ami?” a boy with lighter blonde hair and some sort of large, sparkly support belt asked, pointing to Izuku’s chest. “It’s so cute,” he said with a wink.

“Uhhh Thanks?” Izuku hurried to pull his gym uniform on. Toshi looked over at him, placing his clothes in his locker. Seemed he’d been one of the ones to grab a stall.

“I think that’s enough questions for Izu,” he said. “If we don’t hurry to the practice field Aizawa will probably expel us.” The other boys left and Izuku shot Toshi a thankful look. Kacchan approached next and all three started toward the field. “You know, I don’t know that I’ve ever seen your soulmark before Izu,” Toshi noted.

“Oh, yeah, well I’m not a hug fan of taking my shirt off because I tend to get questions and well, it’s on my chest,” he shrugged.

“Makes sense,” Toshi nodded. “It’s cute. You know when I first met you two, I thought you were soul mates.”

Izuku scrunched his nose up and Kacchan blurted “Gross,” at the idea. He supposed he was connected deeply to Kacchan in a platonic way: The two were like brothers. But the idea of having a soul bond with him was weird. “Anyway, I don’t have a mark,” added Kacchan. “Which is fine by me.”

“Why is that?” Toshi seemed confused.

“The old hag puts a lot of stock into soul marks,” he sighed. “Something about how she met my dad. If I had one, she’d be super annoying about it.”

The three were the first to reach the practice field, but the rest of the class was not far behind. Izuku notice when the frog girl and the brown-haired girl approached, they were holding hands and the brown hair girl waved enthusiastically at Izuku and called out, “Hi Cat-kun!”

“Making friends Cat-kun?” Toshi raised an eyebrow.

“They’re from the entrance exam,” Izuku said. “They’re the two girls I told you about.” Once they’d arrived back at Zawa’s after the exam, Izuku had told all three of them about the 0-pointer robot and how he turned it off, a story that Zawa apparently already knew but still happily listened to. What the man didn’t know was the two girls had turned out to be soul mates. By that point since the test was over, most teachers were no longer watching the cameras closely enough to realize what had happened. He said he had notice Izuku checking one of the girl’s shoulders, but he assumed it was for injury.

“Wow,” Toshi seemed surprised. “So they both made it and are in the same class. What are the odds?”

“Who fuckin knows,” Kacchan shrugged. “My parents met in high school too, so I guess it happens.”

“Alright, listen up,” Zawa got everyone’s attention. “We’re doing a quirk assessment test.”

“What?” the class seemed to ask simultaneously.

“But we’re going to miss orientation!” The brown-haired girl called.

“If you want to make the big leagues you can’t waste time on pointless ceremonies,” Zawa said, his back turned to the class. “Here at UA we’re not tethered to traditions. That means that I get to run my class however I see fit.” Some confused and anxious noises escaped the class. If the three of them hadn’t known Zawa for almost a year, they probably would have been among them. But they knew how serious he was about training. And how much he hated things like orientations and school assemblies.

“You’ve been taking standardized tests most of your lives, but you never got to use your quirks in physical exams before,” he stated. “Bakugo, you managed to get the most points on the entrance exam,” all eyes turned toward Kacchan. “What was your furthest distance throw with a softball when you were in junior high?”

“67 meters,” Kacchan said, “I think.”

“Right,” Zawa nodded. “Try doing it with your quirk.” He tossed him a softball. “Anything goes just stay in the circle.”

Kacchan moved to the center of the circle on the field, tossing the softball in his hand before reeling back and releasing it with an explosion of his quirk. There were some gasps of amazement as they watched the ball go sailing through the sky. “All of you need to know your maximum capabilities. It’s the most rational way of figuring out your potential as a pro hero.” He held up the phone screen, showing Kacchan’s throw at 705.2 meters.

Izuku knew this wasn’t that. Not really. Zawa wanted to see their starting points and see who was actually trying. He was looking for potential. He’d done the same thing with him and Kacchan when they chased him through alleys and cleaned the beach that first day. Now he understood the man never expected them to catch him or be able to remove things like the old refrigerator from the beach completely. He wanted to know they were willing to try and put in the work.

But when some of the other students started talking about how much fun the exercise would be, Izuku, Toshi and Kacchan all tensed and waited. To Zawa, becoming and hero was not for fun. You may enjoy training and becoming stronger, but it was serious work.

“So this looks fun, huh?” Izuku watched as he had an idea of what was coming: The side of Zawa he only saw in training. “You have three years here to become a hero. You think it’s going to be games and playtime?” A smile formed on his face, but not the kind Izuku was used to seeing. “Today you’ll compete in 8 physical tests to gauge your potential. Whoever comes in last has none and will be expelled immediately.” Zawa had on one of his manic smiles

Izuku knew he meant it. He’d expelled his whole class last year. It wouldn’t just be last place, if he deemed any of them lacked potential or determination, they’d be gone. Everyone else seemed mortified by the thought.

“You can’t send one of us home!” The brown-haired girl argued. “I

mean, we just got here. Even if it wasn't the first day, that isn't fair."

"Life isn't fair," Izuku said softly. Unfortunately, it was loud enough for everyone to turn and look at him. He looked to Zawa for help but the man only gave him a nod to continue. "Natural disasters, dangerous villains," Izuku said. "Parents who abuse and abandon their kids, discrimination over things you have no control over like the quirk you have or don't have," he took a breath. "The world is full of unfairness."

The class fell silent and he saw an approving glint in Zawa's eyes. "Midoriya is right. It's a hero's job to try to combat that unfairness. If you want to be a pro you're going to have to push yourselves to the brink. So go beyond. Show me it's no mistake that you're here."

"Now let's get moving," he said. 'You're wasting time."

Chapter End Notes

Part 2 of the first day should be out tomorrow :)

Analyze

Chapter Summary

The quirk assessment continues then conversations are had.

Chapter Notes

CW: Quirkest Bullshit?

Hey! So I just want to say that so many of yall are amazing <3

I am also going to say this in the nicest way possible: Please don't leave comments that are either hostile or just passive aggressively telling me you don't like the story or are stopping reading. It's a waste of your time and mine and I'm not going to approve them because honestly I don't want to deal with whatever unnecessary drama you're trying to create. If you don't like the story then don't read it - no need to announce your departure or try to upset creators who are trying to weave the story they want to tell and are brave enough to actual post online.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouta watched as the students performed the different exams. Setting expectations for his students early was important. He needed to know what their current limits were, he needed to know they were going to give it their all. And he needed them to know the next three years would be training hell and if they thought anything different, they could leave now.

He knew they were teenagers, but they were training these teenagers to be prepared for life and death situations. He needed to know they had what it takes to survive.

After Bakugo he started running through the list of students, in order based on their seat numbers. Some had reasonable throwing strength naturally. Some had interesting ways of utilizing their quirks to throw the ball, like Koda who called a bird to carry it off and Uraraka who he's pretty sure floated the ball into space. Good thing he brought extra.

Eventually he reached the kitten. "Midoriya, you're up," he tossed him the ball. He was curious to see what Izuku would do. His quirk wasn't suited for this like it was for some of the other tests, like how fast he

could run as a cat for the dash. He'd probably guess his throwing strength was about average for a person not using a quirk. But the kid was clever, and he'd seen him sitting on the ground mumbling to himself, not in panic but in concentration.

He stepped into the circle and looked up with his brows knit together. "You said anything goes so long as I don't leave the circle, right?" Izuku asked him.

Shouta had to suppress the smile that attempted to take over his lips. He had no clue what the kid was planning but he knew it was something. "That's right. So long as you stay in the circle, anything goes."

Izuku bit his lip and nodded then turned around and looked at the class. "Kacchan?" he asked as he held the softball out towards him. Bakugo raised and eyebrow, looked at Shouta who didn't make a face, then walked into the circle and threw the ball, once again putting his quirk behind it.

"701.4 meters," Aizawa called out, sure a manic grin plastered his face as Izuku looked to him for approval.

"Sir!" Iida called out. This kid and his black and while view of the rules was going to kill him. "Isn't that cheating?"

"The only rule I gave was you had to stay in the circle," Shouta replied. "Midoriya knows his strengths and weaknesses and assessing the situation, he requested assistance. That's something you'll do every day as a hero." The boy didn't seem to like the answer but nodded and didn't ask again.

Hitoshi was next. He took a deep breath and stilled his face again. "Aizawa Hitoshi," he called out and tossed the ball to his now little brother.

"Wait, Aizawa?" the pink girl, Ashido Mina, called out.

"Are you guys related?" Kaminari, the boy with the electricity quirk asked.

"Something like that," he heard Hitoshi mumbled. Shouta knew he was worried about people thinking he got into the program because of his brother, but the idea of using his old last name at school bothered him. So, they talked about it and figured they'd handle it as they went.

“He will talk about his personal life only if he wants to,” Aizawa warned. “I expect you all to respect that.”

The class quieted down as Hitoshi walked into the circle, then, taking a page out of Izuku’s book, he turned around. Bakugo started to step forward when Hitoshi called out, “Hey Uraraka?”

“Yes?” she returned then her face went blank, eyes glazed over.

“Use your quirk on the ball please,” he held it out.

She moved forward, Tsuyu, her soulmate, hovering, unsure what was happening. She touched the ball and Hitoshi turned around and tossed it. His also received infinity for a score and Aizawa sighed over his lost equipment. Uraraka was released from the mind control quirk and looked startled.

“What was that?” Uraraka asked.

“Sorry, I used my quirk on you,” he said, holding his arm where his broken bond mark was. “But Thank you for your help.”

“Is your quirk a type of brainwashing?” Todoroki asked. It was hard to tell how he felt about it. The kid was even more stoic than he was which was concerning.

“That doesn’t seem very heroic,” Iida glared. Shouta had half a mind to expel the kid, even if he was Tensei’s brother.

“A quirk doesn’t make you heroic or a villain, four eyes,” Bakugo stepped in. “You could be the fastest bank robber in Japan. Round cheeks could kill people by dropping them from the sky. Shitty hair could easily use his quirk to harm people. Icy Hot could probably literally encase people in ice and leave them to freeze to death. Izu could literally be a cat burglar!” There were a couple snickers at that last one and Izuku just smiled. “And Tosh can resolve hostage situations, get villains to surrender, and do all sorts of heroic shit. So don’t start with that quirkist bullshit!” Bakugo grabbed Hitoshi’s hand and pulled him back into the group between him and Izuku.

“Bakugo is right,” Shouta stated. “Quirks themselves are just tools you can utilize. And anyone who has a problem with that can go home and not return. We have a very strict policy against quirk discrimination.”

Iida looked down, at least looking somewhat sorry for his statement

and the crowd was silence.

“For what it’s worth,” Uraraka smiled, breaking the tension. “I think your quirk is really cool.”

“Thanks,” Hitoshi gave a small half smile, still holding onto Bakugo.

“Moving on,” Shouta sighed. “Yaoyorozu!”

The girl made a fucking cannon.

***

By the end of the tests, Shouta was done. This class was going to be the death of him, he was sure. He went from 3 problem children to 20. But they all had potential. Bakugo, Izuku and Hitoshi had all excelled at the distance run thanks to the endurance training he’d put them through. Iida had of course placed first in the 50-meter dash, and it seems Shoji had a pretty amazing grip with his dupli-arms.

The students were looking at the score board. Bakugo was toward the top with Izuku and Hitoshi in the middle of the pack. The girl who had come in last place was sobbing. At least, he’s pretty sure she was based on the sounds, but the girl was invisible was it was hard to be sure. “And I was lying, no one’s going home,” Shouta said. The class stared at him. “That was just a rational deception to make sure you gave it your all in the test.”

All the students, freaked out except for his three original problem children, who knew it was anything but a ruse, and Yaoyorozu. “I’m surprised you didn’t figure that out,” she told the class. “I’m sorry. I guess I probably should have said something.” Well, if that’s what she wanted to believe he’d let her. Other students started to chime in about how nerve wrecking it was or how they liked competition.

“That’s it, we’re done for the day,” he announced, not wanting to waste time. “Pick up a syllabus in the classroom and read it over before tomorrow morning.” Then he turned to walk back toward the building noting the person who had been spying on them was still there.

He moved that direction. “All Might,” he kept his voice bland. “Can I ask why you were spying on my class?”

“Just getting a feel for the students before training tomorrow,” the man stated.

“Right,” Shouta didn’t believe a word of it, but he didn’t want to start a fight so he started to walk off. “Next time ask before you get all creepy about watching my students.”

“I’m surprised you didn’t expel anyone,” the man noted. “I heard about your class last year.”

“All of them showed at least some potential,” he shrugged as he continued walking.

“Even ones who had to uses assistance?” All Might asked.

Shouta stopped and turned to look at the man. “What are you getting at?”

“It’s hard to assess someone’s quirk if they’re using someone else to complete tasks,” All Might stated, that damn grin never leaving his face.

Shoata’s eyes narrowed. “The rules as I laid them out were followed. Being wise enough to know when you need assistance rather than trying to do everything yourself in an asset to a hero.”

“That’s not what I’m saying,” All Might’s voice hardened but Shouta was not intimidated. “If they have to rely on someone else’s quirk they’ll just be a burden in the field. Some quirks just aren’t made for heroics.”

“So this is about your quirkist bull shit again? I don’t want to hear your wrong opinions,” Shouta glared at the man. “And If I ever hear of you saying something like that to any of my students, I don’t give a damn about the Hero Commission or your status as the Symbol of Peace, I’ll make it my personal mission to ensure you never step foot on this campus again.” With that, Shouta turned and walked away, leaving the number 1 hero standing there.

***

“Hey Zawa,” Izuku grinned at his teacher as he walked into the classroom, changed into his uniform and everyone else gone for the day.

“Hey Izuku,” he nodded. “Where are my other 2 problem children?”

“They’re coming,” he shrugged. “Someone started asking Toshi about you two again in the halls on the way to the lockers, they actually

suggested you were mates which, well, was weird for all three of us," Izuku sighed then noticed Zawa's look of alarm. "Kacchan grabbed Toshi and they ran off somewhere. Once they were gone, I told the group you weren't mates, just that you were related but since you're a pro hero you like to keep information about your family as private as possible. I also suggested if they kept asking, you'd expel them."

Zawa shrugged. "You're not wrong. So where are Bakugo and Hitoshi now?"

"They were waiting for the locker rooms to clear out. I was the last one to leave and let them know the coast was clear. They should be back soon," Izuku shared.

"Sounds good," Zawa nodded then returned to what he was writing.

Izuku moved closer until he could see the paper from across the desk. Reading upside down was difficult but he soon figured out what it was. "Are those assessments on our quirks?"

"Quirks and capabilities," Zawa nodded. "I'm just making notes after today. I already have some notes on each of you based on footage I reviewed from the Entrance Exam."

"Can I help?" Izuku asked excitedly.

Zawa looked up at him, "You're probably the best analyst in this building except maybe the rat, so sure." He flips the paper so Izuku can look. It was on Aoyama and his quirk, Navel Laser. "The main thing I'm looking for right now is suggestions."

Izuku thought as he looked over the details Zawa already had for a moment. "The versatility he seems to have over it is pretty amazing, but he can only use it in short bursts which would be an issue. He should work first on extending the amount of time he can use it before he starts having issues with his stomach."

"Any suggestions?" He asked, pulling the paper back and beginning to scribble.

"Honestly?" his face scrunched up in concern. "I don't think his body can handle his quirk right now. A combination of training his body as a whole for more endurance followed by endurance training with his actual quirk might help? Also, he seems to eat a lot of cheese. I saw him snacking on it before and after the assessment. That may just be making his stomach issues worse? Cause that much cheese can't be

good for you. It may be good to consult a dietician and a quirk consultant together? And then I'd suggest improved support gear. I'm not sure if it be possible since I don't have a firm grasp on his quirk yet, but is there was anything that could say store power from his laser cannon and shoot it off later that may be useful? Like a power bank of some sort?" Izuku paused. "I'm not positive, but something tells me he's probably pretty quirk reliant. If that's true it be helpful to learn other ways to fight and protect himself incase he ever runs across a Villain with a power like yours."

Zawa was jotting down every word Izuku said. "Sorry was that a lot."

"Not at all," Zawa smiled at him, the sweet smile, not the manic one he'd shown the class earlier. "That was good kitten. I wouldn't have ever thought about his diet possibly increasing the issues with his quirk," he reached a gloved hand across the desk and ruffled Izuku's hair and Izuku nuzzled into it with a purr. After a moment he pulled the hand away.

"You know," Izuku laughed. "I think you really scared them today."

"That was the goal kid," he didn't look up from the notes he was finishing on the paper. Something about setting up a time for Lunch Rush and a quirk specialist meeting with Aoyama.

"You didn't do that with us," Izuku noted.

"I didn't need to do that with you," Zawa looked up. "I knew you were serious. I knew you'd do whatever it took. And I knew if you were friends with Bakugo that he'd be the same way. Because you didn't seem the type to be friends with someone who wasn't also serious about becoming a hero."

"How could you know that from one meeting?" Izuku asked.

Zawa shrugged. "I just could," he said. "That was the last one, but I may ask you to look over them and see if you have any more suggestions. We're going to your place still for dinner?"

"Yeah," he smiled. "Mom said she'd make Katsudon. She wanted to celebrate our first day. You and Toshi can go ahead and come over if you want. Kacchan was going to stop by his home and change then be over too."

"So long as we can spread these out on the table and take a look together," Zawa nodded. "Hitoshi should have a change of clothes."

“We can definitely look over them,” Izuku grinned.

“We ready to go nerd?” Kacchan asked from the doorway.

“Actually Sho-chan I don’t have a change of clothes,” Hitoshi said. “I didn’t realize I’d need it. Can we stop by the apartment?”

“Shouldn’t be a problem,” Zawa stood up and gathered the things he needed to take with him.

The four walked out to the gate then went different directions.

“So what’s up with you and teach?” Kacchan asked after a couple blocks.

Izuku just looked at him with confusion. “What do you mean?”

“I don’t know, nerd,” Kacchan he kept his gaze forward but by the way his lips twitched to one side, he knew his friend was trying to figure out what he meant too. “You were talking about something when we came in. Plus, you just seem really happy around him. Like in general.”

“Well, he’s kind of my favorite hero and my mentor. He’s the first person aside from you and mom who believed in me,” Izuku smiled. “Oh, and he wants me to help with reviewing the quirk analysis on each of the students. That’s what we were discussing.”

“So, you’re gonna analyze us?” Kacchan asked. “Seems like a lot of work.”

“I’m only going to see if there’s any more suggestions that may help you improve,” he shrugged. “And it’s not a big deal for you. I’ve been analyzing you since your quirk came in.”

“Whatever nerd,” Kacchan grumbled as he rolled his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

NEW STORY IS OUT!

Once again this one is very different - please mind the tags and the CWs. Also it will not upload as frequently as this story. I can't work on 2 stories at this pace haha.

Anyway - if you're interested in lots of angst, Dadzawa and EraserMic and don't mind me putting Izuku through A LOT here it

is

Burning Hope

I didn't know

Chapter Summary

Aizawa hears two of his problem children are in the infirmary

Chapter Notes

CW: Implied rape/noncon (way in past, not to any of the story characters and honestly vague as fuck and in no way spelled out ... but it's there if you notice it). Outside that pretty cannon typical violence and injuries.

This Fic has over 10,000 hits! I'm so amazed once again by all the support from all of you. Thank you, Thank you, Thank you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Why Nezu insisted on having a meeting with him during his student's first heroics class which also happened to be with All Might, Shouta could not understand. It wasn't even an important meeting. Nezu just wanted to ask about his class this year since he hadn't received any crying students or angry calls from parents yesterday.

He wasn't sure what the hero had planned for the class today and the man had never taught before. His mind went to some of the worst possible scenarios. The students were supposed to get their Hero Costumes and support gear today. This is the day Shouta would have normally had them test their gear, make sure they understood how it worked, and practiced with it, then if time allowed and it seemed safe, he would have reviewed safety guidelines and had them do some practice sparring using their equipment.

He'd mentioned testing their gear to All Might, but he had a feeling it went in one ear and out the other. He was nervous the whole meeting about his students, so when Shouta's phone buzzed in his pocket, he instantly pulled it out. It was a text from Chiyo. It simply read, "Midoriya and Bakugo are in my office."

Shouta's heart sank and he felt panic set in. He should have put off the meeting with the damn rat. He didn't even say bye, just took off running out the door. The rat would know where he went, he had cameras everywhere. He threw open the door to Recovery Girl's office and there was his kitten laying on a bed, covered in bandages and passed out. Sitting beside him, looking down and holding his hand,

was Bakugo in what must have been his hero uniform. His head lifts at the sound of the door being so forcefully slammed, his eyes meeting Shouta's and it was only now that he noticed the tears pouring down the boy's face. Shouta had never seen the boy cry before.

"Aizawa, I didn't know," he sobbed. "I didn't know they'd be that strong. I didn't mean to hurt him."

"It's ok kid," Shouta sat down across from him, regretfully knowing he needed to take care of this before he could check on Izuku. "Can you tell me what happened?"

"We were doing the combat training exercise," Bakugo stumbled through his tears.

"Combat training?" Shouta asked.

"Yeah," Bakugo sniffed, "We were in pairs and we were assigned to be heroes or villains. The villains were trying to protect a bomb in a building and the heroes had to recover it. It seemed a little fast to throw us into but it was the lesson." Shouta was internally seething. It was their second fucking day of school, and All Might had a bunch of teenagers with brand new gear compete in battle trials?

"Izu and I got slotted against each other." Bakugo looked down. "You know Izu and I are pretty evenly matched. Round cheeks had gone up to try to fight four eyes and I was trying to get back up there. So, I used my gauntlet," he pointed to the two large grenade like items sitting next to him.

"I," he choked up, "I didn't know. I didn't know they'd be that strong." Shouta remembered washing dishes while the two discussed his gauntlets. They collected the extra nitroglycerin from his skin to allow him to release it when needed and make bigger explosions. "He dodged and they still did this much damage. I could have killed him." The sobs became stronger. Shouta placed a hand on the boy's shoulder, trying to calm him.

"First Bakugo, I want you to know this is not your fault," he looked at him. "Support gear should be tested in a safe environment before you try using it in the field. Your instructor should have known that." Bakugo didn't seem convinced. "Second, he's alive. Look at him. He's breathing and I'm sure Recovery Girl patched him up fine." Though he still needed to talk to recovery girl she was in the corner letting him deal with his student first. "Third, Izuku will not blame you for this. You and I both know that. Neither of you knew they'd do this, and

you were just trying to win like I'm sure he was." Shouta took a deep breath as the boy was beginning to calm down. "Finally, I have 2 questions for you. First, where was All Might during all of this?"

"The observation room. We had earpieces but he didn't say anything until Izu's team won. I don't even know what happened, I just grabbed Izu's first aid kit he asked for with his uniform and yelled for Icy Hot and Momo to help," the kid was still distraught but at least he was thinking clearly enough to answer.

"You did a fine job with thinking on your feet sonny," Chiyo assured him and both jumped, momentarily forgetting she was the room. "You helped stabilize him then get him here."

"You did good pup," Shouta said gently, though inside he was fuming at the number one hero. "Now second question. Have you let Recovery Girl look at your hand yet or have you refused to leave Izuku's side?" Bakugo didn't answer which was answer enough. "Kid, if Izuku wakes up and your hand looks like that," he nodded toward the hand covered in burns, probably blow back from the explosion, which gave him an idea of how strong it was because the kid's skin was somewhat burn resistant. "You do know how angry he'll be, right?"

"Fine," he sighed. Chiyo led him to the bed next to Izuku's where she finally examined his arm. Shouta moved to Bakugo's old seat and finally examined Izuku. Izuku was wrapped in bandages around his whole chest and some spot on his arms. There was one around his head as well. The old scars from his father flared out over the top of his shoulders where the wrapping ended. Shouta watched him breathe in and out, reassuring himself that he was alive as he ran a gloved hand through his kitten's curls, gently breaking apart knots in the curls like he has to do with his own waves.

***

"Those gauntlets are dangerous," Chiyo finally tutted. "It looks like you fractured your arm too." She gave Bakugo a quick kiss on the hand, which suddenly looked much better, but between the healing and the emotional exhaustion, the boy quickly fell asleep.

Chiyo turned and watched Aizawa for a minute. The interaction wasn't completely unexpected, but she still hadn't expected the normally gruff man to be so gentle. When Bakugo and Todoroki ran in carrying Midoriya on a stretcher, Todoroki gently using his ice to cool

the boy's burns, she'd immediately gotten to work. The first thing she noticed beyond the burns was the soul mark, still clear and dark black even over the wounds.

It was a mark she recognized; she'd seen it on another student. A student who was now a teacher. A teacher who rushed to her infirmary when informed of the students being there, something she'd never seen him do before. A teacher who probably didn't realize he'd been using the student's first name. A teacher who was currently watching that student with the softest look she'd ever seen while he ran his fingers through the kid's hair.

They were already this attached without touching, without completing the bond. If it weren't against Chiyo's policy to never play matchmaker she may mention something. But she'd been in this field a long time and she saw a lot of soul marks and it quickly became her stance to never interfere with the progression of soul bonds in any way, even if the bond looked promising from one side. Not after the one time, the image of how she'd found that girl after what her so called soulmate had done forever burned in her mind. Not that she thought Aizawa was like that, she knew he was a good hero and a good man. But she wouldn't break her rule. Not even for him.

So instead, she called out to the dark-haired teacher. "Aizawa," the man looked up at her. "Midoriya was already unconscious when he arrived. He had second degree chemical burns from the explosion, and a severe concussion from where he was knocked out. I healed enough of the concussion to keep him stable and the worst of the burns, but I'd recommend he stay overnight for more healing and observation. Bakugo had some burns and a fracture. He'll be fine to go once he wakes up, though I doubt he will."

"So, they'll both be out for a while?" he asked softly.

"At least a couple of hours," Chiyo said.

"Ok," he pulled out his phone and dialed a number. After a moment she heard his end of the conversation. "Hello Midoriya-san," he paused. "Oh no, I'm fine, it's actually about Izuku. I'm with him now. There was a training accident." He paused again. "He has some burns and a concussion, but recovery girl has done some healing and is continuing to watch over him. She said he'll need to stay overnight." He paused again. "Yes, you're welcome to come check on him Midoriya-san, if you message me when you arrive, I can meet you at the gate." He paused again. "Another teacher was running the training

so I can only tell you what Bakugo told me, which is the gauntlet for his support gear let off a much stronger blast than was intended." He paused. "Bakugo is here as well, he was a little injured by the backlash from the blast. He was more upset about Izuku though. It took threatening him with how angry his friend would be if he woke up and Bakugo wasn't treated."

Aizawa laughed tiredly at whatever the person had said which surprised her. "No that does sound like him." He paused. "Recovery Girl says they won't be awake for another couple hours Midoriya-san and I know you said the hospital would be understaffed today, so please don't feel you have to leave your shift early. All you'd be able to do is sit here and stare at them and I'm doing a very fine job of that already." He paused. "Do you mind letting Bakugo's mom know?" A shorter pause. "Thanks, Midoriya-san. I'll see you in around 2 hours. Like I said just let me know when you get here." He hung up the phone.

"I didn't know you were so close with Midoriya," she raised an eyebrow.

"I'm sure you heard about my personal students I brought by the school a couple times. I've been training him, Bakugo and Hitoshi," the man explained, slipping the phone back in his pocket. "Midoriya-san wanted to meet me when training first started and well, now she's teaching me to cook, and Hitoshi and I have dinner with them every Sunday night." How very domestic, though Chiyo.

"Well, I'm glad to hear you're eating something other than Jelly Pouches and take out," she smiled.

"You're sure they aren't going to wake up for another couple hours?" He asked, a now predatory look on his face.

"Yes, why?" she looked at him curiously.

"Because I have a certain number one hero to find," he moved towards the door with purpose. "If anything changes or they wake up, please let me know. And if I know my brother, Hitoshi will be here as soon as class lets out."

With that he walked out the door leaving Chiyo to quietly check on her two sleeping charges.

***

Shouta considered hunting down All Might and laying into him on his own, but he needed to ensure this didn't happen again. So instead, when he found the number one hero in his small form in the teacher's lounge, he immediately threw out his capture weapon and dragged the bewildered man to Nezu's office, leaving a confused Nem and Cementoss behind, though both knew better than to interfere despite All Might's loud demands for an explanation of what was happening.

The rat didn't even look surprised when Shouta threw the door open. "I'm assuming this isn't a tea conversation?" he asked.

"Do you know what kind of training he ran today with first year hero students on their second day?" Shouta yelled as he threw All Might into a chair, releasing him from his capture weapon. "Two on Two indoor battle trials with all new gear! He didn't have them test the gear or practice with it first, he just threw them into indoor combat. Did you even go over the guidelines we have in place for them to follow?"

"I assure you, young Aizawa, we discussed the training event thoroughly," All Might started.

"But did you discuss the safety guidelines?" Shouta asked. "It was their first heroics lesson, they needed to go over the basics!" He was somewhere between a growl and a screech, a raspy and angry scream that he was certain could be heard in hallway. "And why didn't you say anything when you saw Bakugo about to use his gauntlet while indoors on Izuku? You have enough experience that surely you knew what kind of damage something like that would cause!"

"I wanted the students to understand the dangers that come with hero work," the number one hero tried to justify his actions.

"Bullshit," Shouta practically spat the word. "You wanted to show the kid you told me would be burden what you think his place is you quirkest piece of shit."

"Aizawa, you think I would," All Might started but Aizawa didn't let him finish.

"I absolutely think after your statement yesterday that if it had been any other student except maybe my brother that gauntlet was pointed at you would have said something and stopped Baukugo," Aizawa snarled. "Do you know he was sobbing when I found them in Chiyo's office! He thought he'd killed his best friend!" The man did seem to pale a little bit at that last part.

“I shall have to look at the footage to get a full idea of what happened,” Nezu finally interrupted the almost feral teacher. “And All Might we should discuss some things about the curriculum and school policies, particularly dealing with student safety and quirk discrimination.” The man looked annoyed at this. “In the meantime, Aizawa, what is your recommendation?”

Aizawa didn’t even hesitate, “I recommend firing his ass, but since I’m sure that’s out of your hands I want him no where near my class.”

“Aizawa, I know he’s your personal student, but you can’t coddle the boy,” All Might foolishly interrupted. “He needs to be realistic!”

Shouta’s eye twitched. “What did you say?” the words were calm, steady. Calm enough that it should have set off alarm bells.

The blonde idiot continued though, “Aizawa, it’s good for the boy to have dreams but they should be realistic.”

The capture weapon reached back out and wrapped around the hero as Shouta’s eyes glowed red and his hair floated upward, “All Might, have you met Midoriya before?”

“I met a boy who may have been him about a year ago? He was attacked by a villain.”

“And did you tell him he couldn’t be a hero?” there was and edge to Aizawa’s voice.

“I merely suggested he choose a more realistic path,” All Might began to explain but he didn’t get to finish before Shouta’s fist collided with his nose.

“Nezu!” All Might yelled looking for assistance, blood trickling out of his nose, but the rat just sipped his tea.

“If you ever come near Izuku again, I will personally end your career,” he growled. “You broke a boy that day with so much potential, someone who has the heart of a hero. And you won’t do it again.”

He looked to Nezu. “Not only do I want him to never teach my class again, I also want him to never be in the same room as Izuku. Or Hitoshi for that matter.”

“Aizawa, you will take over all Heroics courses for 1-A and I will work with All Might on his schedule to make sure he has as little contact

with the boys as possible. There may be some things in the near future that cannot be altered, like the upcoming rescue training as there are not other staff available, but I assume you are capable of keeping them separated."

Shouta gritted his teeth but nodded before releasing All Might. "He's going to need someone other than Chiyo to take a look at his nose because Izuku will be in there all night healing from his very preventable injuries." With that he rushed out the door, back toward the infirmary.

Chapter End Notes

> For anyone who is curious, the rest of the Battle Trials played out pretty much how they did in cannon which is why I didn't feel the need to write the actual trials. Hitoshi would have replaced Mineta and would have brainwashed Denki because obviously.
>
> Also if you missed it yesterday, the first two chapters of my new dadzawa fic is up :)

Security Breach

Chapter Summary

Izuku wakes up.

The press invade UA

Chapter Notes

CW: Honestly none that I can think of.

Last chapter was a lot so I give you a little bit of fluff (and some other stuff).

Once again yall are amazing <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Voices he couldn't quite make out were talking. His body was sore, but not as bad as he thought it would be. As his mind slowly reached a more conscious state, he recognized the soft but worried speech of his mother, the gruff voice of Zawa, and the lazy but concerned voice of Toshi. Another voice was there too. It was probably Recovery Girl. He remembered being taken away from the training ground, so they probably brought him to her office.

His eyes began to flick open, and he looked in the direction of their voices. "Talking about me?" he asked.

"Problem Child," he could see Zawa's glare but there seemed to be relief in his voice.

"Oh Zuku, I'm so glad you're ok," Mom rushed to his side. "Aizawa and Recovery Girl said you would be but it's still good to see you awake." She smiled but he could see her eyes were red and puffy.

"I'm sorry I made you cry mom," he said.

"Izu, it wasn't your fault," Toshi told him. "You and Suki didn't know the gauntlet would be that strong."

"That's right Zuku," she smiled. "And you know I cry at the drop of a hat."

Zawa stood at the end of his bed. "You alright kid?"

“Yeah,” he smiled, but he knew it was softer than the normal bright smile he gave Zawa. “I’m sure this happens in the hero course a lot.”

“Injuries happen,” Zawa’s voice took a dark turn. “This is the first time I’ve ever seen year one students being let loose on their second day with untested support equipment and I had a nice long talk with All Might and Nezu about it. Long story short, I will resume teaching all of 1-A’s heroics classes.”

“Really?” Izuku’s smile did brighten at that and Zawa gave him a smile back.

“Really,” he nodded. “Kitten I need to ask you something. I’m pretty sure I already know the answer, but I just want to confirm. Have you met All Might before starting at UA?”

Izuku blinked. He’d been expecting something about the training, not this. “Yes,” he answered quietly.

“Izuku, was he the hero you mentioned when we met with Nezu?” Aizawa’s face looked deadly serious. His face paled and apparently that was enough of an answer for the man because he smiled and said, “Good, now I have no lingering regrets for punching him.”

Before Izuku could fully process what Zawa just told him, his mom cut in. “Wait?” she looked between Zawa and Izuku. “What did All Might do? In the past?”

“He told me with a quirk like mine I should aim for something more realistic than hero work,” Izuku kept his head down as her said it.

“That bastard,” Toshi said angrily, and he looked up. Everyone looked angry, even his mom.

“Well,” she huffed. “I have half a mind to punch him myself.”

“Mom!” Izuku was surprised by her outburst.

“He’d deserve it!” she assured him. “And now I finally know why you sold all your All Might merch.”

“I got a lot of money for some of those limited-edition pieces,” Izuku smiled.

“Yeah,” Kacchan’s voice called out, “Then you turned around and found some unofficial Eraserhead merch.” Both Izuku and Zawa

turned bright red at that.

“You have merch of me?” he asked.

Izuku pulled the sheet up over his head, wishing he had Hagakure’s quirk instead. “I’m suddenly very tired,” he called out.

The sheet was thrown back and standing over him now was Kacchan. He was about to wrestle it back over him but noticed his friend’s eyes were watery. “Kacchan?”

“I’m sorry Izu,” he threw his arms around the boy. “I really didn’t know. I’m so sorry.”

“Kacchan,” Izuku said in a soft voice. “There’s nothing to forgive. It wasn’t your fault.” Kacchan sobbed more and hugged Izuku tighter. Toshi came over and put a hand on the boy’s back, rubbing gentle circles. Once the crying finally died down, and Kacchan pulled away, Izuku smiled at him. “Hey Kacchan? Does this mean I can redesign your gauntlets now?”

“Whatever you want nerd,” he promised with a small laugh as he wiped away the last of his tears. “But also get someone to redesign your hero costume while you’re at it. Cause I think you need a new one.”

“I can get you a pass to go to the support department at the beginning of heroics tomorrow,” Zawa offered. “You too Bakugo.”

Izuku’s face scrunched up. “Good. Someone at the company who made them took a lot of liberties with what I sent in. I've been considering going underground so it wasn't exactly what I was going for.” Bakugo snorted at that comment and Zawa looked at them confused.

“You looked like a magical cat girl,” Toshi smirked, hand still on Bakugo’s back.

“Or the newest member of the Wild Wild Pussy Cats,” Bakugo added.

None of them had ever seen Aizawa laugh so hard as he did at the thought of that. “Please tell me someone got a picture.” Toshi tossed his brother his phone while Izuku tried to protest. He had seen Izuku’s original costume design and remembered it closely resembling his own jumpsuit. It most definitely hadn’t been that tight and it didn’t have a collar with a bell on it, bows, or a poofy skirt. “Please send me that.”

“Toshi no,” Izuku whined.

“He’s my brother and my teacher,” Toshi shrugged. “Pretty sure I have to.”

Zawa dubbed the image Magical Catzuku and there was not enough pleading in the world to stop it from becoming his background on his phone. Part of him couldn't wait to show it to Tiger at training camp.

***

The next morning Izuku was swarmed by some of his classmates asking if he was alright. Bakugo and Toshi thankfully settled everyone down, Bakugo by yelling he was fine and everyone needed to back off while Toshi more calmly suggested getting into their seats before Aizawa showed up. Izuzku could overhear other students talking about the mob of reporters outside and he was silently glad he’d stayed on campus last night.

Only a few minutes later the man walked through the door. He glared from the front of the room until everyone quieted down. “That took way too long, I expect you to not waste my time in the future. Two things for homeroom today. One, I will oversee the rest of your hero training for now. So get use to me hellions. Second, you need to pick class representatives.” Multiple people began to throw their hands in the air volunteering, half the class apparently wanted the position. Izuku didn’t raise his hand, but he guessed it would be fun to work with Zawa on different things.

Iida stood up from his chair. “Wait! We should decide this diplomatically! By a vote.” Someone asked how that would be helpful, everyone would just vote for themselves, but Iida argued that meant anyone who did get multiple points was truly worthy of the position.

“I don’t care,” Zawa said, already zipping up his yellow sleeping bag. “Just make a decision before class is over and don’t disturb my nap.” He curled up on the floor, impressing some of the class with his ability to fall asleep so quickly. Izuku however laughed at what he recognized as an act, and he saw Zawa’s lip twitch a bit when he did.

Yaoyorozu, who insisted everyone call her Momo, made ballots to pass out using her quirk. Izuku had so many questions about how her quirk worked but would just have to find a better time to ask.

To say Izuku was in shock once the votes were counted would be an understatement. As predicted, a lot of people seem to have voted for

themselves, but somehow Izuku had gotten 5 votes. Momo had received 3 votes, which made sense, she's who Izuku voted for. Iida hadn't received any votes, which meant he didn't even vote for himself. He seemed, disappointed. Izuku felt a little bad, but he had to admit the Iida was so strict and always in everyone's faces about the rules that it may not be for the best to give his classmate any actual power.

"Alright," Zawa stood up in his sleeping bag, unzipping it and stepping out to throw it over his shoulder. "Midoriya, you're class rep and Yaoyorozu you're vice rep. Homerooms over, Mic will be here soon for English." With that the man walked out, leaving the class to congratulations as Izuku tried to figure out who voted for him. His two best friends ignored his very pointed looks.

***

Shouta was proud of his little kitten. Sure, he was sure two of those votes had come from Bakugo and Hitoshi, but three other students had voted for him as well because he knew Izuku didn't vote for himself, that's not who he was. That meant three of the other students also saw his worth and what he could do. He'd never had a student receive five votes before.

A fresh cup of coffee in hand, Shouta sat down to review and adjust the plans for the USJ trip tomorrow. He was putting together the schedule, separating the students between the three teachers. He made sure to put Bakugo and Hitoshi with Thirteen since they seemed to balance each other out well and he kept Izuku with him. He placed more levelheaded students and rule followers like Yaoyorozu and Iida with All Might. They both grew up in hero families and should be familiar with rescue protocol.

He stacked everything neatly, the papers including not just schedules for the different groups but copies of the different rescue scenarios, primarily for All Might because he and Thirteen did this training every year. There were also sheets on each student for the teachers to take notes on divided into their groups, that way he'd know strengths and areas for improvement. He placed it all neatly into a folder so it would be ready for him to grab tomorrow.

Taking another sip of his coffee and considering grabbing the lunch out of the fridge that Inko had brought by this morning when she stopped to check on Izuku again, he sighed contently. If someone had told him a year ago that a green cat he'd met when he was 15 would

come back into his life and turn it upside down, he would have laughed at them. But here he was, with a brother now in all but blood who he was the legal guardian for, the closest thing he'd ever had to a mother who cared about his well being and was teaching him how to cook amongst other things, and an explosive but protective boy who cared deeply for those around him.

And then there was the adorable green kitten who brought all the others as well as his own sunshine into Shouta's life. Izuku had grown so much in the last year, physically, mentally, and emotionally. He was clever, caring, and determined. Shouta couldn't wait to see the man and the hero his kitten continued to grow into.

While these thoughts captured his mind, an alarm sounded through out the building. Shouta pulled out his phone and saw it was the front gate. He jumped up and raced toward a window, leaping out while using his capture weapon to grab the side of the window and ease his decent. As soon as his feet hit the ground, Shouta sprinted toward the front gate.

When it came into site, his annoyance rose. A Level 3 Security Breach caused by the press. Shouta couldn't stand the media on a normal day, but this just made him loath them: They breached the secure gates of a high school for a damn story. He was certain the students inside were probably freaking out. And they were at lunch so they didn't even have teachers to direct them.

He met with Zashi and the two of them stood between the mob of microphones and cameras and the front doors to the main campus, blocking the press from entering the building. "Just give us All Might!" One of the reporters yelled.

"I told you this morning it's his day off," Zashi reminded her.

"Then give us a statement!" Another demanded.

"No," Shouta was keeping his face as deadpan as possible.

The press continued to make demands while they held their ground. At one-point Zashi leaned over and whispered, "They are trespassing, which is illegal. Can't we just beat them up?"

"Do you want your name dragged through the mud?" he asked. "Just wait for the cops, I'm sure the rat has called them." He noticed a few trying to sneak off around the building but Ectoplasm had set up clones to keep them corralled.

Shouta's head ached when finally, the police arrived and escorted the press off campus, detaining those who resisted. As the crowd cleared, he was unnerved by what he now saw. They hadn't just bypassed the security system. The barrier over the gate was gone and a pile of rubble and ash lay in its place.

"Go," he heard Nezu say from next to him. "I'm sure your students will be looking for you soon." His normally cheerful voice was serious, contemplative.

Shouta nodded as Nezu and a few other teachers moved forward to inspect and moved back up the stairs to grab the information for that afternoon's class before heading to his homeroom. When he approached his desk though, he saw the folder with the information for tomorrow tilted. The top couple of pages inside were skewed.

He pulled out his phone, "Nezu. When you're back in your office I need you to look through the security footage from the teacher's lounge and offices during the press incident. Someone moved some papers on my desk."

***

"You all look unscathed," Shouta noted as he looked over his students. The ones he'd seen in the hallway all looked like they'd been pushed around in a mob.

"The cafeteria was truly a feast of madness," Tokoyami said. He certainly had an interesting way with words for a teenager.

"When everyone started running, Mido gathered us together and kept us from panicking," Kirishima called out. "It was super manly."

"Yeah!" Ashido called out, "He got us out as a group through a back door that Lunch Rush said we could use. Jiro figured out where the commotion was coming from, so Midoriya turned into a cat and he and Toru went to investigate."

"Momo gave her an earpiece to communicate back then kept us all together while we moved toward the safety zone and waited for any information," Sero shared.

"Turns out it was just the press," Toru said cheerfully, "So we all went back and finished our lunches!"

"That was quick thinking Midoriya," Shouta complimented him, "You

kept everyone together, found an alternative that would avoid injury, and then stealthily assessed the danger level of the situation." Midoriya lit up and Shouta had to fight the urge to smile back. "And Yaoyorozu, Jiro, Hagakure, good job on assisting and keeping calm. Those skills will serve you well. You all did better than students who have been attending this school for year."

There was a little excited chatting about the praise amongst the class before Shouta glared, activating his quirk, causing everyone to quickly quiet down. "Today we're training your support gear like you should have done yesterday, so change into your hero uniforms. Midoriya, Bakugo. Go talk to Power Loader in support. He should be expecting you," he passed them a note, "then meet the rest of us at Gym Gamma. Midoriya just wear your athletics uniform for today."

Chapter End Notes

> For the record I love Tiger and his poofy skirt - it's absolutely fantastic. But Izuku was going for something less conspicuous

This is Real

Chapter Summary

Izuku and Katsuki brave the support course
Aizawa Talks with Nezu
The students take a field trip

Chapter Notes

CW: None that I can think of - if you notice something let me know

Here's a Sunday post! I'm honestly constantly amazed at the support from all of you. Thanks so much for every kudo and comment <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki reached for the door to the support classroom when he was yanked back by his collar as the door burst open with the noise of an explosion and smoke filling the hallway. “What the fuck was that?”

“I’m guessing a support course student,” Izu shrugged as he let go of his friend’s shirt.

Katsuki cautiously peeked his head through the door. “Power Loader Sensei?” he asked as the smoke began to clear. He saw the man talking to a pink haired girl about being careful and no more explosives today, but he looked up at the call of his name. “Bakugo, Midoriya,” he waved them in, “Aizawa said you were coming by. Come talk to me at my desk.”

The two walked in through the workshop of students working on different projects, steering clear of the girl who seemed to be mad scientist, and stood near the teacher’s desk which admittedly looked more like a work bench. “Alright, Aizawa said you needed a new hero costume and you needed to make some alterations to a support item.” Power Loader asked as he pulled out a couple of order sheets. Who wants to go first?”

Izu reached into his bag and pulled out a new drawing of his original hero costume design, what was essentially a dark green, almost black, jump suit with a utility belt. It seems he’d added some sort of a mask to it that could be pulled on and off and a note to make sure the

material was fire resistant. “I want this,” he said. “This was my original design, but the support company took some extreme liberties. Thankfully it didn’t survive yesterday’s training.”

“Pretty straight forward,” he nodded. “I know you have something tomorrow; I have a third year who should be able to have to ready by the morning if I hand it off to him now. He specializes in costumes and should have a mask similar to what you’re asking for he can have one of the other students alter.” He then turns toward Katsuki who hands him his old gauntlets.

“What’s wrong with them?” Power Loader asked.

“They almost killed Izu yesterday,” Katsuki tried to keep the tremor out of his voice.

“I heard there was a bad training accident yesterday, glad you’re both ok,” the teacher told them. “So, any ideas on how you’d like us to adjust them?”

“You need new support equipment?” the pink haired girl was in his face asking before she reached up and started looking at the gauntlets.

“Why are you in my space!” he moved away a little. The girl didn’t seem phased by the outburst.

“Kacchan sweats nitroglycerin and then can ignite it, making explosions,” Izu pulled out another sheet. “The gauntlets were intended to capture excess sweat and allow it to be released in larger blasts, but the gauntlets as originally designed are too unwieldy in tight areas and provide no control for how big the explosion let out is.”

Power Loader looks over Izu’s design and nods. “I see, they’re more compact but still can hold a large amount of sweat. You’ve also added a simple control for how much of it is used in a single blast.”

“There’s also additional support braces with shock absorption,” Katsuki pointed out. “I fractured my arm in the blow back yesterday.”

“Sensei can I work on this project, please!” the girl requested. “This baby looks so much fun.”

“Only if you keep it at what was actually requested Mei,” he passed over the paper. She squealed in delight and went back to her workbench, taking the old gauntlets with her.

“I like her,” Izu smiled

“Of course, you do,” Katsuki rolled his eyes. “She’s a lot.”

“She is but she’d be good to be on good terms with,” Power Loader said. “Her ideas are innovative. She’s going to take the support industry by storm one day.” Both boys nodded. “Anything else?”

Katsuki shook his head, but Izuku started pulling another sheet out. “What’s that nerd?”

“I was wondering if it be possible to add hearing aids similar to Present Mic’s to Kacchan’s hero costume,” he asked. “I asked him for some specifics on them and I think they could be easily altered to block the sound of Kacchan’s explosions to prevent him from going deaf too.”

Katsuki was at a loss for words. He hadn’t told anyone he would have a hard time hearing after using his quirk, how had the nerd realized.

“You’re the one who gave Mic the idea for it, right?” Power Loader asked. Izuku smiled and nodded. “Is there any way I can convince you to join the support course?”

Katsuki threw an arm around Izu’s shoulder. “He’s crazy smart but he’s going to use that to be a hero, right nerd.” Izuku nodded. “Plus, I think you’d have to fight Aizawa for him.”

“Yeah, I don’t think I want to do that,” Power Loader laughed. “Midoriya come by before class in the morning for your costume, it should be ready by then. Bakugo, your items will take a little longer. I’ll have Aizawa send you when your pieces are ready for testing.”

“Thanks Power Loader Sensei,” Izu smiled.

“Thanks Sensei,” Katsuki added, and they both left to change clothes and make their way to Gym Gamma.

***

Shouta knocked on the door of Nezu’s office after training that day then entered. “Aizawa,” the rat greeted but it wasn’t cheerful. The teacher took a seat across from him. “If you hadn’t noticed something was out of place on your desk, I wouldn’t have thought to check the footage for the teacher’s area.”

He turned his computer around as a video started playing. Shouta saw himself jump up then fly out the window. A couple minutes later, someone walked into the office and started looking through papers on different teacher's desks, putting them back in place and moving on to the next as he went. Then they walked out the door maybe 5 minutes later. The problem was the person themself was little more than a blur.

"You think it's a quirk or some sort of support item that would blur their person?" Shouta asked.

Nezu turned the video back around, "I'm not sure. I'm going to have Power Loader look at it to see if he knows any support items that would do this. My main questions are who are they and what to they want?"

"The file on mine was for the USJ trip tomorrow, but I didn't realize he'd checked everyone's desks," Shouta said.

"I've already looked into what other teachers had on their desks," Nezu nodded. "There seemed to be a number of schedules, lesson plans and a lot of information regarding the sports festival. Unfortunately, I'm not sure what they were looking for. I'm also unsure if they came in with the press or if that was merely a distraction and the person was already on campus."

"Are you suggesting?" Aizawa asked.

Nezu held up a paw to stop him, "I'm simply not ruling anything out."

"So, what do we do?" he asked.

"For now, since we're not sure what they were looking for, we proceed as normal but with caution," Nezu stated. "I was considering taking All Might off your trip tomorrow after all, but it may be best to have him there after all since we don't know what they were looking for. I'll see if I can find out more about why the person was a blur. I'll also begin working on increased security measures on campus and for the festival, though that may take a little time."

Shouta nodded but sat there a moment. Nezu seemed to wait patiently until Shouta finally voiced this thoughts. "Sekijiro already voiced my concern about All Might's enemies when you announced he was teaching here. Do you think that concern may be valid?"

"I have not ruled out the possibility," Nezu sighed. "But I couldn't say

for certain without more information." With that, Shouta left the office.

***

"Bus is here!" Izuku called to his classmates.

"Shouldn't we sit in seat order?" asked Iida. Those around him gave him a strange look.

"Uhhh, I think it'll be fine so long as we all get on the bus. Plus, I think Aizawa mentioned the busses are open layout," Izuku said. He most certainly hadn't, at least not to the class. If he were being honest, seat order really wouldn't bother him, he'd be sitting next to Kacchan and Toshi, but it just seemed unnecessary. He counted everyone as they got on the bus until it was just him and Zawa.

"New costume looks nice," Zawa nodded. "Though sort of sad I didn't get to see the old one in person."

How the man kept a straight face with that teasing tone, Izuku would never know. He had turned bright red. "I'm glad it's gone."

Shouta chuckled, "Come on problem child," he pushed his toward the steps, a hand firmly placed on the back of his jumpsuit. Izuku paused as he felt his heart stutter and that familiar not unpleasant feeling in his stomach. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Izuku shook his head. "Let's go," he smiled.

Once he boarded the bus, Izuku could hear different conversations, some asking about what the rescue training would be like and others wondering who the other instructor aside from Zawa and All Might was. Kacchan had saved an end seat next to him with Toshi sitting on his friend's other side. "I kind of miss the old costume," Toshi smirked at him.

"You sound just like your brother," Izuku grumbled. Toshi laughed but Bakugo just looked over towards Zawa with a questioning look on his face.

"What's so funny Hitoshi?" Tsu asked. He'd told the class to call him by his first name so there'd be less confusion.

"Just teasing Izu about his old costume," he smiled.

“It was super cute,” grinned Mina.

“It was embarrassing,” Izuku put his head in his hands, “I don’t know how they could make all those changes without consulting me. They even had a little bow I was supposed to wear on my tail which was not happening.”

“Wait,” Kaminari called out in shock. “That wasn’t the design you asked for?”

“No,” he shook his head. “As much I respect the Wild Wild Pussy Cats, I wasn’t planning to become their newest member.” That earned some laughs from the people around him. “This is what my original costume design looked like. I’m impressed they got it done so fast.”

“I understand,” Uraraka chimed in. “I didn’t want my suit to be this tight. It’s really difficult to get on.”

“I wasn’t expecting mine to show quite this much skin,” Momo said. “I mean, it helps with making larger items but it’s very revealing and leaves a lot of me unprotected.”

“It also leaves your soul mark uncovered,” Toshi pointed out. Momo’s soul mark, the alchemical symbol for creation in light blue lines surrounded by red and orange flames, was in an open spot of her costume on her back. “A number of heroes keep theirs covered so villains can’t use their soulmate against them.”

“More fabric and a zipper to allow yourself more space when needed may be helpful? You two should talk to Aizawa about it,” Izuku suggested.

“Yeah,” Kacchan added. “We went and talked to Power Loader yesterday about his costume and my support gear.”

“Anyone who needs changes to their costumes or gear can talk to me when we’re back on campus,” Zawa called. “We’re here.”

Everyone filed off the bus and Izuku practically jumped at Uraraka’s excited squeals for Thirteen. If Izuku hadn’t met them before, he’d probably be just as excited. Thirteen was nice the couple of times he’d spoken to them.

They led the group into the domed building, and everyone marveled at all the different scenarios and locations they had built into one space. Thirteen pointed out some of the areas to the class. “I call it the

Unforeseen Simulation Joint, but you can call it USJ."

Zawa walked up to Thirteen after looking around for a minute. "Shouldn't All Might be here already?" He watched Thirteen whisper something to the teacher. Zawa sighed and his face carried a strange mix of annoyance with just a hint of relief. "That man is the height of irresponsibility. I'll adjust the groups."

Zawa went and stood with his back against a large pillar while Thirteen started a talk about how quirks can be used to save but also to kill. Izuku was only partially paying attention. He'd received a similar talk during a training before the exam. He instead spent the time looking around the facility. The entry way was above the rest of the zones and the different areas he could see were truly amazing. He wondered how many ways he may be helpful in rescues. He can always squeeze into tight places and search for people in his cat form. And of course, he had some first aid training which was always useful in these situations too.

Something strange caught Izuku's eye, breaking him out of his throughts. A small flicker of purple mist that seemed to be growing. "Zawa," he said with an urgent voice.

The lights flickered and the man immediately turned to look at the growing mist then the person that started to step out of it, a blue haired man covered in hands. "Stay together and don't move!" he took a fighting stance. "Thirteen protect the students!" The mist grew larger and more people began to flow out of it.

"Wait, has the training started already?" Kirishima asked. Some of the students started to move forward.

"Stay back!" Zawa demanded, slipping his goggles over his eyes. "This is real. Those are villains."

There had to be at least a hundred villains. Last to step out of the mist was a large creature, he couldn't pinpoint what animal, bipedal with a pointed face and muscular body. The mist cleared and seemed to form into a humanoid shape with glowing yellow eyes. "Interesting, the only heroes here are Thirteen and Eraserhead. The schedule we acquired said All Might should be here as well."

"Fuck, so this is who was rooting through my desk," Zawa said to himself.

The man with all the hands started talking. "Where is he? I brought so

many friends who want to meet The Symbol of Peace. Maybe if I kill a few kids, he'll come out to play?" At that Zawa's hair began to float and his capture weapon flew up, circling around him.

"How are so many villains in a UA facility?" Kirishima asked as they watched more villains spill out of the portal that was thankfully not directly in front of them.

"Thirteen why aren't the alarms going off?" Momo questioned.

"I'm not sure," they responded.

"If the alarms aren't being triggered one of them has a quirk that's masking their presence here," Todoroki offered, Izuku nodding in agreement but never taking his eyes off Zawa. "They choose this time and site carefully. They have an objective in mind."

Zawa moved to stand in front of all of them, the villains approaching but still a distance away. "Thirteen, get them out of here. Alert the main campus. Actually, if they've got the ability to block our sensors… Kaminari try using your quirk to contact the school." The hero started to move forward.

"Zawa!" Izuku called, trying to keep the rising panic out of his voice. "You can't fight them all on your own! You work best in stealth and one on one fights!"

"You can't be a pro if you've only got one trick, Kitten," he quietly assured him before vaulting off the stairs, capture weapon in hand.

Chapter End Notes

> I'm not sure if there will be a post tomorrow. It's Labor Day here in the states and my family may be doing something... or they may not be... we're really great at planning ahead ¯_(ツ)_/¯

We Are the League of Villains

Chapter Summary

The attack on the USJ gets underway

Chapter Notes

CW: Cannon typical violence - it's the USJ yall

We have no plans so here I am :)

Fair Warning - I don't think my battle/combat writing is great so I apologize in advance for that. But I still hope you enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The class ran towards the door as Izuku stood there, a lump in his chest at he watched the man take down three villains upon landing, twisting them up in his scarf them slamming them together. It's not that he doubted Zawa's abilities, but he was terrified something may happen to the man.

Kacchan grabbed his arm and started dragging him toward the door. "I know you're worried but now isn't the time!" Izuku followed but stopped as the purple mist reformed in front of the class, forcing them to stop their retreat.

"We are the league of Villains. I know it's impolite, but we decided to invite ourselves. After all, isn't this a fitting place for All Might to take his last breath?" The mist shared. Some of the people around him gasped while others looked frightened or serious. Izuku was quiet as he tried to formulate a plan. "I believe he was supposed to be here today and yet I see no sign of him. In the end I suppose it doesn't matter. I still have a role to play."

Izuku heard the click of the cap over Thirteen's finger open but before she could do anything, Kacchan and Kirishima were launching themselves at the mist with an explosion and a punch.

As the smoke from the explosion faded, the Mist was still standing. "You should be more careful children," they warned, "Otherwise someone might get hurt." Thirteen yelled for them to get out of the way as the mist threatened to scatter them about the building, his form growing and encapsulating them in a dome.

Some students reached for each other; others shouted. Izuku looked at Iida and said just loud enough for the boy to hear, “You have to get out of here and run to campus to alert the teachers!” Iida started to argue but Izuku yelled, “Just find a way!” before he felt himself pulled into the mist and plunged into cold water.

Kicking his way up to the surface, something approached him. More villains, he realized, and ones with water-based quirks. He was at an extreme disadvantage, he had to think. Just as the villain opened his mouth to take a chunk out of the cat, someone slammed into him. He saw Tsu kick off the face of the villain, wrapping her tongue around Izuku, and swam for the surface. She gently set him on the deck of the ship where Todoroki was already waiting. Izuku let out an instinctual hiss as he tried to shake the water from him. He wasn’t covered in fur, but he didn’t particularly like being submerged in water without prior knowledge.

“Thanks, Tsu,” he smiled. “You saved me again.”

“It’s no problem,” she said, looking anxious. “But what do we do now?” He looked at her and then to Todoroki who strangely enough seemed to also be waiting for an idea. He quickly shuffled through different scenarios he’d gone over with Zawa, trying to pick out things that may be useful.

“First thing, Tsu can you quickly scout what’s happening on the other side of the ship and report back? Todoroki, can you check and make sure there’s no villains inside the ship? I don’t want to be ambushed,” both nodded and Izuku looked out their side. The Boat was being surrounded but they seemed to be waiting.

Tsu and Todoroki reported back. “They’re circling around on the other side as well,” Tsu shared.

“The rest of the Boat is clear,” Todoroki reported.

“I don’t think they know our quirks,” Izuku quietly shared. “Think about it, while it makes sense to send a cat to water, they would have never sent you two to a water zone if they knew.” They both nodded. “Right now, they’re waiting to see what we can do, but we need to move because they won’t wait long.”

“None look high level, so they’d be easy to take out,” Todoroki stated.

Izuku shook his head, “While some seem obvious, we’re not positive what all their quirks are and they obviously have us out numbered,”

he countered, “So we need to be smart about this.” He sighed, pulling more bits of training from his memory.

“Would it help to know our quirks?” Tsu asked.

Izuku shook his head, “I’m familiar with them, I helped Zawa with the analysis.” He missed the way Tsu gave him a strange look, but Todoroki didn’t seem to flinch. “We need a way to incapacitate as many as possible and then make a quick escape. Todoroki, how much control do you have over your ice? Could you freeze the top couple feet of water in the area the villains are in?”

“Yes,” the boy nodded.

“Ok, once you do that, Tsu do you think you could jump across at least that part of the lake while carrying both of us?” He asked. “I know Todoroki could use his ice to move, but I don’t want to force him to overuse his quirk since we’re relying on him to capture everyone, and we don’t know if we’ll run into more trouble.”

“Kero,” she nodded. “If you change into your cat form.”

“Ok,” Izuku nodded. “As soon as Todoroki is finished capturing everyone, we jump.” All three nodded when suddenly the ship shifted, as if someone had collided with it. As if it were an established cue to go, Izuku shifted into his cat form and jumped into Tsu’s arms. Todoroki let out a burst of ice which grew, freezing the water, villains screaming as their torsos became encased and they couldn’t move, as if stuck in an iceberg surrounding the ship.

Small crystals began to form on Todoroki’s face by the time he finished and Tsu’s tongue wrapped around him as they leapt through the air over the now frozen villains. Landing in the shallows, Izuku immediately shifted back and they all ducked down, hoping not to be seen as they followed the shore, moving closer to the entrance, Tsu was obviously looking for someone and it struck Izuku. “I’m sure Uraraka is ok,” he offered. She just nodded in return.

Then Izuku stopped and his heart pounded as he saw Zawa in the distance continue to take out villain after villain. The man moved like he was born knowing how to do this, but Izuku could tell he was getting tired. “If he doesn’t get some back up soon, he’s going to overexert himself,” he said with worry.

“They have a plan to kill All Might and it wasn’t based on numbers alone,” Todoroki pointed out. “Those villains were just pawns in

whatever they're planning. We need more information."

"We need to move closer," Izuku determined.

"But we need to be careful," Tsu made them promise. The two boys nodded and all three once again moved closer, staying in the water but hiding behind some small plants. The plaza seemed to be dwindling in numbers, a few villains, Zawa, the hand guy and the strange creature were all that remained.

The hand villain ran toward Zawa, yelling off times in seconds and Izuku's heart sank once he realized what it was. He'd figured out Zawa's tell. He grabbed Zawa's elbow as the man punched him and all seemed fine until his hair settled and the three students let out gasps as they saw the sleeve of his jumpsuit where the villain's hand rested begin to turn gray and flake away.

***

"Fucking mist guy," Katsuki grumbled as he stood up and took in his surroundings. Dome overhead, he was still in the USJ, and the area around him looked like a destroyed city so he must be in the ruins section. He needed to get back. Needed to find Izu, Tosh and Aizawa and make sure they were all ok. Aizawa had jumped into all those villains and if Tosh or Izu beat him there they might do something stupid. Izu in particular might to something stupid.

He started moving back towards the center, moving carefully through the rubble of the area when something caught his eye. Four large villains surrounding someone, purple hair visible in the center as he took a fighting stance. He ran as fast as he could in their direction. He heard Tosh yell asking what they were doing here.

One of the villains, Katsuki couldn't tell what type of quirk any of them had from looking, responded, though he gave the same answer the two of them already knew. "We're here to kill the symbol of peace!" And at that he froze, a blank look on his face.

Alright, avoid that one, Katsuki thought, proud of Tosh as he watched him then turn and kick a villain who ran for him while another decided to come at him as well. "Tosh!" Katsuki screamed. "Behind!" Tosh whirled around with a solid kick landing across the man's side as Katsuki pounced on the third man who wasn't brainwashed, bringing him to the floor as sparks from an explosion left his palm. The man stayed down so Katsuki turned to see one of the two men fighting Tosh land a punch right to his jaw. Katsuki leaped forward and

released an explosion in the man's face, sending him flying. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Tosh give a swift kick to the last man's chest, resulting in a crack sound as he fell to the floor clutching his ribs.

"You got anything to tie these idiots up with?" Katsuki asked as he moved to keep an eye on all four. Tosh grinned and went into one of the pockets of his utility belt and pulled something out. "Are those zip ties?"

"Yeah. They're useful for a lot of things. In this case, you loop two together you can use them like handcuffs," he suggested, and God, Katsuki wanted to kiss the amazing boy right now because he was fucking brilliant. He took a few and they soon had all 4 of the villains secured, their hands as well as their feet cuffed together, making sure the ties were too tight to slip out of but not tight enough to cause damage. They then stepped toward each other. "If we're still in the USJ, the others probably are too. You think any of them need help?" Tosh asked.

"If all the villains are as low level as these guys, they'll be ok," Katsuki said, trying to think like Izu. "The dangerous ones are Warp Mist, Hand Job, and Bird Monster."

Tosh let out a snort at Katsuki's naming but it didn't annoy him like it would have with one of the extras. "Alright, Warp Mist is how they got in, is who scattered us, and is probably their escape plan."

"Yeah, he should be our first target," Katsuki nodded. Then he noticed a strange shift in the light over Tosh's shoulder. With one arm he pulled Tosh into his chest while the other reached toward where he'd seen the shift, letting off an explosion when it collided with something. A lizard looking person suddenly appeared, a knife in hand. A chameleon quirk. The blast to the face thankfully sent the creature falling to the floor. "You ok?" He looked down at Tosh.

The boy was nervously watching him, cheeks a flush pink color they hadn't been a moment ago and Katsuki felt his own heart race a bit at that look. "Yeah, thanks," he smiled and Katsuki couldn't stop himself from settling a quick, soft, sweet peck on the boy's lips before releasing him to step forward and kick the knife away then restrain the chameleon man. "What was that?"

"It was a kiss, idiot," he grumbled, feeling his face heat up.

"I know that!" Tosh yelled. "But why?"

“Why do you think I’d kiss you, Tosh?” he looked up and saw how bright the boy’s face was. “I like you. I thought you liked me too.” There was a silent pause making Katsuki panic. “Was I wrong? If so I’m,” he stuttered over his words as he looked down, wondering if he read everything wrong. Wondering how badly he just fucked up his friendship. “I’m sorry, I should have asked or talked to you instead of just.”

He never finished that thought as a hand now gripped the back of his head and lips crashed into his, a surprising but so welcome moment. He eagerly returned the kiss, but the warmth left him sooner than he’d like, as Tosh rests his forehead against his own and amethyst eyes lock with ruby. “I like you too you idiot, I just wasn’t exactly expecting a battlefield confession.”

“I didn’t exactly wake up this morning planning it,” he grumbled.

“I know,” he laughed as he pulled away. “We can talk about it later? We should probably find Shou-Kun and Izu. Plus I see two more villains headed our way who probably aren’t going to pause their attack for this.” Katsuki smiled and turned the direction Tosh pointed, ready to face anything with him.

***

The sleeve of his jumpsuit began to disappear, something that startled him for a moment, but he activated his quirk again and jumped back before the fingers could move to his sleeve underneath or his arm, cursing himself. He’d been so busy focusing on the sheer number of villains and keeping his students safe that he fell into his usual patterns. Four villains fell upon him and his quickly dispatched them but this time, his hair never fell, using the trick he’d worked out with Izuku’s help as the boss taunted him about his quirk not being made for this but still wanting to protect him students.

He hadn’t even done a good job of that. He had no clue where his brother, Bakugo, Kitten, or any of his other students were. What needed to happen was finishing this guy and finding them, keeping them safe. He panted at he turned to face the man again. “You really are so cool!” the villain enthusiastically exclaimed. “Oh, by the way, hero.” Shouta felt the skin on his back prick, and he turned. “I am not the final boss.”

The monster was terrifying, beak like nose, sharp teeth, muscular form towering over him. A giant hand reached out toward him and all he

could feel was pain as he was tossed around like a rag doll and slammed into the ground. Everything hurt, his goggles broke, blood ran into his face. He could hear the cracking as the monster pushed a hand on his back and twisted his arm back. He turned his head back and tried to use Erasure on the monster but another scream of agony escaped, pain searing when his other arm was broken as if it were nothing more than a twig. Whatever this creature is, there was no denying it was incredibly strong even without powers, a creature intended to kill All Might.

Through the pain, he hears the boss arguing with someone named Kurogiri for letting a student escape. If a student escaped, they're going to get help. He just needs to hold out a little longer. Looking up towards them he sees the warp gate villain before his head is slammed into the ground again.

"It's game over. Back to the title screen," the boss's frustration evident. "But perhaps we'll break the Symbol of Peace by taking out his fellow teachers and a few more students first."

Then he hears a deep growl followed by a rumbling roar.

Shit, another villain. He managed to pull his head up, looking for the source. A green panther was racing toward him and the creature holding him down. "Who are you?" the boss asks, racing forward with an extended hand. Shouta's heart stops, he doesn't have time to process what he's seeing but he instinctively knows exactly who it is.

Shouta activated his quirk looking at the boss while he yells, "Izuku, no!" His head is slammed into the ground again and the world goes dark, his last thoughts fear and panic for his kitten.

Chapter End Notes

I know you all hate me right now with that ending

New chapter up tomorrow :)

You're My Hero

Chapter Summary

The End of the USJ attack and the aftermath

Chapter Notes

CW: cannon typical violence - hospital setting, though I don't go into details.

So I woke up this morning to 900 Kudos which is just Wow, What? Yall are amazing and I can't express how much I appreciate the support <3

I plan to answer some questions I've gotten in the comments for everyone next time so if you've got questions drop them in the comments today :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When the main plaza finally came into view, Hitoshi felt a chill run down his spine and he and Suki started moving faster. Todoroki was using his ice to battle the man Suki had dubbed Hand Job while Warp Gate kept trying to catch him and send him elsewhere. His brother was on the floor, unmoving though Tsu seemed to be trying to quietly pull him away from the battle. And Bird Monster was holding up a dark green and black panther of some sort who let out a loud, high pitched noise as his front leg was bent into a strange position.

“Is that?” Hitoshi’s eyes widened. Then the creature hurled the panther toward the fountain.

“Izu!” Suki blasted forward, catching their friend, and using his explosions to slow their trajectory before they both crashed into the fountain, though with much less force than initially intended.

Hitoshi ran forward too, wanting to run to his brother’s side but knowing there was more to do. “Hey, Hand Job! Feel good hurting a bunch of kids?” He yelled.

“What the fuck you call me?” he yelled back before he froze, a blank look covering his face. As he froze, so did Bird Monster. Interesting, he

must control whatever it was. It certainly didn't look human.

"Todoroki, get Warp Gate!" he yelled. The boy started shooting ice at the man made of mist, but the man used warps to shoot the ice back at them. Then Suki raced forward and suddenly the man was pinned to the ground, Suki holding some sort of metal canister in his arms.

"Took me a few, I had to think like the nerd, but I knew you had to have a physical body somewhere," He yelled victoriously.

Hitoshi battled the urge to check on his brother, but he saw Shoji appear with what must have been a stretcher for the training and the multiarmed student loaded Shou-kun onto it, Uraraka using her powers to make everything lighter to easily carry him up the stairs without jostling him. Glancing up the stairs he saw a couple other students waiting with a large box.

A first aid kit. If they planned to use it that meant his brother was alive.

He'd have to trust them, knowing he would lose control over the villain if he moved too far away or got any more distracted. He was already tired and refocused everything he had on the hold over the man who was trying to mentally fight back. Then there was a roar from the cat as it pounced at the Bird Monster, pulling it down and latching his front paws into the exposed brain, clawing it apart as chunks flew the air. The noise and sight caused Hitoshi to jump, and he lost his hold over Hand Job. "Shit," he yelled as the man ran right for him.

A wall of ice appeared and the sound of an explosion as Suki's arms wrapped around him, pulling him out of the way as the ice disintegrated, the man still running their way. Then the panther jumped in front of them, swiping at the man, leaving claw marks across his chest. His hand reached out, grabbing the panther where front leg met his back and Hitoshi screamed as the fur and skin started to disintegrate, revealing muscle. The Panther roared again and pulled back before his jaw clamped around the man's fingers.

"You Bitch!" He screamed, pulling a bloody hand away, fingers missing, "You kill my Nomu, you take my fingers! I'll kill you!" The other hand reached out as the door to the USJ flew open.

There stood All Might, his signature smile vanished. "Bout damn time," he heard Suki grumble.

The hero flies forward toward everyone, but Warp Gate was already there, and the two villains were gone. All Might stops, looking around for more villains who may still be a threat and his eyes narrow in on the panther he does not recognize. Hitoshi is just about to yell he's a student, but Suki is already racing forward as the panther stumbles, obviously limping, then collapses. "Izu!" he screams as their friend's form shifts back, covered in blood, his arm twisted a weird away, and his shoulder fostering a handprint mark of missing fabric and skin.

***

"Those fucking brats!" the villain screamed in the hidden bar located in the Kamino Ward while Kurogiri tended to his hand. "Those four fucking brats ruined everything!"

"You got taken down by four kids?" the dark-haired man with wild curls sitting at the bar asked with amusement as he sipped his drink.

"Maybe if you'd fucking been there Ifrit!" he yelled.

"You know I don't answer to you," he glared. "Sensei didn't want me getting tangled up in your scheme. And I didn't think you'd need a bunch of help taking over one class of that little hero daycare with your precious Nomu that was supposed to kill All Might."

"I'll fucking kill them," he yelled. "Especially that cat one! He killed Nomu!"

"Cat?" the man chuckled. "He also the one who got your fingers?"

"He was indeed formidable for a first-year student," Kurogiri noted. "Smaller boy with green hair and freckles but he transformed into a big cat, a member of the panthera genus. Another boy called him Izu but I believe based on what Eraserhead yelled, his name is Izuku."

"Izuku?" the man stopped laughing and was truly listening.

"Yeah," Shigaraki was fuming. "Him and Endeavor's stupid kid and then that damn purple haired brat who took over my mind and the spikey blonde with the explosions. I'll fucking kill them all."

Izuku and a spikey haired blonde with an explosion quirk. It was too much to be coincidence. "You won't touch them until I get a chance to meet them," Ifrit coldly demanded even as flames licked at his lips.

"I don't take orders from you either, Ifrit!"

“Then I’ll take it up with Sensei,” he downed his drink and slammed down the empty glass. “Kurogiri, if you could see if he’s available for an audience?”

The warping man disappeared then reappeared in less than a minute. “He can see you now he says.”

Ifrit stepped through the warp gate Kurogiri created with a cruel smile. He’d need to convince their leader to make them off limits, at least for now. If it was as he suspected, perhaps his son was finally useful to him.

***

Hizashi and his wife had been waiting by Shouta’s side since he returned to the room after several surgeries and healings. Hitoshi was staying the Bakugos, Nem pointing out the fact that the boys were obviously dating now as Bakugo has kissed Hitoshi’s forehead as he cried into his shoulder, something neither was prepared to share with their friend.

Izuku was down the hall with healing bones and a new scar on his back, but he should be cleared to head home that day. Him passing out had thankfully just been from exhaustion after his quirk unlocked his new evolution. They’d checked on him earlier, though he was sleeping, and they didn’t want to wake him. Now were just waiting for Sho to regain consciousness when a knock at the door proceeded the entrance of a green haired woman in scrubs.

“How is he?” she looked upset. Normally nurses were used to this, particularly in the hero ward. “It was the first thing Zuku asked after he woke up.”

“Zuku?” Nem asked in confusion then her face shifted like it does when she’s piecing something together. “Are you Midoriya-san?”

The woman nodded and Zashi was worried. “Is something wrong with the little listener? The doctor told us he’d be cleared to leave today.”

“He will be,” she smiled kindly at their concern. “We’re both just very worried about Aizawa.” She moved closer to the bed, holding herself together but obviously concerned at the sight of the man wrapped in casts and bandages to the point where you wouldn’t be sure it was him if it weren’t for his hair splayed out across the pillow.

“We’re mostly just waiting for him to wake up,” Nem told her.

“Recovery Girl took care of the worst of his concussion and any internal bleeding but everything else had to be handled the old fashion way, with how the bones broke and as low as his energy was anything more either wasn’t possible or would have kill him. She said he should be up some time today unless there’s any complications, but she wasn’t sure when.”

“She came by to check on Zuku too,” she nodded. “She’s a very sweet lady to care for them both the way she does.”

That startled Zashi. “Midoriya-san, if I may ask, I know that Sho has been training your son, but how close are you to him?”

“Aizawa and Hitoshi come over at least once a week for dinner,” the green haired woman told them. If her hair had been curly, she would have looked so much like the kitten. “Every Sunday, sometimes more if they’re free or for special occasions, like when the boys all got their acceptance letters. I’ve been teaching him to cook and helping Hitoshi with some personal things from time to time. The two usually stick around and watch a movie or play a game after.”

“Are you the reason Sho has real meals now instead of just Jelly Pouches?” Nem asked. The woman nodded and Nem ran up and pulled her into a hug. “We’ve been trying to get him to eat real food since we graduated but the man is as stubborn as they come. Thank you.”

“It took a bit of a threat mixed with the logic that he couldn’t feed a malnourished teenager like that, but it’s the least I could do,” she smiled at them. “Are you Nem and Zashi?”

“He talks about us Nem!” Zashi said excitedly.

“We’re still in a hospital,” his wife quieted him, and Midoriya-san laughed when he looked a little ashamed for forgetting their surroundings.

“It’s mostly to complain, but he does it with fondness,” the woman gave a real smile and Zashi could see where the kid got it from. “I need to get back to Zuku, I want to be there when the doctor comes to see him. He’ll insist on coming by once he’s discharged, is that alright?”

“I think Sho would be mad if we kept the little listener away,” Zashi grinned. “And even as a mummy man, I don’t want to deal with an angry Sho.”

“His brother and Bakugo were already here too, I think they visited your son too,” Nem added.

Midoriya-san nodded. “They did, though he was also passed out at the time.” The two teachers nodded, knowing the same had happened when they visited. “The healings took a lot out of him. I’ll let him know we can come by, but just for a little while.”

***

Nem sat alone in the hospital room, waiting for a stirring or a groan or any sign of life from Sho. Zashi had stepped out about 30 minutes ago to run down to the radio station to deal with an issue he couldn’t handle over the phone then find some food to bring back for them. There was a soft knock on the door then Midoriya-san quietly walked in with Izuku in tow. The kid had a cast on his arm too, but Chiyo had said she’d be able to remove it soon, possibly the next day, if the boy behaved.

He moved immediately to Sho’s bedside, tears in his bright green eyes and Nem’s heart clenched as she watched from the other side of Sho’s bed. She didn’t really know what their connection was, but she knew from the beginning it was something well beyond the normal student mentor bond. His protectiveness, his soft smiles, his fucking background when they’d found his phone, something she’d definitely be questioning once he was fully healed. Plus, right now the kid looked more heart broken than Hitoshi, something she hadn’t thought was even possible.

“Zawa,” he whispered to the unconscious man, the wobble in his voice evidence of the tears. “Zawa you were so amazing. You protected us. You did so much, and I couldn’t protect you. I’m so sorry.” Tears fell down his cheeks onto the cast as sniffles and quiet broken sobs permeated the room. Nem wasn’t sure how to reassure the kid he did everything and more. From reports, he took down the creature that had almost kill Sho and had stopped the villain in charge, someone named Shigaraki, from disintegrating anyone. The kid had been a hero.

She was just about to tell him so when a raspy voice whispered.

“Kitten?”

Nem froze and Midoriya-san gasped when a hand tried to reach up and wipe away a tear or cup the kid’s face, she wasn’t sure. Whichever it was failed though between the completely bandaged hand and arm

and his equally bandaged eyes, causing the boy to laugh through his tears when the hand missed, prompting Izuku to gently bring the hand back to the bed and leave a hand on the cast.

“You’re awake,” his smile was brighter than she’d ever seen, and she wished Sho could see it.

“You’re alive,” she didn’t miss the wobble in his voice too. “I saw you run in and.” He never finished the sentence. “I didn’t know you could become a panther.”

“The quirk specialist said it was possible when I was a kid, but it was the first time I ever did,” his face was a mixture of pleasure and sadness. “Toshi thinks I was a jaguar, but I have a meeting with the specialist to confirm and update my registry.”

“We’ll have to work on using it in training,” he offered encouragingly. “Is everyone else, ok? How are Cub and Pup?”

“They’re both fine. Thirteen is stable, Snipe and his wife are with them. Apparently, the warp villain used his quirk to turn their own blackhole against them,” Nem provided. “You two were the only other ones seriously injured. All the students are fine, and Hitoshi is staying with Bakugo.”

“Nem,” he whispered. “Is Zashi here too? Figured I would have heard him first.”

“He had to step out, but he should be back,” she told him. Zashi had been here, talking to their best friend on and off since yesterday with no response. “Midoriya-san is here though.” She looked over at the woman and saw the tears and the bit of hope in her eyes as she watched Sho and her son.

“Thank you for protecting him,” was all she said.

“I promised,” he whispered back. Nem observed all this, feeling as if she were intruding on a family moment.

“I’ll go get a nurse,” she finally offered, feeling substantially awkward and wanting to give them some space.

“I’ll go with you,” the other woman said, leaving Sho and Izuku alone.

They weren’t even out of the room before Shouta was completely focused back on his personal sun. He couldn’t see Izuku’s smile, not

with the bandages over his eyes that he desperately wanted removed, but something in him could feel the warmth radiating from him.

Still a life-giving presence, even when he can't see it.

"I was really worried when you ran in, and I couldn't do anything."

"But you did," Izuku softly told him. "You erased Shigaraki's quirk. That gave Todoroki enough time to put up an ice wall."

"What happened after I passed out?" he wanted to know.

"I fought the nomu, the bird like monster, while Todoroki held off their boss Shigiraki and dodged the warp guy, Kurogiri," Izuku told him.

"You fought that thing?" Shouta could feel the panic rising. How was his kitten still alive?

"I clawed at it but it just regenerated," Izuku told him, "He broke one of my arms, or I guess they were legs then, and he threw me across the room but Kacchan and Toshi showed up and Kacchan caught me before I hit the fountain. Well, we still hit the fountain but it hurt a lot less than it would have." Shouta winced, knowing exactly what being thrown by the creature felt like. "Then Toshi took control of Shigiraki and when he did both him and the nomu froze. I took the time to really look at him and noticed his brain was exposed, so I clawed it out."

"Find the weak points," Shouta sighed, remembering all the training they'd discussed.

"Yeah, I was afraid it might regenerate too but without a brain entirely he never got back up," Izuku said. "Kacchan had managed to find Kurogiri's body and hold him down for a bit, but Toshi lost control of Shigiraki and the guy ran for him. Kacchan pulled him out of the way and then I bit off two of his fingers."

"You what?" Shouta asked in shock. "Why?"

"Five-point activation," Izuku said. "I noticed with the way he was holding and grabbing things. Can't disintegrate things without five fingers."

"Kitten, I can't believe how reckless you are," Shouta said in exasperation, heart beating fast as mixes of worry, amazement, and so

much fondness coursed through him. “But also, absolutely brilliant. You’re a menace and an amazing hero.”

“I’m not a hero Zawa,” Izuku argued. “You know that.”

“No, you saved my life that day Izuku, and probably others,” he asserted. He remembered all the ways his kitten had saved his life, starting with the unknowing push to keep him moving forward with his dreams. “At the very least, you’re my hero.”

Izuku was thankful Zawa couldn’t see how red his face turned at that statement, eyes teary as his own heart thumped quickly in his chest.

Chapter End Notes

> For those who are curious - Panther (Panthera) is a genus that encompasses leopards, jaguars, lions, and tigers. There technically isn't a species called a panther (though we all use the phrase and so do some of the characters).
>
> The quirk specialist wasn't sure when he was younger which type of panther he had the potential to become which is why she used the more encompassing phrase.
>
> ***
>
> Don't forget to drop those questions :)

Awkward Conversations

Chapter Summary

> Aizawa finds out about Katsuki and Hitoshi ... it's awkward for everyone

Chapter Notes

> CW: uhhhh... People talk about Sex ¯_(ツ)_/¯ but only vaguely
>
> This chapter is probably the reason I should be asleep instead of writing in the middle of the night but it stayed in... I refuse to apologize for the chaotic mess this is
>
> Promised Q&A in the end notes :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As soon as Shouta was able to walk and his eyes were uncovered, he demanded to be discharged. Shouta hated hospitals and he was supposed to return to work on Monday. The doctors eventually agreed due to genuine concern that he may try to leave without their permission and the fact that Recovery Girl offered to take over his care.

No one was pleased with his choice to discharge early, especially when most of him still looked like a mummy, but Hitoshi would be there and Bakugo offered to stay the night as well. Izuku came by during the day and helped with things like cooking meals and just generally keeping them company, but for some reason when Shouta asked if he planned to stay the night, his little kitten blushed and make an excuse about having homework, saying he'd return in the morning. Shouta raised an eyebrow at this. They hadn't had school since the attack, there was no homework. But Izuku left before he could say anything.

He was laying in bed, staring at the ceiling. Bored. Desperate for something to do. He missed training, he missed patrol. If Izuku had stayed he would have at least talked his ear off about someone's quirk or some new hero until he fell asleep to the comforting sound of his voice.

Then he heard movement from the living room. They were moving quietly. Was it one of the boys? It was already after midnight, had

they fallen asleep on the couch? Wouldn't hurt to check, he supposed. Moving as silently as he could while bandaged like a mummy, Shouta got up and moved towards the door, pushing it open and freezing when he heard a soft moan.

Shouta wished he'd stayed in bed. Sitting on his couch was a shirtless Bakugo, his hands drifting up the back of his thankfully still fully clothed brother who had his arms wrapped around the other boy's neck as he straddled his lap. Their lips meshing and moving with so much passion Shouta wished one of them would please come up for air. But of course, they didn't, nor did they seem to notice him.

"So, this is why Izuku didn't want to stay the night?" he asked loudly. Hitoshi pulled back with a squeak and jumped off Bakugo who quickly crossed his legs, most likely in hopes of hiding something which honestly Shouta was fine with, he had zero desire to ever see the Pup in that state.

"Shou-kun," Hitoshi said with a red face. "I can explain."

"I don't need a full explanation, Cub," Shouta stopped him short. "I just have a few questions. How long has this been going on?"

"Since the USJ attack," Bakugo's voice was confident, but Shouta saw his body squirm.

"Wait," Shouta blinked. "During or after the attacks?"

"During," Hitoshi looked sheepish.

"As your brother and your teacher, I don't want to know," he sighed. "Is this serious or just a teenage hormone thing?"

"Serious," they answered in sync.

Shouta nodded. "Bakugo, do you have a soul mark?"

"No," he answered. "And one wouldn't change how I feel about Tosh." Shouta saw his brother light up at that. The statement was illogical but since the boy was markless, he didn't see the point in arguing that there's no way he could know if finding his soulmate may change things. Shouta had seen it one too many times. It was the reason he stayed single all these years.

"Have you, God I can't believe I'm about to ask this," Shouta reached his now thankfully less bandaged hand up to pinch the bridge of his

nose. “Have you two had sex?”

“We just started dating!” Hitoshi practically yelled.

“Some couples move fast,” Shouta growled. “And I wasn’t sure with what I just walked in on.”

“We haven’t had sex,” Bakugo grumbled, the tips of his ears red. “And neither of us have before. We talked about it.”

“God,” Shouta cried out. That was good news, but he still hated this, he hated every moment of it. “Do you two understand how two men have sex?” He wanted to disappear and seemed the boys did too. Maybe someone with the right quirk would open up the ground directly below him. The fall wouldn’t hurt that bad and he was already covered in casts. Instead, uncomfortable silence filled the air.

“I’ve seen videos,” Bakugo finally answered.

“Like porn?” Shouta asked and both boys flushed, providing his answer. “God, yeah that’s not… I can’t teach you this. I’m calling Zashi to come over and talk to both of you tomorrow. I’ll go get groceries or lunch or something with Izuku.”

“Why would Zashi be able to help us with this? He’s married to Nem,” Bakugo asked, Hitoshi looking equally confused.

“Hold on,” he sighed. This was not his secret to tell. He pulled out his phone and with his good hand tried to send a text. It was garbage. He called instead.

“Sho!” his friend yelled, though he could hear the sleep that lingered behind it.

“Zashi, can you come talk to Hitoshi and Bakugo tomorrow morning?” Shouta asked.

“Sure, but why?” his friend seemed confused.

“They’re dating and their only reference point for anything is porn,” he sighed.

“Well that not good for two beginners,” he laughed, no surprise or shock in his voice.

Shouta paused, eyes narrowing. “You knew,” he grumbled. “You knew and you didn’t warn me.”

“It was Hitoshi’s relationship,” Zashi said but it sounded more like a question.

“You’re explaining everything to them,” he growled.

“Sho, you have a mental understanding of how it works. You’re perfectly capable of explaining the basics,” Zashi sighed.

“I have no intention of having this conversation with the problem children.”

“Would you explain it to your kitten?” he asked and Shouta could feel his face turn red because the thought for some reason didn’t send him into a panic like this did. He silently thanked God for the bandages crossing his face and that the boys sitting in his living room couldn’t hear the other side of the conversation. “You’re thinking about it aren’t you?” Zashi teased. Why was the man so damn observant?

“No, I got distracted marveling at how idiotic you are. Be here at 11,” Shouta told him. “Oh, they want to know why you, can I tell them?”

“The kids are good at keeping secrets. So long as they don’t spread it around it won’t bother me or Nem.” He could hear the shrug in his friend’s voice.

Shouta grunted in response and then hung up. “Zashi is bi,” Shouta said flatly.

“So? He’s still been with Nem since they were our age,” Bakugo countered.

“Zashi and Nem are,” he looked for the right words. “In an open relationship of sorts. They’re very much committed to each other, but they don’t mind the other having fun so long as they’re safe and come home to them.”

Both boys just stared at him. “Wait,” Bakugo eyed him suspiciously, a hardness to it that he didn’t understand. “So have you ever?”

“I don’t want to know the answer to that!” Hitoshi yelled.

“The answer is no,” Shouta glared, though both boys seemed to relax at that. God, he hated tonight. He hated everything about it. Shouta gritted his teeth. “Now I am going back to bed because the boredom was better than this hell. Go to bed problem children and no sex until after you talk to Zashi!”

He slammed the door behind him, ignoring the protests of both boys that they weren't going to do that tonight to begin with. Plopping back in bed he tried to sleep but the question Zashi asked kept rolling through his mind. Why would he have no problem explaining it to his kitten?

***

Shouta moved grumbled on his way into the kitchen after a restless night's sleep to be greeted by his kitten setting a cup of coffee in front of his seat at the table as he continued to cook breakfast. "You and this coffee are the only two good things that have happened since after dinner last night."

"I heard you caught them making out," Izuku nodded understandingly. "Same thing happened to me when I went over to Kacchan's the day I was discharged. I knew they liked each other but I was not prepared for that."

"Yeah, but you didn't have to ask them if they understood how sex works between two men then call your friend to come have the talk with them today," Shouta groaned.

Izuku's eyes widened. "I do not envy you, Zawa."

"I appreciate that. Speaking of my friend, Zashi is coming over today and I don't want to be here for their conversation, so we're going to lunch while he talks to the two problem children," he informed his kitten.

"Oh," Izuku looked down. He was in ratty but comfy looking sweatpants and a shirt that was fraying at the seams. "I didn't know. I'll run home and change after breakfast."

"Don't worry. You look fine," Shouta told him. He was just planning on taking him to the café since it had been a while, they normally went with him in uniform and them in work out clothes.

"I look like I'm going to clean house or do laundry," Izuku glared at him.

"And I look like a mummy," Shouta countered.

"Yeah, so at least one of us should look presentable for our lunch date," he said. And that made Shouta pause. Was this a date? It hadn't been his intention, but he realized the idea appealed to him.

“Nerd, what have I told you about calling things dates?” Bakugo rolled his eyes as he walked out Hitoshi’s room. “Every time we have lunch or coffee the idiot calls it a lunch date or a coffee date.”

Shouta laughed lightly at that, but the knowledge hurt. Logically Shouta knew Izuku was much younger than him and that dating a student was against school policy. And he knew his own personal rule about not dating until he met his soulmate. But he couldn’t help but notice the way his heart thumped around Izuku or his response to Zashi’s question last night. He also wasn’t sure the moment Izuku gone in his mind from the kitten to his kitten, but he realized the change was there. He knew he should put some space between them, but he couldn’t make himself push the boy away.

They’d both be too busy the coming weeks anyway. Nezu had informed him the sports festival was still going to happen so all the students would be preparing for event in addition to the additional prep work he’d have to do as a teacher, especially now that they needed additional security. Then they’d be gone for a week for internships then they’d be preparing for exams and Shouta would be preparing for summer camp. That would put enough space between them hopefully for Shouta not to do something stupid.

Midoriya-san would kill him if he did anything stupid and hurt Izuku.

***

When Izuku showed back up in jeans and a sweater he was surprised to see that Shouta had also changed into something similar. Zashi was already there so either he or Toshi must have helped him change. He remembered his internal panic over calling it a date earlier. Thankfully Kacchan had come to his rescue.

He wasn’t sure what possessed him to call the outing a date. Sure, he thought Zawa was handsome, and he loved their conversations and spending time with him. When he thought the nomu had killed Zawa, he felt his heart shatter. He was fairly certain the overwhelming sadness mixed with anger is what facilitated his new transformation. His relief when Zawa woke up while he was there was indescribable and the way his heart beat faster around him was no longer something he could pass off as anything other than the obvious.

But Izuku knew he was only 15. And lots of people older than him liked Zawa, they’d seen that at the school. Plus, Zawa was waiting for his soulmate, to see the kind of bond they had. So, despite everything,

he knew he should treat this as two friends having lunch.

Zashi had winked as he shoved them out the door, which was strange but honestly so was Zashi sometimes, and the two walked in companionable silence to their destination. The cat café wasn't too busy for a Saturday and while several people did stare at the heavily bandaged man, neither he nor his companion seemed to notice. Zawa ordered his regular coffee while Izuku got hot chocolate. They both ordered sandwiches and his mummy mentor added a piece of the cake with strawberries for them to split, which Izuku couldn't hide his excitement over.

They found a quiet corner and several the cats once again flocked to Izuku. They ate and talked about everything and nothing: How the food tasted, Izuku's new transformation form, Zawa's return to school and how it would surprise everyone and Izuku's insistence that he at least not over work himself. It was nice and comfortable even without Kacchan and Toshi there. And for a brief moment, Izuku could feel himself imagining that this is what a date with Zawa would feel like.

"I liked this," Izuku commented as he gathered their plates and cups to get ready to leave. "We should do this again sometime."

"That be nice. It's going to get busy though," Zawa noted. "We probably won't get a chance until after Summer Camp."

"That's fine," Izuku gave him a bright smile. "I don't mind waiting." And whether Zawa knew it or not, Izuku meant that in a lot of ways.

***

As predicted, Shouta's return to school had startled most of his students, except Izuku, Hitoshi and Bakugo who all expected it. The announcement of the Sports Festival had surprised everyone. Some of his students had voiced the same concerns he had, but Shouta had to officially support the School Board's decision.

Class ended and Shouta curled into his sleeping bag the best he could given his arms were both in casts and slings, but noticed from his place a commotion outside. Some boy from Vlad's class and a bunch of other kids were talking, apparently blocking the doorway. Mostly about wanting to get a look at the famous class 1A and with their flashy quirks. "Must think you're pretty hot stuff cause you got lucky enough to fight some villains?"

Shouta was about to get up, afraid for whatever hell Bakugo was

about to rain down, to only be surprised when Izuku's voice cut through instead. "Lucky? You call being trapped in a building with over 100 villains fighting for our lives lucky? Two of our teachers almost died. I broke bones and now have a permanent handprint one my back from where my fur in my transformation and my skin were disintegrated down to the muscle. Todoroki barely held off the disintegration guy who tried to grab him. Toshi would have gotten stabbed if Kacchan hadn't noticed an invisible villain! All of use were fighting for our fucking lives on our fourth day of hero training! We weren't lucky to be in that fight, we were lucky we survived. So next time you want to shoot your mouth off, maybe learn the facts." With that Izuku pushed past them and made his way to the cafeteria.

The mob outside was silent and then dispersed. The class seemed equally surprised. Shouta just smiled. Happy people were terrifying when angry.

Chapter End Notes

Q&A – these are a mix of questions specifically asked for the Q&A but also just other interesting questions I've received in comments or directly from a friend who reads this – a lot of them I've reworded but the basic intent of the question is still there.

Q: Is the bond between Izuku and Aizawa intended to be Romantic or Platonic?
A: That bond is Romantic, though we will see examples of other types of bonds in the story too

Q: When will the slow burn end?
A: I have a set moment for the reveal to happen. It was the plan all along, and I knew this would be a slow burn, but I didn't realize how long it take to get there. I haven't drafted out to that exact moment yet but based on how the draft is progressing I'd expect it within around 10 chapters max? Possibly sooner?
I know that's a lot but we're getting into some cannon things so that won't all just be pining … I mean there will still be some but also both will be dealing with other stuff too. I just can't let go of the reveal I have planned cause I want the drama and the angst so please stick with me until then.

Q: How have they not realized the bond yet?
A: Well, Aizawa purposefully keeps his soul mark covered in an attempt to protect his younger soul mate (It's on his arm and he always wears an extra sleeve to cover it) and Izuku's is on his

chest but he doesn't like to take off his shirt due to his scars. On top of that I very purposefully added gloves to Aizawa's hero costume. He's not super touchy feely so with the gloves added there's just been no skin to skin contact yet, much to the frustration of Mama Inko and many of you.
Also, the Author is mean and refuses to give up their plan ¯_(ツ)_/¯

Q: Will there be any explicit sexual content?
A: The answer to that is I don't know? There will be references to sex in the story (see today's chapter you probably just read haha) but I'll only include sexually explicit content if it 1) feels right to the story and 2) I feel like anything I write is actually decent (I've never written smut before). If that does happen, I'd probably post it as a separate work so those who want to read it can and those who aren't here for that content can skip it.
And since a couple of people have asked, I'm not against writing it nor does it make me uncomfortable haha, I just don't want to promise it then feel like I have to force it into the story somewhere if it doesn't feel right.

Q: Will Izuku just be able to turn into a jaguar and a house cat or will he have other big cat forms?
A: It may be possible for him to take other big cat forms but the most natural forms for him to take are the cat form he's always taken and the jaguar form (yes, it is a jaguar). They're the two that don't take additional focus and he can stay in indefinitely (unless he passes out - EDIT: like physically passes out from exhaustion or injury, his body would shift back for survival reasons. He can sleep in both forms). Other forms would be possible, but they'd take training and focus. He'd also be able to hold those forms for only small amounts of time with the ability to extend that time with training.

Q: Are there people in the world who don't have soul mates? (this is a variation on the question asked)
A: The answer is Yes… there are people who are considered Markless in the world. Not everyone is born with or develops a soul mark. That said, there's no limit to the age a mark can develop and while people commonly think of marks in a romantic way first, they can also be platonic or familial bonds. It's just someone with whom your soul connects with.

Q: If you had a soul mark what would it be?
A: My Demi Ass probably wouldn't have a soul mark – but if I did

Mouse says my half of it would have a D20 and a cup of tea. Alternatively, it may have a yellow rose or a skull.

Q: Who is Momo's soul mate?
A: That will be revealed in (checks draft) 4 chapters? I'm having difficulty counting… my word doc for this story is 195 pages

Q: Where's Toru?
A: Well… she's a little hard to spot
We saw her a little bit during the Press Break in and we'll probably see more of her later, though I don't intend for her to be a major character (sorry Mouse)

And a direct quote of a question my amazing friend Mouse insisted I include

Q: Hi! I love you. You are amazing. Did you know that?
A: Only cause I'm pretty sure you remind me of that every day… love you too my friend

I plan to beat you

Chapter Summary

Sports Festival - Part 1 and The Todoroki family has issues

Chapter Notes

CW: implied/referenced child abuse

Once again I don't have the words for how amazing you all are!

This chapter is a little long but it's essentially the first half of sports festival. Sorry it's a little later in the morning than usual... it ended up being a busier morning than I anticipated

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku stood in the waiting room with the rest of his class, talking with Kacchan and Toshi. Despite the two dating now, they always managed to make time for him. Granted between school and training for the festival, all three had been a bit busy to hang out much recently anyways outside of Sunday dinners which his mother still insisted on, saying all of them needed to take a break. Out of the corner of his eye, red and white hair moved towards them.

“Midoriya,” Todoroki called out. “I just want you to know, I plan to beat you.”

Izuku felt his brows scrunch. “Ok?”

“What the fuck is that about Icy Hot?” Kacchan demanded.

“Midoriya took down that nomu and he was the only one other than our teacher to land a hit on that Shigiraki villain,” Todoroki’s face was serious as always. “You’re the one I need to surpass.” He turned and started walking away.

“Todoroki,” Izuku called after the boy. “Good luck today,” he said with sincerity. The boy paused then continued walking. Izuku just stared about him.

“Are we about to get another friend?” Toshi asked.

“Yeah,” Kacchan sighed. “That’s the same look he had when he told

me he thought you were lonely."

"He wasn't wrong," Toshi shrugged.

"Stop it," Izuku was blushing before his ear twitched and he called out "It's time to get ready to go out on the field everyone!"

The crowd was enormous. He'd watched the Festival on TV before but that had not prepared him for the overwhelming number of people present. He heard Zashi's voice introducing them as Class 1-A then mentioning they were Zawa's students. He giggled at all of Zawa's short remarks, knowing when needed he'd offer real insight.

Zawa had offered to sneak him mom into the stadium so she could sit in the announcer's both with them, but she had switched shifts at the hospital to watch the festival and didn't think she'd be able to leave with the rush of people quickly enough to arrive on time, so she said she'd watch from home this year and try to take the whole day off next year.

Nem eventually went up in full Midnight Persona and started the event. Everyone, including Kacchan, was surprised when the explosive blonde was called forth to give a student oath. "Oh no," Izuku groaned.

"How bad can it be?" Toshi asked, but the nerves in his voice said he had an idea of the answer.

Feedback briefly filled the air as Kacchan adjusted the mix before sticking his hands back in his pockets. "I just want to say, I plan to win." Both boys had their heads in their hands as he rejoined them, the students in an uproar and the crowd upset too.

"Why?" was all Toshi could ask. Kacchan just shrugged which was the most response either would get as Nem announced the first event, an obstacle course. Everyone gathered around the starting location as Nem called for the start and everyone dashed for the tunnel.

Oh shit, realized Izuku. It was just like all the students squished together when the press broke in. He could hear Zawa saying the first thing to watch was the doorway. As another person jostled into him, Izuku jumped into the air, shifting as he went, and soon a little green cat was hoping from person to person. He was thankful for this as a blast of cold filled the space and many of his competitors were frozen in place.

With a final leap he made it past the last person and shifted into the newest form he'd found after the quirk specialist said he could change into other big cats potentially with training but his primary big cat form would be the jaguar. "Whoa! Did Midoriya just change into a leopard?" He heard Zashi call out. "A snow leopard," Zawa corrected.

It was a form he'd discovered a couple weeks ago when they started training while thinking about Todoroki's quirk and how if he ever found himself teamed up with the hero hopeful in a fight again, it may be helpful to move on ice. He could only hold the still green snow leopard form for a few minutes before needing to change back to one of his three main forms but he raced ahead on the path Todoroki had made. His two big cat forms were both faster than his cat and human forms so he soon found himself catching on Todoroki until he felt the earth shake.

"Are those the zero pointers from the exam?" Someone yelled. But it wasn't just one, before them was an army of zero point robots.

"It's a Robot Inferno!" Zashi yelled. Todoroki set his hand to the ground as the robots moved forward and more ice encased the area, layers of frost covering the robots before them as he raced through. Others tried to follow but Izuku quickly stopped. He'd frozen them off balance and they were tipping over within seconds. As soon as the robots hit the ground Izuku and his other classmates ran forward, Izuku used his reflexes to dodge or his claws to strike at visible wires while others blasted or attacked their way through. He didn't need to take them down, just move past them.

Zashi seemed to be impressed but he heard Zawa speak. "Class 1-A has learned not to hesitate. They've seen what the real world is like. They know that they have to act quickly if they want to stay alive." As he moved forward to dodge around more robots her heard explosions and looked behind to see Momo taking them down with a cannon. With less ice he shifted form again, this time back into his jaguar form which he could hold indefinitely unless he passed out and continued to race on until he reached a ravine with rock platforms and ropes running from island to island all the way across. Zashi introduced it as "The Fall."

Tsu hopped forward and clung to the rope with her hands and Izuku shifted back into his cat form, taking to the rope like a high wire, easily keeping his balance between the different platforms, even as the pink haired girl from support soared over him with some kind of jetpack. At one point he saw Toshi hanging from the rope, climbing

across with his back to the ground. Kacchan was already ahead of him, blasting past people and Todoroki was probably still in the lead. This was taking longer than he'd like but he'd do his best to make up time after. Finally, Izuku's feet his full solid ground and he raced forward again as a jaguar.

Did Zashi just announce a mine field? As he approached, he saw pink explosions from different students with Todoroki and Kacchan in the front fighting with each other. Izuku shifted back into a house cat, weaving easily between the landmines with such a small body and quickly passing other students. He was nearing the end of the field, Todoroki and Kacchan were already a ways ahead of him, approaching the final tunnel. He leaped, shifting back into the jaguar, and thankfully landed just the other side of the mines. He could still hear more mines going off in the background, but he dashed forward, gaining on the other two but seeing the finish line nearing.

***

"These boys are practically neck and neck! First place goes to the explosive Bakugo Katsuki followed only seconds behind by an icy Todoroki Shoto! And in third place, the kitten of 1-A, Midoriya Izuku!" Present Mic's voice rang through the speaker of the TV as a green and black cat, maybe a leopard or a jaguar, crossed back into the stadium. Dark eyes were glued to the screen, watching as the cat shifted back into a boy with wild black and green curls, freckles and his ex-wife's bright green eyes.

"It is him," Ifrit grinned as he watched his son high five the blonde boy who came in first, his childhood best friend. Had his wife lied? No, Inko wasn't a deceptive person. She had secrets maybe, who didn't, but never outright lies. When she had said the boy was quirkless, he believed it.

"That's him!" Shigaraki yelled. "That's the bastard who stole my fingers!"

Ifrit grinned, amused that his son had pissed off the whiny brat this much. He continued to watch as a purple haired boy joined them and Katsuki wrapped an arm around his waist.

"I'm going to kill him and the others," Shigaraki screamed.

"You will not touch him," Ifrit scowled, his words harsh and unyielding. "Under Sensei's orders. My son and his friends may prove useful to us."

***

Everyone eyed Katsuki predatorially as Midnight practically painted a giant bullseye on his back when announcing the Cavalry Battle. Ten Million points. When they were dismissed to create teams, everyone moved away. Everyone except the two who mattered. “We’re teaming up, right?” Izu asked him.

“Of course, Nerd. I wouldn’t want to team up with any of the extras anyway,” Katsuki grumbled.

“Well, you have to. I have one more person I think may be helpful,” he grinned. “I’ll be back!”

“Izu has a plan?” Tosh asked.

“Izu always has a plan,” Katsuki confirmed. He turned to see where Izu had run off to when someone was in his face. “Hey, Ten Million! Let me be on your team! I have all sorts of babies we can use!”

“Personal space!” He yelled, recognizing the pink locks of the support course student who had fixed his gauntlets. He had been really impressed with her work when he went to test them, though he hasn’t gotten to use them in training yet.

“Babies?” Tosh asked in understandable confusion.

“I make the best babies!” she excitedly told him. “Do you need any babies?” Tosh backed up in concern.

“She’s talking about support gear,” Katsuki grumbled. “And we already have 4, I’m just waiting on the nerd to get back.”

“Hi Mei,” Izu said, now back. “What are you doing over here?”

“I’m trying to show off my babies!” She exclaimed.

“Oh, well if you’re wanting to show them off you should find a team. Unfortunately, ours is full,” The nerd had bird boy next to him. The girl bounced off as if she hadn’t just been rejected and Izu smiled. “Alright everyone, here’s the plan.”

***

The plan was working perfectly, the team managing to not only keep the ten million points but gain others in the process. Izuku was the rider and sat atop the boys as a cat, switching shoulders to avoid

others. Between this and the fact that he was a relatively small target, no one had managed to touch him yet. Tokoyami was in the front then Kacchan and Toshi on the sides. Tokoyami used dark shadow to defend and every so often Izuku would leap off and grab other head bands with his claws, always to be pulled back after by dark shadow. Kacchan would blast people for defense and Toshi brainwashed a few into either running the other way or handing over their headbands.

Then Izuku lunged at Todoroki, claws extended, but Iida used his quirk and the group disappeared as Izuku tumbled toward ground. Thankfully Dark Shadow wrapped around him and pulled him back as Zashi called time on the event. Midnight announced teams that made it on to the finals and announced they would draw brackets after lunch.

“Good plan nerd. Let’s go get something to eat,” Kacchan said. They all started walking toward the cafeteria when Izuku stopped.

“I left my phone in my locker, I need to grab it, I promised mom I’d text her during lunch,” he grinned. “Order me something if I’m not there yet?”

“Sure thing,” Toshi smiled as he took Kacchan’s hand. Turning back and heading down the now seemingly deserted hall, Izuku was not expecting to hear voices.

“Shoto, you will use your fire in the next match,” the deep voice demanded. Izuku peaked around the corner to see Todoroki practically caged in by Endeavor, the number two hero, his father.

“I don’t need it,” Todoroki’s face was blank, but he could see his hands shaking. The man’s flames flared around his face as he reached out a hand toward his son and Izuku moved before he could consider the consequences of standing against the number two hero, instead on instinct grabbing Todoroki by the arm and pulling him behind him.

“Todoroki-kun and I need to get lunch before the next event starts,” Izuku said, staring up at the man with ferocity.

“Shoto can eat as soon as we’re through having out conversation,” the man glared at him which would probably have most people visibly cowering, but Izuku had faced a nomu.

“No, we’re going now,” Izuku stated back. “And you’re going to leave. This area is student only.”

“I’m his father!”

“And not a student,” he glared. “Leave now before I call our teacher. He’ll be very annoyed if he has to come deal with you.”

The man stalked off, but Izuku heard under his breath, “I’ll remember this cat.” Once he was gone Izuku let out a breath and pulled Todoroki with him to the changing room.

“Sorry,” Izuku said, releasing his classmate’s wrist. “I saw the fire and I saw him moving towards you and it just brought out bad memories and I just moved.”

“Your scars?” Todoroki asked.

“Yeah,” he sighed. “My dad had a fire breathing quirk. He used it on me when I was 4 and my quirk hadn’t shown up yet.”

“Had?” Todoroki asked.

“Well, I suppose has may be accurate?” he rubbed the back of his neck. “My mom divorced him when the doctor incorrectly said I quirkless in order to protect me. I haven’t seen him since. I have no clue where he is or if he’s even alive.”

“Oh,” was all the boy could say.

“Todoroki, I have a question,” Izuku looked at him with sad eyes. “Are you safe with Endeavor?”

The boy looked at him for a minute blankly. “Define safe.”

“That’s, not a comforting response,” Izuku told him, a frown on his face. “Does he hurt you?”

“Sometimes,” Todoroki admitted. “When he takes training too far. When I won’t use his fire.”

“That’s not,” Izuku paused. This wasn’t something he could handle on his own. “I’m texting Aizawa. You need to talk to him.”

“He wouldn’t be able to do anything,” Todoroki said. Even in his flat voice it still managed to sound resigned.

“He punched All Might the first week of class, I wouldn’t underestimate Zawa,” Izuku insisted, and he almost laughed at the shocked look on Todoroki’s normally stoic face. He sent a text telling

Zawa it was important and to come to the small waiting room next to the class's waiting room which is where he dragged Todoroki. He sent a message to Toshi and Kacchan asking them to bring his meal back and to pick up something for Todoroki too.

"Zawa?" Todoroki asked. The inner panic filled Izuku. "You seem very close to Aizawa. You even fight like him." The panic subsided as Todoroki didn't pursue the topic further.

There was a knock at the door and Izuku opened it, finding a concerned sounding Zawa failing at opening the door with his bandaged hands. "Izuku, what's wrong?" Then he froze when he saw Todoroki.

"I already heard you use his name at the USJ," Todoroki said. "I don't know what your relationship is but it's not my place to tell anyone."

"Our families are close," Izuku offered.

Zawa confirmed this then said, "What's going on Problem Child? Mic nearly had a heart attack when I ran off."

"Endeavor is hurting Todoroki," Izuku said, not waiting for the boy to say anything.

***

Shouta's eyes narrowed at this. He motioned them all toward the table and once everyone was sitting, he said. "Explain."

"I should explain from the beginning. My father is ambitious; he aims for the top."

"I'm aware," Shouta sighed. "And he doesn't seem to care what destruction he leaves in his wake." Izuku nodded in agreement with this assessment.

Todoroki watched this with some surprise showing up on his face before continuing. He was probably use to people praising the hero for that ambition. "He used his power and his influence to make a name for himself but her was never able to best All Might. He's still trying to bring him down though, any way he can." Shouta couldn't quite piece together what Todoroki was trying to say behind the cryptic nature of his words.

"Todoroki, you're dancing around something," Izuku noted patiently.

“What are you trying to say?”

“Have you ever heard of quirk marriages?” he asked.

Shouta blinked at the unexpected turn. Arranged marriages for the sole purpose of merging quirks were highly unethical and often dealt major damage to soul bonds. He noticed Izuku’s brows knit together too. “I thought those became illegal after the first few generations of quirks?”

“With enough power, people turn a blind eye. So that didn’t stop him from buying off my mother’s relatives to get his hands on her quirk,” the hate he had in his eyes flared. “She had a soulmate, but my father had his job take him to America and then made sure he had no way to reach her. The distance broke their bond,” Shouta winced. A broken bond was devastating to people, even if they were the one who chose to break it. Two people being forced to break their bond was unimaginably evil.

“Todoroki,” Izuku’s voice was filled with sadness.

“My parents had four children, every time he was hoping for the perfect successor. Every memory I have of my mom, she was crying,” the boy’s eyes seemed far away. “One night she called my left side unbearable as she poured boiling water on my face. It’s reminded her too much of him. He had her locked up for ruining his masterpiece.” Shouta wasn’t sure when it happened, but his kitten had launched himself across the table and hugged the boy.

“Midoriya?” Todoroki stiffened and sounded confused.

“I understand,” was all he whispered and that statement broke Shouta’s heart. He knew about Izuku’s father, about how his mother had spiraled into depression after breaking the bond before she began to pick up the pieces. It wasn’t exactly the same, and Midoriya-san was an amazing mother, but he still harbored those memories of his very broken family because of his father’s actions.

“Todoroki, Izuku said that he hurts you?” Shouta asked.

“He’s been training me to surpass All Might since my quirk came in,” Todoroki said. “Sometimes he would get overzealous. I’d get injured, thrown around. Never enough to destroy his masterpiece. I’m constantly separated from my brother and sister. It’s gotten worse. I refuse to use his fire. I can be a hero without it. But he keeps saying he’s tired of my rebellion. I’ll get hit, thrown, attacked, left bruised or

bleeding, all in the name of training to bring out my fire.”

He saw Izuku hug the boy tighter. “How long has this been going on?”

“The training started when I was 4. The last part since I was 10,” he said. 11 years of abuse and 5 years of the increasingly worse beatings.

“Izuku and Bakugo are staying over with Hitoshi tonight,” Shouta told him. “You’re staying too. I’ll tell Mic and Midnight to order extra food and I’ll talk to Nezu and call an officer on the police force I know.”

“It won’t help,” Todoroki tried to argue again.

“You don’t know the rat,” Shouta argued. “I bet he already has a file on Endeavor and has just been waiting for the right moment.” Todoroki looked shocked at this but nodded. “Now you two need to get lunch.”

“Toshi and Kacchan are bringing us something,” Izuku smiled.

Shouta nodded. “Good. They’ll announce the brackets then you’ll have some more down time before the finals. I better find Mic before he calls in reinforcements to look for me.” Izuku laughed as he managed to twist the difficult doorknob enough to get the door open.

Chapter End Notes

Three things

1) yall I tried to write the Cavalry battle, but it just was such a mess, which is kind of why I breeze through it. The one-on-ones will be similar with me just hitting a couple highlights.

2) I know Endeavor is getting a redemption arc in canon but he's still an ass at this point... and I love Todoroki and just want him to be safe and happy.

3) tomorrow's chapter may be late, I have a nail in my tire and have to take the truck to get it patched in the morning. I have no clue how long this will take

A Little Self Preservation

Chapter Summary

The second half of the sports festival and a terrifying Rat God.

Chapter Notes

CW: Cannon typical violence, referenced/implied child abuse

Yall are AMAZING! As of right now this story has over 500 subscribers and over 1000 Kudos which is just mind blowing. I'm still constantly amazed and overwhelmed by the response this story has gotten.

On that note - there won't be any updates this weekend. I am DMing a game and I'm actually further behind in my draft than I'd like to be so I need to just focus on writing when I'm not doing something else. I'll definitely be back Monday with the next chapter though :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This isn’t fair!” Hitoshi buried his face into Suki’s shoulder. “It couldn’t have been someone from 1-B or even someone from our class who doesn’t know me as well, they had to pair me against Izu in the first round.” Izuku didn’t mind Hitoshi practicing his quirk on him, even encouraged it, but when it came to sparring, Izuku had stopped falling for his tricks to make people answer within the first month of their training together.

Hitoshi rarely won against his green haired friend, his reflexes even in his human form were just too fast, too cat like. And that was before they all realized he could turn into a panther.

“Toshi,” Izuku said softly beside him. “How about this. Since I won’t fall for your quirk, I also won’t use mine? It’ll just be hand to hand?

“Izu, you don’t have to do that. People are scouting for internships,” the boy urged him.

“I know,” he grinned. “And image how impressed they’ll be when they see what the two of us can do and we haven’t even used our quirks yet? Plus, we can make a little show of it at the beginning, so they know you’re not using your super amazing quirk because I won’t

trigger the activation?"

At this Hitoshi grinned back. "Alright. We'll show them everything Shou-kun taught us."

The two waiting while the extra games for those who didn't make it to the final round were played, discussing their plan, and soon found themselves being called out for the first one on one match.

"From Class 1-A, the insomniac who will steal your coffee, Aizawa Hitoshi!" Zashi called out, fully enjoying his Present Mic persona, which was just an exaggerated version of his everyday self. "And also from Class 1-A, the cutest but deadliest kitten you'll ever meet, right Eraserhead?"

"Shouldn't you be focusing on their skills?" Shou-kun sighed.

"It's Midoriya Izuku!"

Midnight started the fight and just like they planned, Hitoshi opened his mouth to speak when Izuku cut him off, yelling, "It's not gonna work Toshi!"

"An interesting taunt from Midoriya, what do you think that means Eraser?" Mic's voice boomed out.

"Midoriya is very familiar with Aizawa's quirk and it's activation requirements since they've been training together for around a year. Due to the nature of Aizawa's quirk, Midoriya knows if he triggers it, he loses."

"And do you mind explaining exactly what his quirk and trigger are?" Mic asked.

"I won't be doing that," Shou-kun said, making Hitoshi smile. "As demonstrated by Midoriya, the less people know about Aizawa's quirk, the more useful it is to him."

"Well, there you have it folks, Eraserhead is keeping secrets," Mic teased. "Ohhh look at these two go! They're fighting each other completely quirkless."

"Both, in addition to their quirks, are very skilled in hand-to-hand combat," Eraserhead stated, a barely perceptible hint of pride in his voice.

Hitoshi was dodging another strike from Izuku. The two had been going at each other while Zashi and Shou-kun had their conversation. He ducked down and swung out a leg, hoping to sweep Izu's legs out from underneath him, but his friend caught the motion and jumped. They continued on, Izu blocking kicks while Hitoshi blocked punches, both panting hard as the fight dragged on.

Then Hitoshi brought an arm up to block a well-aimed punch to his jaw and missed the leg that was slamming into his now unblocked side. He stumbled back a few steps. "And Aizawa Hitoshi is out of bounds!" Midnight called.

"What a final move! Did you teach him that one in your class Eraser?"

"No, I've only seen that move once before," Eraserhead said. "When he successfully used it on me." Both boys smiled at each other, knowing exactly what Shou-kun was doing: playing up Izu's strength while downplaying the fact that it caught Hitoshi off guard.

"Wow! A hard-fought battle from both boys! Let's give them another cheer!" Hitoshi threw and arm around Izu's shoulder and they both waved at the cheering crowd before they left the stadium.

"I'm tired after that," Izu laughed.

"Me too," Hitoshi smiled. "Let's go get some water and some gummies from Recovery Girl."

***

Bakugo ignored the booing of the crowd. They thought he was toying with round cheeks? Tch, those idiots. She wasn't some poor powerless girl, she had him on the defensive from the beginning even if he didn't want to admit it. She'd almost touched him once and he knew if she had that's all it would take for her to win, he'd float out of bounds.

Suddenly he heard Teach's voice through the stadium. He hadn't said much since the fight between Tosh and Izu. "Where is the man who started this uproar? Are you a pro? Because if you're being serious, you can go home and hang up your cape. I'd suggest looking into another career."

Bakugo hid a smirk, trying to keep his focus on where round cheeks should be through the smoke, but he loved when someone who wasn't him set off this side of Aizawa.

“Bakugo’s fierceness is an acknowledgement of his opponent’s strength. He knows she deserves to have made it this far, so he’s making sure he does whatever it takes to keep her at bay and come out on top.”

He was right, because the smoke cleared, and she was still standing. “I think it’s about time,” she panted. “Thank you for keeping your eyes focused on me.”

“What?” Shit, he tried to figure out what he missed.

“Release!” He looked up, debris from the floor was now hurtling toward him. She started running toward him but he did the only thing he could think of. He lifted his arm into the air, thankful he’d been sweating so much, and the explosion he set off shook the stadium. He hoped this fight was coming to a close, because he definitely needed to see Recovery Girl for his arm.

***

Shoto stood across from Midoriya. Logically he knew this fight shouldn’t take long, that he just needed to freeze Midoriya in place like he’d done with Sero. But he remembered the boy analyzing the water villains, then his ferocity against a creature made to kill All Might and the villain who controlled it, so he doubted it would be that easy.

Slamming his foot down, a streak of frost raced across the stadium then rose in a spike that Midoriya easily dodged, leaping through the air while transforming into the dark green jaguar. He was fast, even faster in this form than usual. And he had endurance too, Shoto realized as the panther kept dodging attack after attack. He needed to end this, he couldn’t shake the cold.

The panther tilted its head, looking at him in what he could only guess was confusion when suddenly he shifted back. “You’re trembling Todoroki! Your body can’t take any more cold!”

“I’m fine Midoriya!” Shoto insisted while he shot off another ice blast which he dodges.

“You’re not! You can’t win like this. You need to use your full strength!” He yelled.

Shoto felt the anger building up in him. Had Midoriya not been listening earlier? “I will win without using my old man’s quirk!” He

rushed forward to attack but just as he was about to unleash a close up blast of ice he saw Midoriya get down low and his body was moving too slowly at this point to dodge.

The pain coursed through his gut as he was knocked back, falling down and waiting for Midoriya to give a final blow. “It’s your quirk not his!” Izuku screamed, clutched over like what Shoto was doing pained him.

Words from long ago echoed through his mind. “Just remember, stay true to yourself. You can be the kind of hero you want to be when you grow up. You are not a prisoner of your lineage. It’s ok to use your power to become who you want to be.” Feeling the heat growing within him, assurances from his mother thawing something that had been long frozen, flames burst forth, blocking his vision of everything, and melting the ice and frost that had gathered.

And when the flames settled enough that he could see Midoriya, his new friend was grinning. Then it disappeared and a green snow leopard raced toward him as he shot out fire and ice simultaneously.

***

“We need to stop meeting like this problem child,” Shouta growled as he walked into the infirmary, Izuku sitting up on a bed, already reclothed. Todoroki had melted the ice that had encapsulated the panther after he’d fallen to the ground with his back burned though not bad. It wouldn’t even leave additional scars.

“We keep switching off,” Izuku smiled. “I think it’s your turn next Zawa.”

“Not funny Izuku,” he glared. “What were you doing out there?”

“Helping a friend,” he shrugged.

Shouta sat down next to him. “You’re going to be the death of me Kitten. Do I want to know what you were helping with? We couldn’t hear everything, just the last part.”

“He couldn’t handle much more ice, he was literally freezing himself because he refused to use his fire because of his father,” he sighed. “I know as cold as he was and as slow as he was moving, I could have let him either wear himself out or taken him down, but I just couldn’t.”

“You have an uncanny way of finding people who need saving don’t

you?" he sighed. "Endeavor seemed happy by the use of his fire."

"He shouldn't be," his voice carrying disgust for the hero. "I talked to Todoroki after. He's realizing he's the only one in charge of his quirk."

"That's good," he sighed. "You call your mom yet? You know she's watching." With the panic that crossing Izuku's face he assumed he had not. "Here," he handed Izuku his phone and sat there while he convinced his mom that everything was ok and Recovery Girl had already healed him.

He watched his kitten, knowing how far he'd go to help people. It was one of the things he loved about Izuku and one of the things that scared him the most. Once Izuku hung up he turned back to face Shouta. "Everything alright?"

"She was worried, particularly when it was your number and not mine, but she's ok now that I've talked to her," he smiled.

"That's good," he nodded. "Izuku, we have to talk about your need to sacrifice yourself to save others. I know it's part of who you are, but you need to learn at least a little self-preservation."

"Zawa," he looked at him, glancing up and down his still highly casted and wrapped body. "I don't know that you're the one to lecture me on that."

"Yeah, well, I'm probably not the best role model," he glared.

"Should have thought about that a year ago," Izuku grinned. Yeah, his kitten would be the death of him.

***

"What's IcyHot doing here?" Bakugo asked as they walked into the 1-A classroom where he'd told the others to meet him. He was carrying the first-place medal in his hand after beating Todoroki in the last round.

"He's staying the night with us," Izuku smiled.

"What! Why?" the explosive blonde demanded.

"Reasons," Shouta sighed. "You four wait here. If Endeavor comes around hide Todoroki." That order caught Bakugo and Hitoshi's attention and they both nodded.

“Where are you going?” Hitoshi asked.

“To talk to a rat,” he called back as he walked off. Approaching the principal’s office, he wasn’t surprised when the door swung open and Nezu greeted him.

“Aizawa,” he smiled. “I assume this is about the Todoroki boy? I saw your trio had gained a fourth.”

“How much do you already know?” Shouta asked, not wanting to waste time.

“I know there was some kind of encounter between Endeavor and Todoroki-kun where Midoriya-kun stepped in the way and then you joined them,” he smiled.

“Todoroki is staying with the boy’s tonight. Endeavor’s marriage was a quirk marriage, he even forced her apart from her soul mate to marry her. He put his wife in an institution where she’s been for over 10 years. I’m not sure she should even still be there or not. And he’s been abusing Todoroki under the guise of training.” Shouta sighed. “I need you to take down Endeavor.”

Nezu’s grin widened, and the rat started clicking away on his computer. “I believe that can be arranged. How quickly do you need this done?”

“I’d prefer for him to not have to go back to that house, but I’m not sure how long he can have a sleep over with his friends for,” he admitted.

“I’ll focus on fleshing out what I have then and arrange for Tsukauchi to stop by your place in the next couple hours to interview the boy,” Nezu said. “And as far as a guardian once all this takes place?”

“I’ll have to talk to Todoroki about that. I don’t know if his mom is able or if the breakdown she had was really that bad and I’m not sure if his older sister would protect him from Endeavor, my understanding is she’s the closest of them to their father, at least emotionally,” Shouta admitted.

“If those aren’t options, we can always make him a ward of UA, in which case a teacher would be deemed his guardian,” Nezu stated with a pointed look.

Shouta sighed. “I’m going to need a bigger home, aren’t I?”

“And if that happens, UA will gladly provide you with funds for that since you’d be caring for a precious student.”

***

The next morning the top headline on the news was about Endeavor’s arrest for various charges including forcing of a quirk marriage, family violence, child abuse, and his acceptance of multiple bribes from several well-known criminal organizations.

As the four problem children watched the TV in shock, Shouta was both amazed and terrified by how quickly the rat works.

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter out on Monday :)

Green Kitten

Chapter Summary

Todoroki figures out his future and gets settled in.

The students pick hero names and discuss internships

Chapter Notes

CW: referenced/implied abuse

SUPRISE! Because I don't sleep near enough, I actually drafted out through the reveal last night! So be prepared! In excitement for that I decided to go ahead and edit and post today's chapter.

Special shout out to my amazing and talented friend Mouse who studied Japanese and helped me with Izuku's hero name :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Thankful for the long weekend, Shouta had the opportunity to discuss with Todoroki what he would like to do regarding his living situation. Between the uncertainty of her current mental health and the circumstances behind her committal, Todoroki had not felt comfortable living with her if that was an option, at least not right now. “I think though,” he carefully picked his words, “I’d like to visit her. I haven’t seen her since I was 4.”

“I can talk to the facility and make sure there wouldn’t be an issue,” Shouta offered. “And you’re free to visit when you feel ready for it.” Todoroki nodded at this and Shouta moved on to his next option.

His student also had the same concerns about his sister as Shouta did, but stated he still wanted to see her and his brother who was at university. “I know she loves me,” the boy sighed. “The problem is she thinks we can fix everything and be a happy family again.” Shouta nods in understanding.

“Of course, you’re welcome to see your siblings anytime as long as you’re comfortable and it remains safe. Given that, the next option would be being a ward of UA,” he offered. “That means the school would provide for you, including all basic needs and an allowance for anything outside of that: items you may want, being able to hang out with friends, and things like that. It also means a teacher would be

appointed your primary guardian as a stand in for the school. That's something I can do unless you'd feel more comfortable with another teacher? I'm sure Mic and Midnight would also take you in. You'd stay a ward of the school until you graduate unless something changes. For example, if at any point you do feel comfortable and it's deemed safe for you to return to your mom or your sister, we can revisit everything then."

Todoroki stared at him for a minute. "I think that be acceptable. To stay with you that is. Where would I sleep?"

Shouta was a little surprised by his easy acceptance of this, but moved on. "For now, you'll have to share a room with Hitoshi, but I'll start looking for a bigger place and once we move you'll have your own room."

"I think that means no sleepovers for a while," Bakugo frowned as he and Hitoshi walked into the room.

"I don't see how my being here would stop Bakugo from sleeping over?" Todoroki seemed entirely serious and Hitoshi turned bright red.

"They're dating," Izuku called from the kitchen where he was making breakfast. "He may still stay the night, but trust me, you don't want to be here for the type of sleepover he's talking about."

"Oh," was all Todoroki said in response. The two boys had been practically on top of each other watching a movie last night, Shouta had no clue how Todoroki didn't realize.

"Problem Children," Shouta said, bringing the conversation back to matters at hand and now talking to all four of them. "I have to go to UA today to see Recovery Girl. Todoroki, you can come with me so we can sign some paperwork with Nezu and he can go over any additional specifics of being a ward of the school and my guardianship. Hitoshi, can you get some boxes and start packing up things around the apartment that we don't need to have out? The books and things like that? I'm going to start looking for immediate openings for larger places." The boys nodded, Bakugo volunteering to help Hitoshi and Izuku saying he knew some places that would give them boxes.

"But no one is going anywhere until after breakfast," his kitten added, pointing a spatula at them. "Which is done if everyone wants to come grab a plate." Shouta chuckled and moved towards the mug of coffee

that was waiting for him.

***

Izuku looked up from the box he was filling with books as Todoroki came through the door with a very passed out Zawa slung over Zashi's shoulder and no longer in any of his bandages. "What happened?" he asked in concern.

"He had Recovery Girl go a little overboard on the healing," Zashi sighed. "We would have just let him recover there but she said he'd probably be out until tomorrow afternoon, and we didn't want her to have to stay over the weekend for just this idiot." The pro hero moved toward's Zawa's bedroom and came back a few minutes later.

"So he'll be ok? Anything we should do or watch out for?" Izuku questioned.

Zashi just smiled at him. "He'll be fine little listener. He'll be hungry and thirsty when he wakes up but other than that he just needs to sleep just like you when she healed your burns or your arm." Izuku relaxed. "I have patrol so I need to scoot but Nem will be by a little later with some info and some food for you four." And with that he walked out the door leaving him with Todoroki.

"How did things go with Nezu?" Izuku asked.

"We signed some paperwork then looked at some home and apartment listings he had," Todoroki shrugged. "He's securing a place and we're moving right before the internships."

"Oh, that's soon," Izuku tilted his head as he looked at Todoroki. He was wearing some of Hitoshi's clothes which didn't quite look his style. "Do you want to go ahead and get anything from your old home?"

"I suppose I probably should," he sighed.

"We can go now. Or we can wait for Zawa," Izuku offered.

"Now is fine," Todoroki stated. "I doubt anyone is there with everything that happened." Izuku waited for Toshi and Kacchan to get back with more boxes and told his friends where they were going. He also told them about Zawa, stating Zashi said he should be fine but asked that they check on him every so often to be sure, then he and Todoroki were out the door and on the train.

The neighborhood they walked through was nice and both boys looked out of place in their current attire. When they stopped before a gate that led to a large, traditional style Japanese home, Izuku couldn't help but gasp. "That's a big change from this to Zawa's," he noted.

"I don't mind," Todoroki told him. Thankfully he'd been right and as they navigated the walkways they quickly came to his room, meeting no one else along the way. "I mostly just need clothes and a few other things," he said as he grabbed a suitcase out of his closet and started filling it.

"Anything I can get?" Izuku asked, looking around the room nervously.

"I think I've got it, I just need to change real quick," he said and he pulled off the shirt he was wearing and the sweatpants, reaching for a pair of his own clothes when Izuku gasped at the colorful mark he could just see the top of poking out over the band of his boxers.

"You and Momo?" Izuku asked.

"We found out when we were 6," he said. "Her parents were hosting some event for heroes and we were both there, my father having dragged me along. He was ecstatic, two potentially powerful quirks from two wealthy and powerful hero families. Around 3 years ago it became clear to everyone else our bond was platonic, but he still pushed the matter."

"Did," Izuku paused. "Did Momo know?"

"About my father? Yes, but no one believed her," Todoroki was fully dressed again. "Or if they did, they were afraid to go up against him. I told her to stop trying. It only got us both in more trouble."

"Does she know you're not here anymore?" Izuku asked softly. He wasn't really sure how close platonic bonds typically were, but now that he thought about it, Momo did always seem sort of in sync with Todoroki without them even having to say anything.

"She texted me the moment she saw the news," he told her. "She wanted to come visit, but I wasn't sure what was happening yet and now Aizawa is passed out."

"Zawa won't mind, even if he is passed out. He lets Kacchan and I come over whenever we want and sleep over if it's not a school

night," Izuku assured him. "He also believes Soul Bonds are important, so he'd never keep you from someone you're bonded with."

"Are you bonded with Aizawa?" Todoroki asked him point blank.

"What?" Izuku asked, his face bright red. "No, why would you think that?"

"He's different with you," Todoroki said. "You're the only student besides his brother he calls by first name. And I heard him call you Kitten."

"He calls me that because he met me for the first time when I got my quirk. I was 7 and transformed and I couldn't turn back," Izuku stuttered through the explanation. "I was literally a kitten. And he calls Kacchan Pup and Toshi is Cub. You'll probably have a nickname soon too."

"So, you're not soul mates?"

Izuku looked down, some pain in his heart wishing he was. "We," he started then stopped. "We've been training together for a year. I think we'd know by now if we were."

"Oh," Todoroki said flatly, perhaps realizing he'd hit on something he shouldn't have. "I'm sorry I assumed. I think I've got everything if you, want to go."

"Sure, Todoroki," Izuku gave a weak smile.

"Midoriya," he called out as he started to walk out, pulling his suitcase behind him. "Thank you. For everything." Izuku looked up and saw the small upturn of Todoroki's lips, the barely there smile.

"Pretty sure that's what friends do," Izuku gave a genuine smile back.

Much as Izuku predicted, before the weekend was out, Zawa had dubbed Todoroki "Kit".

***

To say the class was surprised when Shouta walked into the classroom on Monday not in bandages head to toe would be an understatement. Of course, his now four problem children already knew.

Shouta was not a vain man, his hero costume was a testament to that. Still, he had initially been self-conscious of the new scar under his eye,

even when Toshi and Bakugo said it would intimidate villains. But Izuku had smiled and said it was a reminder of how brave he was and the words from his kitten has smoothed any worry he had.

“I have offers for your weeklong internships for you following the Sports Festival,” he announced. “But first we have a Hero Informatics lesson,” he looked as the class groaned. “You’re gong to be picking your hero names.” The class cheered. “These names are primarily so you’ll have something to be called on your internship but choose wisely.”

Nem burst through the door to the classroom she’d been waiting behind, trying to find her dramatic opening. “Because the names you pick now you may be stuck with for your career.” Shouta sighed, remembering how Zashi had given him Eraserhead.

“Midnight is here to help you with your names, I’m not any good at this,” he was already getting into his sleeping bag, but he didn’t nap, he listened to what his students came up with.

Most of the names were accepted and not terribly surprising: Tailman, Sugarman, Cellophane, Pinky. They were things he expected his students to come up with. Iida’s was surprising since he just picked his name and couldn’t be persuaded to pick something else. He also seemed less of a stickler about rules today, which was definitely out of character.

Soon just his four problem children were left, Pup being sent back to the drawing board after King Explosion Murder was rejected. Kit was called on next.

“Shoto,” he said.

“No Todo-kun,” Izuku told him in frustration before Midnight could question it. “Come here.”

Much like with Hitoshi, Izuku had pulled Todoroki into their friend group quickly. Shouta watched through half closed eyes as the two boys talked then Todoroki came back to the front. “Zenko,” he showed.

“Ohhh like the good Kitsune who would act as guardians and help in times of trouble. Plus, with your fire powers that’s an excellent choice!” Midnight declared.

“I’ll go next,” Cub stood up. “Siren,” he offered.

“Ohhh the mythological Greek creatures who’d control others with their voices. I love it!” Midnight approved. “That just leaves Bakugo and Midoriya.” The two had been talking back and forth on and off since Bakugo’s original name had been rejected and the explosive pup stood back up.

“Ground Zero,” Bakugo shared his new name. “Like the center of an explosion.”

“Much better!” Midnight called. “Approved! Midoriya that just leaves you.”

Midoriya walked up and showed his board to the class. Shouta could here Hitoshi stifle a laugh. “Midokone.”

Did he just pick Green Kitten as his hero name?

“Ahhhh I love it little Kitten,” Midnight squealed, she glanced back at Shouta and he knew he couldn’t hide the blush on face.

Once he was sure his face had returned to a normal color, Shouta stood up and explained the internships and the offers they received. “The offers are normally a little more spread out but this year it seems a couple of you garnered a lot of interest.” He showed the numbers on the board. Todoroki and Bakugo had received by far the most offers, around 4,000 and 3,500 respectively. Tokoyami, Iida, Kaminari, and Izuku had all received between 200 and 300. Hitoshi received around 100 offers. A few other students received offers as well.

“If you didn’t get any offers, don’t worry. There’s around 40 agencies that are approved and willing to work with any of you.” He passed out lists to everyone of their offers or the list of agencies. “Have your placement forms into me by Wednesday so I can have everything in order for next week.”

***

“So where do you think you’ll go?” Izuku asked once everyone sat down with their lunches.

“I got an offer from Hawks,” Tokoyami stated. “I think there’s much I can learn from him.”

“Wow, Hawks?” Toshi exclaimed. “That’s impressive. Izuku had to agree.

“The best offer I got was from Best Jeanist,” Kacchan declared. “He’s the number 4 hero so I’m gonna take it.”

“He’ll probably comb down your hair and make you a new uniform of jean,” Toshi teased him.

“Shut up,” Kacchan told his boyfriend, though everyone else at the table knew he was probably right. “Who you going with Tosh?”

“Present Mic,” Toshi said. “I know our quirks are different and he’s not underground, but his is also voice based so I figured I could learn a few things from him.”

“Makes sense! What about you Todo-kun?” Izuku asked.

“I’m not sure Midoriya,” he said, looking through the stack of paper. “I’d like to find somewhere that can help me with my fire, but a lot of fire heroes are with Endeavor’s agency.” He paused considering something. “They did give me an offer, even after everything that happened.”

“Absolutely not,” Izuku glared at his friend. “Hand me your list.” Izuku started flipping through the names and then stopped. “This one.” He passed the paper back to Todoroki. “She’s not top 100 because she stays out of the spotlight for the most part, but Phoenix is an independent hero who runs her own agency. She creates and manipulates fire in a number of ways and can even use it to make wings she can soar on. She’d be able to help you and she has no association with your father.”

“I missed her on the list,” he admitted, though to be fair his list was really long. “But she would be a good choice.”

“What about you Izu?” Kacchan asked. “Who are you going to intern with?”

“I’m trying to pick,” Izuku sighed. “I got an offer from the Wild Wild Pussy Cats, which I have a feeling is because I’m a cat. But it would give me a chance to focus on rescue training which is something I haven’t done as much of. Only problem is they primarily work in less populated areas and I’m pretty sure I want to stay in the city. I also got an offer from Miruko.”

“Miruko!” Kacchan yelled, people turning to look. “You got an offer from her!”

“Yeah,” he shrugged. “Once again I think it’s my quirk. I hear she only ever offers to people with animal quirks. But she’s a great fighter and her style is different than Aizawa’s so it give me a chance to learn something new.”

“Plus, she’s pretty highly ranked,” Toshi pointed out. “She’d be a great connection to have.”

“Yeah, but I’ve been considering going underground,” Izuku shrugged. “My cat form would be great for stealth and information gathering. People often think I’m an actual cat. Which leads me to my third choice, Smoke. She’s an underground hero, her quirk lets her emit a smoke that is hard to see through, without special goggles that are apparently a super big secret in the support community like Aizawa’s capture weapon. I could learn a lot from her about stealth and working underground.”

“Couldn’t you learn a lot of that from Shou-kun?” Toshi asked.

“I could but I think it be good to learn from other people as well,” Izuku shrugged. “Plus, you know Zawa doesn’t take Interns. He says it’s his one week off. I think I know which way I’m leaning with these three but I’m just not sure.”

“Just follow your gut Midoriya,” Todo-kun told him. “You’ve always made good choices.”

“Thanks Todo-kun,” he smiled at his new friend.

***

At the end of the day Izuku stood outside the principal’s door before giving a small knock and opening it. “Nezu-sensei, Aizawa said you wanted to meet with me?”

“Midoriya-kun!” The chimera called. “Come in, I have tea.”

“Thank you, Nezu-sensei,” he smiled before closing the door behind him and settling into the chair across from the principal.

“How are you settling in at UA, Midoriya-kun?” Nezu asked with a big cheery smile.

“I’m liking it very much,” Izuku smiled, “The classes and teachers are great.” The boy pauses for a moment. “Nezu-sensei is this meeting about the offer you made me before?”

“As a matter of fact, it is! Now that you’ve settled in and the festival is over, I was hoping we may rediscuss the matter of becoming my student,” he grins before taking a sip of tea.

“Nezu-sensei, what would you teach me as your student?” Izuku asks, wanting to know more about what the principal had in mind before he agrees.

“Well, Midoriya-kun, I think we’d primarily work on improving your analysis skills both in writing and in the moment,” Nezu offers. “Part of that would be analyzing your classmates to help your skill improve and in turn help them improve.”

Izuku thinks for a moment. “Nezu-Sensei, you’re the one who helped Todo-kun, right? Who took down Endeavor?” He nervously asked, unsure if this is a topic he should broach.

“I did Midoriya-kun, why do you ask?”

“I want to learn to do that,” he says.

There’s a glint in the principal’s eyes that Izuku has never quite seen as he sets down his tea and folds his paws together. “Explain to me why.”

Izuku tried to formulate the words he wanted to use in his head. “Heroes are supposed to save people. They shouldn’t abuse their power or the people around them,” Izuku said. “I know heroes aren’t perfect; they’re people who make mistakes too. But a person who does what Endeavor did shouldn’t be called a hero. Yet he had enough power to keep it hidden until Todo-kun finally spoke up and then you exposed him.” Izuku took a deep breath. “I want to be able to help in that way if it’s ever needed again.”

Nezu’s grin widens. “I believe we can work that in. How about we start after your internship? Every Wednesday during your free period?”

Chapter End Notes

If you're curious, everyone else picked their names from the show, the only ones who changed were Bakugo, Izuku and Todoroki... well, plus Shinsou cause he's hero course now :)

Also Midokone is a shortened version of midori na koneko.
Thanks again Mouse <3

***

Also Q&A follow up - I forgot to include someone asking if I'd be including Oboro in the story.

The answer is not in this story (though yes in my other story - Burning Hope). I didn't set him up in the beginning as a friend in the class and I haven't done any grief building for that with Aizawa (and he's younger so he'd definitely have more trauma attached to it still than in canon). Plus I don't plan to take this story through the Meta Liberation Army or Paranormal Liberation Front arcs - Since Izuku wasn't given One for All, they just don't seem relevant to the story I'm telling with him.

See What You Can Do

Chapter Summary

Internships begin

Chapter Notes

CW: A slight reference to Todoroki's abuse but nothing else that I can think of.

Thank you all so much for all the support <3 Yall are truly awesome.

Heads up I have some doctor appts this week so if things are late, I miss a day, or I'm not as responsive as usual no worries, it's just a busy week for me <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Zashi had never taken on an intern before and was honestly surprised when Hitoshi accepted his offer. Sure, he'd put in for his best friend's brother, but thanks to the way he and Izuku had handled their fight, he knew he'd received more interest than they'd anticipated. But Sho said he wanted to work with someone else who had a voice related quirk in hopes of building those skills. So Zashi took the week off from school so he could focus with the kid on training, patrols, and the other things he did like the radio station.

"Hey little listener!" He called out when the purple haired boy arrived in the lobby of the space that served as both his radio station and his agency, a newer but exciting development. "You ready?"

"Yes Zashi," he nodded, trying to look serious.

"Follow me," he waved him back. "First things first, whenever we're in public and in costume," he waved to his outfit, "I'm Present Mic or Mic and you're Siren. Gotta try to keep your real name under wraps."

"Right, like at school. Sorry Mic," he said.

"No worries Little Listener. When it's just us, you can still call me Zashi," he smiled. "Most of your friends won't intern with people they already know so this will be a unique issue for us. Anyway, the first couple days I'd like to do mostly training around here. We'll do some

practice with your physical combat and then with your quirk. Based on what Sho told me, my goal is to help you maintain a longer hold and for it to be harder to break. I also was thinking we could use the radio equipment to test out some of the theories Midoriya suggested."

"I'd like to work on that," Hitoshi nods enthusiastically.

"Perfect! I think by Wednesday we should be able to try our first patrol. I know you're wanting to go underground so we'll try to keep a low profile for you." The boy smiled in thanks.

Zashi started his tour of the space, letting the kid know he could leave his bags in his office for now and that he'd be staying in the spare bedroom he and Nem have. His agency was just getting started and wasn't big enough to require possible housing for side kicks or others, but maybe one day.

"Alright Little Listener," Zashi grinned once the tour was finished. "You want to start with physical or quirk training?"

***

"Do you know why I sent you an offer?" Best Jeanist asked then proceeded to respond before the spikey haired blonde could say because he won the Sports Festival. "You're rough, impulsive and at times have a foul mouth and temper."

"What the fuck?" Katsuki asked in annoyance.

"Case and point. As a hero it is my responsibility to curb such behavior. I can't allow you to become a pro and behave this way. So, this week we will whip you into shape," Best Jeanist declared as he pulls a comb out of his pocket.

Fuck, Tosh was right.

***

"Zenko," the short woman with bright orange and yellow hair smiled as she ushed him into the house on the outskirts of Hosu. "I'm Phoenix. I know this probably isn't what you're use to, but since I'm independent I primarily use my home for training and just keep a small office as my official address where my manager handles requests, paperwork, anything to do with the Commission."

"My father use to train me at home," Shoto said simply because it was

true.

“Oh,” her face turned compassionate. “If this brings up bad memories, I can find another place for us to train. I have a colleague who would gladly share space with us.”

Shoto gives a small smile. “This will be ok.”

She relaxes and her smile looks relieved. “Great. We may still go there later in the week, her set up is amazing. And if at any point you feel uncomfortable or you need a change of scenery let me know. I’ve got a training room inside with some equipment and a yard for sparring and quirk practice. Here, let me show you around and show you where you’ll be staying.”

The house is comfortable, and she shows him around upstairs first where there’s a guest bedroom he leaves his belongings in, a bathroom, and the door to her bedroom which she says he can always knock on if he needs anything and she’s sleeping. There’s also a small office and library space with a soft looking window seat. “You’re welcome to any of the books or to use the desk if you need it during down time. I just ask that you not move around any papers that may be on it, I’d hate to lose files,” she pauses, “again,” she adds with a laugh before moving forward.

Downstairs there’s a kitchen which she gives him full reign of, saying it’s stocked with snacks and drinks, but they can always make a grocery run if he’d like something that isn’t there. There’s a large, brightly lit and colorful training room with a treadmill, weight bench, a punching bag, and various things like free weights and a medicine ball. “Fighting and quirk training are useful, but it’s also helpful to build muscle and work on endurance. That’s primarily what this space is for.” He nods, but it’s so different from his father who wanted to focus on his quirks alone.

Then she leads him through two sliding glass doors to a large yard that is half grass and half scorched concrete. “That’s where I practice my fire. The whole yard is equipped with emergency sprinklers if it ever goes beyond the concrete.” She explained. “Eraserhead said you wanted to use part of the week to practice better control over the fire half of your quirk so we can practice that out here when you’re ready” she offered. “Outside that we can spar or do any other exercises that don’t seem like they’d work inside. You can also use your ice anywhere in the yard so long as we melt it afterward.”

She watched with a gentle smile as he took everything in. “I baked some cookies earlier,” Phoenix finally offered. “How about we have a couple and make a schedule for the week together? I have patrols later in the week that we’ll have to go on, but outside of those we can set some goals and then some activities to achieve those?”

Todoroki nodded and followed her inside. Midoriya was right. Phoenix was a good choice.

***

Was this the right address? It looked like an abandoned warehouse in the middle of the industrial part of Hosu. The windows were boarded up and the building looked dilapidated. He decided to knock on the door and if no one answered he’d call Zawa who said he’d worked with Smoke once or twice before.

A few moments later the door flew open and a hand grabbed his arm and pulled him inside a small front room with an empty desk. “Midoriya?” the tall woman who was probably in her 30’s with ashen grey hair asked. She was wearing black cargo pants and a grey tank top similar in color to her hair.

“Smoke?” he asked in return.

“Yeah kid,” she laughed. “But in here you can call me Mio,” she waved for him to follow her through the door. “Good job being on time. Eraser said you were punctual, but I never know if people will actually make it here.” She flipped on a light and Izuku’s eyes grew huge. There was basically an indoor obstacle course complete with items to jump off and over and dummies to dodge in between. There was a corner of the room with weight training equipment. There was a climbing wall but unlike a normal rock-climbing wall, it seemed to feature various types of building sides you might encounter in a city. In the center was a boxing ring.

“Yeah, it’s a lot,” she laughed as she took in his face. “But it keeps me on my toes and other heroes pop in to train here sometimes too. Kitchen is through that door, feel free to take or cook whatever you like. I’ll make breakfast and dinner, though fair warning my cooking is pretty American. I studied and worked there for a while and every meal I can make I learned from my roommate there. I’ll trust you to take care of your own lunch and any snacks you may want. Rooms are up the stairs.”

She led him up a set of worn wooden stairs next to the kitchen.

“Bathroom is here with a shower,” she pointed at the first door at the top of the landing that spread across the whole side of the gym. “My room is at the end and you can have either of the two other rooms. They’re basically just a bed and desk for other heroes who may stay the night. Go ahead and settle in then change into some work out clothes and meet me downstairs in 20. I want to see what you can do first, including some of those cat forms I saw at the festival.”

“Yes Mio-san,” Izuku nodded and rushed off into the first room.

***

Shouta sat on the couch in the new home Nezu had found watching Tora bat around a small plush mouse. With that being strangely the only sound, he found himself wondering how his problem children were doing.

To say their now strangely quiet new home was large would be an understatement. The western style home was halfway between UA and the Midoriya’s apartment, though whether that was on purpose or a coincidence Shouta was unsure. Downstairs featured the living room he was currently in, one he’d acquired a second couch for, a large kitchen, the main bedroom which he had taken, and an office with a large window that looked out onto the back yard big enough for the boys to do some training in when they weren’t at UA.

Upstairs had 3 bedrooms: one for Hitoshi, one for Shoto, and a guest bedroom that would primarily be used by Izuku. There was another large, shared space that the four problem children had quickly filled with a couch, bean bag chairs, a TV and a gaming system, all paid for with the surprisingly generous allowance UA had provided. Shouta silently wondered when he first saw the account if he should have become a ward of the school back when he was a student. That allowance probably would have made his first year as a hero easier financially if he’d invested and saved properly.

They had moved this past weekend and then this morning he saw all his students off at the train station, reminding them of what was expected as students of UA. Iida still seemed off and Izuku had texted him shortly after they left that on the train he classmate seemed angry about something.

On top of that, Iida had offers from several high-profile agencies and came from a well-known hero family. Shouta had worked with his brother a few times on special cases and enjoyed the man’s company

and he knew their parents were heroes before them. So, what had made his choose Manual? He'd met the hero who was part of a small agency in Hosu. He was nice enough, but it was the exact opposite of what he expected from Iida and unlike some others, this particular student was fairly predictable.

Maybe it was something about Hosu? Shouta grabbed his laptop off the coffee table and started searching news in Hosu. He scrolled back over the past few weeks when he saw an article. "Pro Hero Ingenium Hospitalized After Attack."

He clicked and read through it. Tensei had been attacked by the Hero Killer Stain in Hosu the same day as the Sports Festival. He would survive but it was unclear if he'd be able to return to hero work. Fuck, why hadn't he been informed of this? If Shouta had known, he would have never approved the placement and it was too late to move him now. He pulled up the contact info for his Iida's placements and quickly made a call to the hero over seeing his student this week.

***

Zawa had texted him and Todo-kun, letting them know if they saw Iida on patrol to keep an eye on him. He shared the information he had on Stain and Ingenium. Izuku wasn't exactly friends with Iida, but he sincerely hoped his classmate wasn't about to do something stupid.

The third night of his internship during dinner Mio looked up at him. "Alright kid, your first patrol is tonight so let's go over some ground rules."

"Ok Mio-san," Izuku nodded.

"First, you wear these goggles," she passed him a pair. "I know they aren't part of your costume but they're the only way you can see through my smoke screen. I keep extras to provide to heroes I may be working with," Izuku nodded taking the googles.

"Second, when we're out there I'm Smoke and you're Midokone," she said. "Also, any heroes or hero students we run into you need to use their hero names too. I know you're already pretty good at this knowing Eraser, Mic and Midnight out of costume but I'm just issuing a reminder."

"Third, I expect you to stick with me kid but if for some reason we do get separated send me your location immediately, got it?" He nodded.

“Finally, Eraser told me about your tendency to run into things. He said you’re crazy smart and a good tactician, but he also said you threw yourself at some creature designed to take down All Might and bit the fingers off the leader of the League of Villains,” she stared him down. “You don’t have a license; you can’t do that shit out there. You are to stay back and watch or assist civilians who may need first aid or a way to escape. No running into a fight. Unless I state otherwise, I only give you permission to engage in self-defense and only if you can’t escape. Got it?” The question left no room for disagreement.

A couple hours later the two left out, Smoke using the roof tops and Izuku following behind. She was patient, knowing he was not as experienced in this, but still kept up a quick pace. “You know, you can use one of your cat forms,” she laughed and Izuku immediately shifted into his jaguar form and now had no issues keeping up with his hero mentor. He was enjoying racing across the rooftops, keeping an eye and an ear out from trouble.

Neither of them was expecting trouble in the form of a bulky, abnormal looking creature with an exposed brain flying through the sky toward the center of the city. “What the fuck was that?” Smoke came to a stop and said mostly to herself.

Izuku shifted back and starred at the creature. "Nomu.”

Chapter End Notes

> Did I create 2 OC heroes just for Todoroki and Izuku... yes, yes I did.

I Was Never Worthless

Chapter Summary

Hosu!!! Nomus, Stain, and all that jazz

Chapter Notes

CW: cannon typical violence and one panic attack

Here's the chapter! Thanks again yall for all the amazing support <3

Once again, my combat writing is meh but I hope you enjoy anyways

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What the fuck is a Nomu kid?” Smoke asked as they started to race in that direction, Izuku staying in his human form to communicate.

“The creature I fought at the USJ, they called it Nomu,” Izuku panted out as they ran, almost not stopping in time when Smoke froze and turned to look at him.

“The one designed to kill All Might?” Izuku nodded. “Tell me everything you know about them.”

Izuku shared as quickly as he could about the one he fought, the accelerated regeneration, the exposed brain being a weak point, the super human strength. “But that one was different,” Izuku pointed out. “It had wings. I don’t think they are all built the same.”

“Built?” she asked.

“It’s body didn’t make sense,” Izuku shared. “And it seemed to have multiple quirks. If it was human at one point it had gone through enough that it wasn’t anymore.”

“Ok, so it’s probably some sort of human experiment and we may be fighting all those things or we may be fighting something else entirely? Great,” she groaned. “Let’s go, it looks like there’s a few in the shopping district, I need you to help evacuate civilians.”

“Got it Smoke,” he put his goggles in place then they were running

again, leaping from roof to roof when they see a truck fall from the sky, causing fire to fill the area upon impact. A few heroes are already in there, fighting 4 different looking Nomu. Smoke leaps into action, slamming into one's head with her foot, while Izuku starts leading a young woman out of the area that he noticed was frozen in shock.

Suddenly someone soars in on bright orange wings of flame and sets one of the Nomu on fire. "Phoenix!" That means, he looked around and ran towards his friend. "Zenko!"

"Midokone," his friend nods in response, currently using his ice powers to try to help put out the flames.

"Where is he!" they hear someone yell, and Izuku immediately turns to see if it's a civilian looking for someone, instead they see a young man in a hero costume.

"Isn't that Tenya's hero mentor?" Izuku asked and Todo-kun nods. They both go running toward him. "Excuse me sir, is Tenya missing?"

"He disappeared a few blocks south of here as these began to attack," Manual told him.

Izuku nods then runs to get close enough to his hero mentor, Todo-kun following. "Smoke!" She moves toward him as another hero takes her place against the villain. "My friend from class is missing, I think he may be in trouble."

She eyes the two students in front of her. "You're Phoenix's mentee?" He nods. "Go with him, I'll let Phoenix know. You both have my permission to engage but only in self-defense or if necessary to save a life. This only if you can't escape. If you get into trouble, send me your location immediately. And take these just in case."

"Yes Smoke!" Izuku answers as she tosses another pair of goggles at Todoroki who looks at them with confusion.

"So, you can see if I have to come save your ass," she explained. "Go. And be careful, Eraser will kill me if something happens to you two."

Smoke jumps back into the fray and Izuku and Todoroki head south. "I think he's looking for Stain," Izuku said as they ran. "I did some research, and they always find the heroes in alleys so we need to look there. Can you jump the roofs?"

"Yeah, it'll be the easiest way to find him," Todo-kun nods and Izuku

starts to climb the side of the nearest building with Todoroki following. Once on the roof he shifts into a jaguar and both start to run, keeping eyes and ears open when a sound catches Izuku's ear and runs off. From the roof top he sees a man looming over what looks like Iida's costume with a katana. "That's Stain." Todoroki whispers.

Izuku shifts back, pushing the button he'd already pulled up to send his location to a list of people: classmates and pros that he knew, including Smoke. "Let's go." Izuku starts using the technique Smoke taught him to quickly descend the building, jumping back and forth then slams into Stain as he's about to plunge the knife.

"Midoriya!" Iida yells.

"Tenya, we're going to save you," Izuku bounced back away from the hero killer. "We need to go back toward the street."

"I can't move, I think he paralyzed me," Iida says. "You need to run, this is my fight, not yours."

"And leave you and Native to die?" Izuku glares while never taking an eye off Stain. "You know that's not going to happen!"

"You showed up to save your friend's life," Stain stared at them. "But I have a duty to kill him and this so-called pro." The Hero Killer looked at him as if he were an obstacle in a holy mission. "So what are you going to do about it?"

Then a blast of fire barreled toward Stain from above as Todo-kun jumped the rest of the way down. "Ahhh two of you," Stain glared, as another blast of fire flew out, keeping Stain separate from the block of ice he used to slide Native their way so they could stand in front of him.

"Todoroki you too! Both you need to run away, this has nothing to do with you!" Iida yelled.

"That's nonsense," Todoroki sighs. "Why are we training to be heroes?"

"Heroes meddle when they don't have to Tenya," Izuku followed up. This gave Stain pause. "Zenko can you keep him at bay while I try to get them out of here? Don't let him cut you, I think that's how he paralyzes people."

"Sure, thing Midokone," he starts alternating between blasts of ice and

fire. Izuku shifts into his jaguar form and latches onto the collar of Ida's costume, dragging him backward when he sees stain break through an ice block and flinging two knives forward which collide with Todo-kun's arm. Izuku dropped Iida and leapt forward, colliding with Stain with a loud growl just before he reaches his friend. He's holding him to the ground with Stain's tongue laps against the cut he didn't realize was on his front leg.

All control of his body goes lax as he collapses upon the Hero Killer who shoves him to the side. "You and Zenko," Stain stares him. Despite the loss of control over his muscles, Izuku manages to shift back to his human form. "You two get to live. You'll be great heroes. But the others die."

"Zenko! He digests blood to paralyze!"

He notices to the blood pouring down Todoroki's arm and worries for his friend as Stain races for him. Todo-kun keeps him at bay but he's growing tired. Izuku keeps struggling to move and eventually, he felt his paw twitch. It has a time limit, he realized as he rose to his feet. Why was he able to get up but the others weren't? Maybe the amount of blood ingested? Or Blood type? He can consider that later.

He shifted into his snow leopard form, and silently raced forward before pouncing on Stain from behind as he shifted into his much heavier jaguar form and letting out a growl. The man goes down with Izuku pinning his limbs and using his jaw to hold his head in place. Todoroki rushed forward and kicked the katanas away, being careful to avoid dripping blood anywhere near the man's mouth.

Two other forms dropped down from the roof, an exasperated Smoke and a shocked Phoenix. "Eraser was right, of course you'd run off to find a friend and end up fighting Stain," he mentor groaned as she pulled a pair of cuffs out of her pocket and moved her way underneath Izuku to move Stain's hands together, Izuku shifting to pin his shoulders, then she pulled out another set to cuff his feet together. As soon as she was finished Izuku shifted back. Aside from the cut on his arm he was unharmed.

"I'm glad you showed up when you did Smoke," he gave her a tired smile. "Also, if you have any cuts don't let him near them, he paralyzes people by ingesting their blood."

"Those cuffs are quirk suppressing but good to know Midokone," she shakes her head. "I sent an alert to the police, most of the Nomu have

been taken care of but I don't know how long it'll take for them to get here."

"Why don't we move everyone to the front of the alley?" Phoenix suggested as she helped lift Native up after checking him for any wounds that shouldn't be moved. Iida was getting up now, a large gash through his armor in his shoulder. Todo-kun's arm would need to be looked at and would need either a healing or stitches.

"I'll let dispatch know we need an ambulance too," Phoenix sighed as they reached the opening to the alley. "And I'll call Eraserhead. Since you all were injured, he'll need to alert guardians."

"He may already be on the way," Izuku told her. "He's on the list of people I sent my location to."

Phoenix nodded as she started her phone call. Then Izuku noticed Smoke tense before hearing the sound of air moving just before he felt claws dig into his shoulders. Something was lifting him up off the ground and when he looked up he saw one of the Nomu with wings. His breath immediately picked up and he wasn't sure what to do. He couldn't reach a weak point from here. No, he couldn't panic, he needed to stay calm. They were steadily climbing higher and higher when suddenly, it dropped him on a roof top. He went into the roll to brace his fall, a new skill he'd picked up from Smoke, then bounced up into the best fighting stance he could manage with his shoulders now torn up.

But the nomu flew away and the only other being on the roof was a tall, lean man with curly black hair, freckles, and a cruel grin. Fire licked out from his mouth and even ten years older, Izuku knew this man.

"Long time no see son. Nice to see your quirk finally came in."

"What are you doing here?" was all he could ask.

"A colleague of mine told me about a little green cat who stole his fingers during a villain attack. Imagine my amusement when I realized it was my son, apparently not so worthless after all," he took a step forward and Izuku crouched, ready to dodge or attack if needed.

"I was never worthless," he growled.

"We can debate that later, son. For now it's time to go," he grinned as he moved to grab Izuku. He pulled back, just out of reach of the man's

grip when a dark black fog surrounded them. Thankful for the goggles, Izuku moved away as he watched his father's look turn from confused to frustrated and angry when Smoke punched him. At the same time he felt two arms wrap around him and the gentle voice of Phoenix say, "I got you kid." The wings of flame erupted from her back and she used them to soar back down to where his friends were, now with multiple police officers present.

She set him down before turning to Todo-kun, "Zenko, help with his wounds until the paramedics get here, I'm going to help Smoke." She took back off to the sky as Izuku slumped to the ground, his breath short and erratic as he trembled.

"Midokone," he could hear someone calling his name, but he wasn't sure who. Nothing around him seemed quite real. Then someone was asking him to breathe and moving his body. As his breathing slowed, they started asking him to identify things he could touch, see and hear and the realization came that he was in ambulance now, his shoulders being pressed against to stop the bleeding while another paramedic checked his vitals and asked him questions. He was safe.

***

All three hero students waited in the same hospital room, bandaged and back in either their own clothes or scrubs provided by the facility.

"I'm sorry," Iida said.

"You better be," Izuku glared at him. "Do you know how worried we were when we heard Manual say you'd gone missing! I know he hurt your brother but what made you think it was a smart idea to try to take on someone who's killed dozens of professional heroes on your own?"

"We only fought him because there was no way to escape with the two of you," Todoroki shared. "And he probably would have paralyzed me too if Izuku hadn't regained movement."

"I let my wish for justice get the better of me," Iida said.

"That wasn't justice Iida, that was revenge," Izuku sighed in frustration. "I'm going to stop now because I know you're going to get an earful from Aizawa when he shows up."

"Why would our teacher show up?" Iida looked confused.

“Because he’s my guardian now that I’m a ward of UA,” Todoroki offered.

The door opened and a man in a suit with the head of a beagle entered followed by Smoke, Phoenix and Manual. “I’m Hosu’s Chief of Police, Kenji Tsuragamae.” All three rose to stand, Izuku wondering what would bring the chief here.

“So, you’re the UA students who brought down the Hero Killer?” he eyed them all.

“We are,” Todoroki admitted.

“Stain sustained a few injuries, some cuts and severe burns, a bite mark to the back of his head. Right now he’s in the hospital under strict guard. As you are all aware, you require a license to fight crime while using a quirk, to do so without a license is a violation of the law and makes you a vigilante. Whether you were up against the Hero Killer or not, none of you had the authority to harm the villain. That means all of you and your mentors should receive harsh punishment for gross misuse of your powers.”

“Sir, Midokone and myself were given permission to use our quirks in self defense or the defense of another if escape was not possible,” Todo-kun stated. “We initially tried to remove Tenya and Native from the alley, but Stain proved too fast, and we had to defend ourselves. And before that if Iida had not stepped in, Native would have been murdered.”

“That’s true,” Smoke stated. “Midokone and Zenko requested to search for their friend when he went missing. As we were in the middle of the Nomu attack on Hosu, I granted them permission to use their quirks in those circumstances as Midokone’s internship supervisor and on behalf of Phoenix.”

Phoenix nods. “And I support Smoke’s decision in regard to my own mentee. Their fellow student needed to be located immediately, but we were mid battle, and the city was too dangerous at the moment to not grant that permission.”

The police chief nods. “Given that, the official story could be that Phoenix and Smoke took down the Hero Killer with the help of their interns, Midokone and Zenko. In an effort not to damage any promising careers we can state Tenya as a victim of Stain.”

“That would be more than I deserve,” Iida nodded. “I was paralyzed

the entire fight and if it weren't for my actions, my classmates wouldn't have been there."

"In that case I'll get the paperwork filed," the chief nods to them. "But boys, next time you fight a villain in my city, you better have a license."

"Yes Sir," they all said.

"I'll make sure we have a full lesson on vigilantes when they return," Zawa's voice could be heard from the door just before he walked in wearing his hero costume.

The chief nodded to him and with that he left, leaving Zawa to glare down at all of them. "We're having a talk about this later problem children, but for now I want to know you're all ok." They let him know their injuries but that they were told a nurse should be by to start discharging them soon. During this, Smoke gave Manual a look and he took Iida for a walk around the floor so they could talk.

"Eraser," Smoke had on her serious face. "We need to talk about the fact that you never told me Midoriya's father is Ifrit."

Chapter End Notes

> We'll find out the fall out from this next time (:
>
> Also I started working on a soulmark Aideku story with an aged up prior vigilante Izuku ... it's not my priority right now, my other two stories are, so it's slow going but once I'm closer to completed with this one I may post it. Let me know if that's something you'd be interested in.

What else do I not know about him?

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of Hosu and the encounter with Ifrit

Chapter Notes

CW: Referenced Child Abuse

Hey yall! Once again thanks for all the support, you're all truly amazing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What are you talking about?” Shouta asked in confusion.

“After we dragged Stain out to the edge of the alley one of those nomu swooped down and grabbed Midoriya. Phoenix and I followed but the thing dropped him on a roof with Ifrit and the man called him son,” Smoke shared, frustration in her voice. “Normally shit like that is in UA files so mentors are prepared.”

“Izuku hasn’t seen his father since he was 4,” Shouta paused, thinking back to his conversation with Tsukauchi. “Shit.”

“What is it Eraser?” Phoenix asked. He looked up and saw Izuku’s terrified eyes.

“We did know, that’s why it wasn’t in the file. We need to wait for Midoriya-san to have this conversation,” Shouta said. “I only have a couple pieces but she may be able to fill in more.”

“I mean no offense Eraser, Midoriya, but if she was married to him is she really going to give up information?” Smoke asked.

“She will,” Shouta said. “Trust me, she’d do anything to protect Izuku.”

“How do you know that?” her eyes narrowed in assessment.

“She broke her soul bond to protect me,” the room was silent aside from Izuku’s quiet whisper. “I was mistakenly determined to be quirkless when I was four. He’d already abused me before that, though she didn’t know at the time. The burn scars on my back and arms are

from him." He lifted up his sleeve a little and the other two heroes flinched. "When he found out what the doctor said he went ballistic. I never got the full story but from what I understand he wanted to get rid of me. When I came home the next day, he was gone, and mom had broken their bond."

"I'm sorry kid," she sighed. "I take back my concern. She sounds like a great mom. It's just, Ifrit is dangerous, so I have to be sure."

"Is he really that dangerous?" Izuku's voice trembled.

"Hey Kitten," Aizawa crouched in front of him, placing a gloved hand on his cheek as he wiped away the beginning of a tear. "You're safe. We're not going to let anything happen to you. Smoke and Phoenix saved you today. And the rest of us will protect you too: your mom, me, Bakugo, Hitoshi, Shoto, your teachers. We're all here for you. Got it?"

"Ok Zawa," he gave a shaky smile.

Everyone waited on edge until a green haired woman rushed through the door in scrubs. "Zuku, honey, are you ok? Aizawa called and said they were taking you to the hospital."

"Just some cuts, I probably shouldn't do anything to strain my shoulders for a while," he offers.

She eyes him with suspicion. "What aren't you telling me?"

"Midoriya-san," Shouta called her name. "Perhaps we should all sit down for this." The woman nodded and sat down on the bed next to Izuku, then pulled Shoto into her other side, offering comfort to both boys. She hadn't known the boy long, but she had immediately attached herself to him like she'd done with Hitoshi.

"Midoriya-san, I'm Smoke, I am your son's supervisor for his hero internship," she explained. "And this is Phoenix, she is Todoroki's supervisor. While out on patrol tonight there was an attack in Hosu. The boys went with permission to find a classmate of theirs who was separated from his supervising hero when they ran across the Hero Killer Stain and managed to defeat him."

She sighed. "Why am I not surprised you two ran across someone literally known as 'The Hero Killer' and ended up fighting him. Is that what his injuries are from?"

“Just the one on his wrist,” Phoenix stepped in with a more gentle but still informative approach. “The ones on his shoulder are from a nomu creature, similar to the one from the USJ but with wings. This on flew off with him and set him down on a roof for a conversation with a villain known as Ifrit.”

Midoriya-san looked concerned but didn’t seem to show any recognition of the name. “Who is Ifrit and what did he want with Zuku?”

“It was Dad,” Izuku’s voice was quiet. “He seemed excited my quirk had come in and that I wasn’t worthless to him anymore. He tried to grab me, but I dodged him, and Smoke and Phoenix showed up.”

Her eyes were wide. “Are you sure, Zuku? Are you sure it was him?” Izuku nodded as he trembled and Shouta had to resist the urge to scoop his kitten up and hide him away from the world. “How did he find him?” she demanded to know, defensive anger in her eyes as she pulled her son closer.

“He said he works with Shigaraki,” Izuku offered.

“Ifrit is with the League of Villains?” Shouta asked in concern. That didn’t make sense, not based on what they knew of the two villains and their personalities.

“He called him a colleague,” Izuku shared.

“From what I’ve heard about Shigaraki, he’s not someone Ifrit would answer to,” Smoke noted.

“Agreed, so either he’s working with them but not a part of them, he’s an equal with Shigaraki at the top, or there’s someone above them,” Shouta pondered, that last option was frankly terrifying.

“Midoriya-san, I hate to ask but can you tell us anything about Ifrit?” Smoke asked.

The woman started to recount her past, looking tired. “I met him at a club about 2 years before Izuku was born. He asked me to dance and when we touched, well, he was my soulmate. I threw myself into the relationship and noticed the anger and the manipulation too late, I was married and pregnant with Izuku. I should have left then, but I foolishly thought I could change him, that I could mend his soul. I spent four years trying to save my bond and protect Zuku but just kept noticing more. He had secrets, I’m sure they were dangerous. He never

told me what he did for a living, just said free lance work."

She sighed. "Then when Izuku turned four he started suddenly wanting to take over his care. He would help him bathe and change clothes. I thought maybe he really was changing, that maybe he wanted to be a good father. But a couple weeks later I took Izuku to the quirk specialist. They said he was quirkless."

"I don't mean to interrupt, but you and Izuku have both mentioned that he was told he was quirkless," Phoenix said. "But isn't part of his quirk a mutation? How did the doctor say he was quirkless?"

"Zuku's ears and tail didn't appear until he was seven when his transformation became possible," Midoriya-san explained. "Prior to that he showed no signs of a quirk. The new specialist we saw said his body probably suppressed it prior to that."

"I met Izuku for the first time the day his quirk came in," Shouta added, "His transformation was just a kitten, if I had to guess a pretty young one. If he'd transformed at a younger age he probably would have been like a newborn."

"That's different," she quirked her head to the side. "But stranger things have happened with quirks. I apologize for interrupting. You were saying the doctor said he was quirkless."

"Yes. We went home and I just," she was quiet, gently stroking her son's hair. "something in me knew he wouldn't take it well. Then he came home early so I sent Izuku to Katsuki's house. Hisashi was livid. He said he'd just have to try harder to bring his quirk out and I asked what he meant. He said he'd been trying to force manifest his quirk. He told me about the burns how he could keep doing it, that either Zuku would develop a quirk or we'd be rid of him. I broke the bond immediately."

Izuku buried his head into his mom's shoulder as his body trembled. Shouta felt his stomach churn at what Ifrit had put his kitten through.

"He looked so hurt, like he couldn't believe his soulmate wouldn't agree with him on that," Midoriya-san said. "I told him to get out and to never see us again. We were both in pain and as soon as he left, I fell apart. My best friend helped a lot with Zuku while I healed, and she helped me file for divorce. I haven't seen him since that night, I did everything through my lawyer. I hate to say I was with Hisashi for six years and I don't know much more about him." Izuku by this point had his head buried in his mother's shoulder, both offering and taking

comfort.

“Midoriya-san,” Shouta spoke up. “When I first met Izuku the second time I was worried about him and his scars. It was before I met you, I had a detective pull some information. Aside from your records with him, there is no Midoriya Hisashi. It’s probably a made-up name.” He eyed the woman’s green hair.

“So, he even lied about his name,” she sighed in frustration. “What else do I not know about him?”

“He’s a well-known villain who has been operating for at least 25 years. He’s been involved in human trafficking, drug running, and other crimes. Always at the top and always evading capture, putting several heroes out of commission in the process. Also, Ifrit’s quirk is a lot more complicated than simply fire breath,” Shouta informs her, choosing not to sugar coat anything. She’d gone too long without the truth. “His known abilities include creating wings of fire, much like Phoenix. He can control not only his own fire but other fire as well. He also has the ability to suppress or increase pain in himself and others, which reports say he often uses for torture or assassination purposes.” Which, quite frankly, sounded like at least 3 different quirks in Shouta’s mind. But that was impossible.

She looked down at her son, a protective fierceness about her. “So how are we going to protect Izuku?”

“I have a suggestion for that,” a cheerful voice spoke and Shouta tensed as Nezu made his presence from the doorway known.

“What are you doing here Nezu?”

“I too got Midoriya-kun’s location message and looked into what was going on. I understand the concerns about his father, and this gives me very good reason to move forward with a project I’ve had in mind. I’m planning to instate a dorm system after the summer break. UA’s campus is incredibly secure, especially with the new security upgrades. This will keep all our students safe. Of course, they can go home on weekends or holidays with prior approval and in the case of Midoriya-kun, we can always have a hero escort him or even other hero students once they acquire their provisional licenses.” Shouta made a mental note of his new goal for training camp: preparing his students to take the licensing exam early.

“And in the meantime?” Midoriya-san asked looking every bit the protective mama bear.

“I know Midoriya-kun is good friends with Aizawa’s brother and stays with them often. On nights he’s not there, Aizawa can arrange with other underground heroes for security at your apartment complex. Of course, UA will cover all costs,” the rat grinned. “Additionally, I will have Power Loader create a tracker that myself and Aizawa would have access to, so if something does happen, we would be able to track his location.”

“Will that work?” Izuku looked toward Shouta.

“It would be the most reasonable option until the dorms are in without completely restricting your movement,” Shouta sighs.

“What about mom?” Izuku asks.

“Oh honey,” she smiled at him. “I’m more concerned about him hurting or taking you.” He did not seem moved but this.

“We can create a similar device with an emergency panic button for Midoriya-san so if something does happen it would alert myself, Aizawa and every hero within 5 miles of her,” Nezu offered. This seemed to placate Izuku a little, but he looked to Shouta for his response.

“I once again think it be the best option. He’s never shown interest in physically hurting your mother, but we don’t know what he wants with you,” he told him, mentally noting a panic button on Izuku’s may be useful too. “This be the best way to try to safeguard her without uprooting her life and work.” Izuku nods.

“Ok Nezu-sensei,” Izuku agrees. “How soon can Power Loader sensei have those items for us?”

“I will send him an email and tell him it’s a rush order,” Nezu grinned. “Phoenix, Smoke, thank you so much for keeping my students safe. I do believe with their injuries that unfortunately their internships will have to finish here.” Both boys look disappointed.

“If you’d like to train more to meet those goals we discussed Zenko, I can work something out with Eraser,” Phoenix offered with a gentle smile and Shouta nodded in agreement.

“Yeah, and we both want you two back for Work Studies,” Smoke added. “You really proved yourselves out there today and we can’t wait until you’ve got your licenses.”

Izuku gave the first real smile he'd seen today at that and Shoto looked as pleased as his stoic face ever does.

"I should go see where the nurse is with that discharge paperwork in a minute here and we can get you two out here," Shouta stated. "Midoriya-san, if you both would like to stay over tonight, Hitoshi is staying with Zashi for his internship, so we have another extra bed. You're welcome to stay until Nezu has everything in order."

"That would be appreciated Aizawa," she smiles then looks over at her son who seems to be falling asleep. "Sweetheart if you want to shift you can sleep and I'll carry you." He nuzzles into his mother's neck then pulls back and shifts into his cat form before curling up on lap and soon was very much asleep, causing Phoenix to let out a little coo and Smoke to chuckle.

Midoriya-san turns toward the other 4 adults. "Thank you Smoke and Phoenix for protecting my son tonight. And thank you Nezu for your plan to keep him safe moving forward. And Aizawa," she smiled softly. "Thank you for keeping your promise."

"I always will," he smiled at her before ducking out the door to find a nurse.

***

They stayed in Zawa's home for the next couple days. On Saturday, Nezu visited with wristbands for both Izuku and his mother, her's a silver band and his looking like a thin leather cuff with cut outs and studs, one of which could be maneuvered a specific way to send out a panic signal. Toshi and Kacchan were understandably upset with him, though they were more upset with Iida for doing something that put Izuku and Todo-kun in that situation. They filled them in on everything that happened.

"What do you mean your father's back!" Kacchan yelled. Toshi frowned.

"Turns out he's some crazy well-known villain and he found out I have a quirk thanks to Shigaraki," Izuku sighed.

"Fucking Hand Job," Kacchan growled, little pops of explosions escaping his hands.

"Calm down Pup," Zawa called from over his coffee. "Nezu already has a plan to keep him safe."

“He better! If anything happens, I’ll kill the damn rat and that asshole.”

“You’ll have to get in line Pup,” Zawa said and Toshi snorted at his brother while Izuku smiled at his friends.

“Well, now that this conversation is through,” Izuku started to giggle. “Can we talk about Kacchan’s hair?”

“No!” he growled, trying to cover it with his hands.

“I already got pics, Izu, don’t worry,” Toshi laughed.

“Fucking traitor,” he snarled at his boyfriend.

“You’re just mad I was right,” Toshi teased and then took off running as Kacchan lunged at him. Izuku laughed at the two chasing each other around the room while Zawa just shook his head.

Chapter End Notes

I know... still no reveal ... but it's coming VERY soon... trust me :)

Also, No Cliff Hanger! :D

Being Repaired

Chapter Summary

Everyone starts to return to their normal lives as students and Shoto visits his mom.

Chapter Notes

CW: none that I can think of - if I missed something let me know

I know, I've given you a lot of angst... so here's some fluff before I give you more angst <3

Once again thanks for all the support, yall are amazing!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh my god, I heard the news!” Ochacho squealed, running up to him as soon as she walked into the classroom. “You and Todoroki took down the Hero Killer!”

Izuku had already determined not to make a big deal about it, particularly given the issue with Iida hunting the villain down, so he shrugged. “We helped. It just sort of happened.”

“You have to tell us all about it,” Mina excitedly requested.

“I’m sorry guys, I’d really rather not discuss it,” Izuku wishes he’d taken Zawa up on his offer to stay in the teacher’s lounge until right before the bell.

“Raka, maybe we should leave it be,” Tsu placed a hand on her shoulder and Izuku couldn’t help but be thankful that she had the ability to curb her girlfriend’s more insistent tendencies. Unfortunately, that didn’t stop the others until Bakugo lost it.

“He doesn’t want to talk about it you fucking extras!” his best friend yelled.

Toshi sighed as he walked to his desk, Todoroki behind him. “I saw Aizawa at the end of the hall,” he said and everyone suddenly hurried to their seat.

“Problem Children,” he eyed everyone. “First, the Police Chief from

Hosu has asked Midoriya and Todoroki to keep details from last week private while they build their case, so don't bother them about it. Second, today's heroics course is on vigilantes." Iida flinched and seemed to sink a little bit in his chair but no one else seemed to notice.

"Sir, aren't vigilantes essentially villains?" Mina asked.

"Not necessarily," Zawa says. "A vigilante is someone who illegally uses their quirk to fight crime, basically someone who doesn't have a license for it. A number of heroes do consider them nothing more than villains, but I can tell you as an underground hero I often rely on vigilantes in fights or for information."

He then eyed all of them carefully, "That said, the Commission's official stance is that vigilantism is illegal and that participating in such activities will bar you from ever getting a hero's license except under very special circumstances. Does everyone understand?"

"Yes Sensei," the class called and Zawa continued to discuss the subject. Every time Izuku glanced in his direction, Iida looked increasingly guilty.

***

"Midoriya-kun," Nezu was just pouring tea as Izuku entered his office. "Did you bring the notebook we discussed?"

"Yes Nezu-sensei," Izuku grinned and pulled out the notebook that featured details on all his classmates. "The details are similar to what Aizawa already has on file since I helped him with that analysis though."

"That's ok Midoriya-kun," he nodded. "I'd still like to take a look." He passes Nezu the notebook. "While I look through this, I'd like you to do some analysis on 1-B. I have taped combat training from them." Nezu turns his computer around with the videos already set up and hands Izuku a notebook."

Izuku starts watching the videos for class 1-B and is intrigued by some of their quirks. There's the boy who antagonized them outside their classroom after the USJ, apparently, he can copy other quirks and then a girl whose hands get really big.

About halfway through Nezu stops Izuku. "Midoriya-kun, that's about all the time we have for today. Here's the homework I have for you.

I'd like you to reconsider your classmate's weaknesses. I want you to detail ways they can be exploited and suggestions for your classmates to improve those areas or combat those ways they could be exploited." He hands the notebook back.

"So, quirk weaknesses, examples of how villains could use those weaknesses, so my classmates understand why it's important, then suggestions to help?" Izuku clarifies.

"Yes! They know what their strengths are and will continue to work on those, but I want to ensure we have well rounded heroes. And they don't all have to be quirk related. For example, you mention in here the concerns about Hagakure's costume leaving her vulnerable to the elements and not protecting her. How could this be used against her? What are some options you could think of to counter this without sacrificing her greatest strength, her stealth? Once you finish, we'll review it then provide a copy to Aizawa so he can use it to plan for the upcoming Summer Camp and other trainings."

"Ok Nezu Sensei, I can do that," Izuku smiles.

"Perfect!" Nezu smiles back. "Don't forget to include yourself so Aizawa can plan training for you as well. And please be careful with your information. We wouldn't want it to fall into the wrong hands."

"I can leave the notebook with Zawa when I'm not working on it," Izuku suggests.

"That's a great idea Midoriya-kun," Nezu approved. "Next week we'll look at gathering sensitive information that may be helpful is a variety of cases!" Izuku grins, glad the principal hasn't forgotten his request.

***

"I'm going to fail the exams!" Kaminari complains in frustration.

"Same!" Ashido cried out. The month had passed quickly and now the exams were only a week away. Shouta listened to the two students worry. "Have fun at summer camp without us!"

Shouta almost laughs at the dramatics. Of course, he'd told them that, but like he'd leave the students who need the most help behind when the trip is intended to strengthen their skills. Izuku's notes had been very helpful, not only with planning the trip but also with setting up pairings for the practical exam.

“We could have a study session,” Izuku suggested. He was one of the ones in the class who didn’t need it, but he was also the type who would still go to help his classmates. Then everyone starts trying to figure out where they’ll go for the study session and Izuku tenses a bit.

Hitoshi’s eyes meet Shouta’s and he raises a questioning eyebrow. Shouta sighs but nods. He knows it’s to keep Izuku safe. “We could host,” Hitoshi suggested. “We don’t live that far from campus.” Shouta notices Izuku relax some at this suggestion.

“Really?” Kirishima asks. “That be so cool man.”

“Wait, don’t you live with Aizawa Sensei?” Ashido asks.

“Yeah, he’s my brother,” Hitoshi says, feeling more comfortable with his classmates now than he did at the beginning of the year.

“Won’t it be weird to study at our teacher’s house?” Sero asks.

“Aizawa is really normal outside of school, it’ll be fine,” Shoto says.

“Yeah, he’s fine at home,” Bakugo agrees.

“How do you two know?” Uraraka asks with confusion as to why her two classmates know what their teacher is like outside of school.

“He’s my appointed guardian through UA,” Shoto blankly admits.

“I’m dating Tosh,” Bakugo growls. “It be weird to date him and never see his brother outside of school.”

“What?” a couple of students yell. Shouta guesses that’s understandable. The two are all over each other at home but tend to avoid public displays of affection. He doesn’t miss the look is disappointment on Kaminari’s face. Maybe he should have a talk with his brother about attracting loud blondes. Seemed a little late for that though.

Hitoshi just sighs at Bakugo’s sudden announcement, “This Saturday at 1, I’ll send out the address. Let me know if you plan to be there.” Then he pops in his earbuds to avoid any additional questions, shooting his boyfriend an annoyed look. Bakugo just grins before subtly glancing over at their electric classmate.

Problem children.

***

Shoto takes a deep breath and knocks on the door. “Come in,” a soft voice he remembers from his childhood calls. He pushes the door open and turning to look at him from the desk she sits at is a pale woman with silvery white hair.

“Mom?” he asks as he sees tears start to fill her eyes.

“Shoto,” she says through tears. She stands up and starts to move towards him but stops herself, looking uncertain. “Shoto it’s so good to see you.”

The clam façade that Shoto always wears begins to crack and he moves towards her but doesn’t reach out. “I missed you mom.” She gently reaches for his hand and leads him to sit down next to her.

“I missed you too, and I’m so sorry for everything,” she told him.

“I know,” Shoto whispered.

She proceeded to ask about his life, school, where he was now. By the end of listening to her son talk about his friends and his teacher and guardian, she had a soft smile on her face. “It sounds like you’ve found some really good people,” she tells him. “I’m glad.” He begins to look around the room, noticing some drawings she’s done, including ones that look like him and his siblings. His eyes land on a vase of blue flowers, rindou.

Her eyes follow his and she smiles. “They’re from Haru. After all this time he remembered they’re my favorite.” Noticing his confused look she adds, “Tsunotori Haru, he’s my soul mate.”

“He’s back?” Shoto gasps. When did he return, what was he doing here?

“He and his daughter moved back earlier this year,” she smiled. “I haven’t gotten to meet her yet, but he tried to find me immediately. At first it was just flowers and letters, but now that Enji isn’t controlling my stay he was able to visit.” And for the first time, Shoto notices the small mark on her wrist, a horse with a snowflake pattern. While still cracked, it’s no longer fully grey like Shoto had always known it, some muted shades of blue and tan had returned. Shoto had heard of this but never seen it; a broken bond being repaired. “We have a lot of catching up to do, but once I’m cleared to go home, I hope to build more of a relationship. Not just with him but with all of you.”

“You said he has a daughter?” Shoto asked.

His mom nods. “Eventually he found someone who he cared about and who cared about him and understood the state of his heart. They had a lovely marriage for 17 years until she passed away a year ago. I guess Enji was no longer tracking him at that point so he moved so he and his daughter could be closer to his family. I believe she goes to your school.”

“Maybe? I don’t really know anyone outside my class,” Shoto admits. “When will you be cleared to go home?”

“I’m not sure yet,” she told him. “Mentally they say I’m stable, but now they’re trying to help me develop the skills I’ll need to survive. I was just out of high school when I married Enji and then I’ve been in here, I have no clue how to do normal things that my parents or servants or staff have always done. Once I have a better grip on that, I’ll find an apartment somewhere.”

Shoto nods. “I have to go to a study session, but I’d like to visit again, if that’s ok?”

She tears up and this time can’t stop as she pulls her son into a hug. “I’d like that very much.”

***

When Shoto walked through the door, Bakugo was running the vacuum in the living room while Hitoshi swept the kitchen. Izuku and Shouta were putting up groceries, having been the two who went because Shouta refused to take more than one problem child to the store anymore. They’d split up in the store with their individual lists and met back up at check out, making everything so much quicker.

“Can I help?” Shoto asked him.

“We’re just setting out snacks, your friends should be here soon,” Shouta told him, nodding toward the bags of chips, candy, and the still warm container of nikuman. He decided with an expected 10 teenagers in his house, it may be good to provide something for them to snack on that wasn’t just junk food. He watches as the boy starts to set things out on the counter. “How’d it go?” he asks.

“I’m going to visit again,” was all he said but Shouta took that as a good sign. If it had gone poorly, he wouldn’t go back.

“That’s good,” he nodded. At around five until 1pm, all 4 where finished and he gathered them up. “Alright, ground rules problem

children. Keep the chaos to the living room, kitchen, and back yard. Don't make me get complaints from the neighbors. If you make a mess, clean it up. Any nonalcoholic drink in the fridge is up for grabs except my jelly pouches. Don't touch those." Hitoshi and Izuku laughed at that last one while Bakugo just gave a smirk.

He momentarily questioned why he was letting more students into his home, but then he looked at Izuku's excited face and felt better knowing with Ifrit out there that he was here rather than crossing town to go to another student's home. There was a knock at the door and Shouta prepared himself for what he was about to face.

Two hours later he was surprised. Sure, when students first started arriving, it was loud as they poked around the downstairs and gathered snacks and drinks, but soon they settled down into groups and actually started studying with only the occasional frustrated outburst from Kaminari or Ashido. Yaoyorozu was really good at explaining things and as usual was fairly calm. As Shoto's soulmate, she had been over once or twice before so she easily got right down to work, probably feeling more at ease than the others. Izuku was also helping explain different topics, particularly heroics topics, to the two who needed the most help. Sero would occasionally ask for help on classical Japanese from Bakugo. Asui and Uraraka had been an unexpected edition but mostly quizzed each other, reaching out for another student if there was something they didn't understand. And Jiro and Hitoshi seemed to be working in silence on math, occasionally asking the other if they got stuck on a problem. Kirishima kept bouncing from group to group to work on different things.

He wasn't ready to let them throw a party, despite Ashido's insistence that it was a great party house, but he supposed he could let them come over to study again if they needed it.

***

"Hello everyone," Nezu greeted. "We're here to discuss three subjects. First is the press break in and the USJ attack. As you all know, during the press break in someone gathered information from the teacher's desks. This is why they believed All Might would be at the USJ. I've been trying to investigate further but unfortunately, we are no closer to determining how the individual got into the teacher's lounge or who they are, though we are fairly certain that what shielded them from camera detection was some sort of support item that caused their image to become like static. We've been unable to trace such an item to any support companies, so it is most likely a homemade device."

“What does that mean?” Zashi asked.

“Well, it means we can’t rule out anyone. It may have been an outside force or someone who was already inside the school,” Nezu tells them.

“Are you suggesting a traitor?” Snipe asks, voice on edge.

“I’m simply not ruling anything out,” Nezu states, the exact same thing he told Shouta when they first discovered it. “I just want to make sure that everyone is on high alert. Someone apparently connected with the League of Villains did attempt to approach Midoriya-kun during his internship, so they do not seem to have moved on from their fight with 1-A.”

Shouta was glad Nezu had discussed this with him before, the two deciding not to divulge that the villain in question was Izuku’s father, though Zashi and Nem knew since they had questions after also receiving Izuku’s location message from Hosu. Once they found out they both volunteered to take patrols of the Midoriya’s apartment twice a week each, which was amazingly helpful. I left very few days to fill with how often Izuku stayed the night with Hitoshi and Bakugo.

“The second point of business: In an effort to keep class 1-A as well as the rest of our students safe, we will be implementing a mandatory dorm system. I’m already talking with Cementoss about locations and designs. They will be constructed during summer break. We will need teachers to meet with their homeroom students’ parents to discuss this move. Information we can provide will be sent to you. Additionally, there will be staff dorms as well. Every member of staff will have a room in these dorms and will be expected to stay during the week unless something prevents you from doing so. Weekends will be your time, though I do ask that you alternate going home so at least 2 staff members are present at all times if there are students on campus. Of course, spouses, soulmates and children can be cleared to visit you and we’ll be sure rooms are large enough to accommodate overnight stays.”

This got some grumbles from the staff, but they ultimately understood. “The final issue is class 1-A’s final exam,” Shouta spoke up. “With the increase in villain activity I’ve prepared a test for them where they’ll work in pairs and have to capture or escape from a teacher.”

“That doesn’t seem completely fair,” All Might interjected.

Shouta sighed. “All teachers will be wearing compression weights and while you shouldn’t go easy on them, I expect all of you to leave some

kind of opening for them. It shouldn't be an impossible task. I paired up students and teachers based on weaknesses, things they could learn or benefit from. The students won't know ahead of time, but I want to give you time to consider the reasons behind the pairings and how you want to approach the battles."

He looks around the room as all the teachers nod at him. "Very well, here are the pairings."

Chapter End Notes

> I KNOW - no reveal yet... but you're getting really close and I promise the next chapter will put them much closer to it ... I anticipate it being out next Tuesday (my weekend is really busy so there will probably be no updates)

A Chance

Chapter Summary

The Exams and getting ready for camp

Chapter Notes

CW: minor panic attack

As always, Thanks for all your support <3

This will probably be the last chapter before Monday - I have dnd and another rpg this weekend on top of my normal adulting responsibilities.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi and his classmates are all surprised as they gather outside for the practical exam to see not just Shou-kun but a bunch of their other teachers as well.

“Now then, let’s begin the last test,” Shou-kun greets them. “Remember it’s possible to fail this final. If you want to go to camp then don’t make any stupid mistakes. I believe a number of you have gathered information and have some idea of what you’ll be facing today.”

“We’re fighting the robots!” Denki yells and Mina joins him in excitement about going to camp. But if that were the case, why would all their teachers be here? His brother definitely has a different plan in mind.

This is confirmed as he notices Shou-kun’s scarf start to move. “Actually, this year’s test,” a cheery voice says from within, “Will be completely different for various reasons!” Nezu pops out, pushing Shou-kun’s face with one of his paws. His brother looks annoyed, but Nezu uses a piece of his capture weapon to climb down and the two together explain the exam.

Fighting the teachers in pairs. And Shou-kun made the pairings. Oh, this was going to be hell.

“Here are the pairings,” Shouta calls. “Sato and Kirishima against Cementoss. Asui and Tokoyami against Ectoplasm. Ojiro and Iida

against Power Loader. Todoroki and Yaoyorozu against me. Aoyama and Bakugo against Thirteen. Kaminari and Ashido against Nezu. Jiro and Koda against Mic. Hagakure and Shoji against Snipe. Sero and Uraraka against Midnight. Midoriya and Aizawa against All Might."

His breath caught in his lungs and he turned toward Izu who seemed to have the same look of panic. Other classmates were voicing concerns over their pairings as well.

"I'll give you all 15 minutes to talk then the bus will take you to your battle ground. Remember, you have 30 minutes and can either capture your opponent or escape. Sometimes when facing a villain, it's best to know when you're outmatched and live to fight another day," Shou-kun says and Iida flinched. The teachers all seem to disperse, most likely to get to their battle stations.

Shou-kun approaches him and Izu. "I'm sure you're wondering why," he said. Both looked at him, the horror evident in their eyes. "Because you both need to not doubt yourselves." Then he walked away.

"Guess we should come up with a plan," Izu looked at him. Hitoshi just nodded.

***

Sato and Kirishima are both feeling weak but the cement doesn't stop coming. "Maybe we should have ran for it," Kirishima suggests as thick cement walls surround them.

***

Asui and Tokoyami are both restrained by Ectoplasm's Giant Bite Detention. Thankfully Dark Shadow is not restrained, and the shadow takes something from Asui's mouth then flies toward where their teacher guards the exit. Their final hopes lay in the abilities of the sentient quirk.

***

Ojiro climbs onto Iida's back, not without some embarrassment. "Recipro burst!" Iida yells as the duo speed across the pitfall trapped field toward the exit, both hoping they would be fast enough to avoid the traps.

***

Todoroki was hanging from a light pole, thinking since he couldn't really do anything else. How had he not realized his soulmate had a plan but wasn't confident enough to share it? Maybe at least she would escape. He was broken out of these thoughts as Yaoyorozu was running back towards him. Aizawa was not far behind.

Maybe he could do things right this time.

***

"AHHH, I can't land a hit on them, they just keep absorbing my blasts!" Bakugo yelled.

Aoyama looked ill but turned to his exam partner. "What would your friend do?" Bakugo thought for a moment then a grin spread across his face as he let go of the pole and was sucked toward Thirteen.

***

"Why are all the buildings falling!" Kaminari yells.

"It's got to be Nezu!" Mina screams as they both run, concrete and scrap metal falling around them.

***

Koda signs to Jiro that he can't ask the birds or any other animals to help because they're being scared away by Present Mic's quirk. Both cover their ears as another loud scream erupts from the voice hero and try to think of an option.

Jiro realizes there's one type of animal in the forest that wouldn't be impacted by their teacher's screams.

***

A smoke bomb lands next to the pillars they're hiding behind and the area fills with smoke as they hear the footsteps moving their direction. "You ok Toru?" Shoji asks but never gets an answer and as the smoke clears, he can't see her. She's removed her gloves and shoes to go completely invisible.

Shoji rushes Snipe. The best thing he can do is provide a distraction for whatever she has planned.

***

“How long can you hold your breath Sero?” Uraraka asks.

“For a bit but not long enough to run in close and use my quirk before I have to breathe again,” he sighs as they hide behind a rock with Midnight between them and the exit.

“What if I made you float and threw you in?” She asked. Sero smiles for the first time since the exam started.

***

A green jaguar lunges at All Might from behind, wrapping his claws into his shoulders and sinking his teeth into the back of his neck, not enough to kill, just enough to keep a hold and ensure the hero doesn’t just try to tear him off. The hero struggles to remove the creature without injuring his neck when a voice reaches his ears as the cat releases him.

“Still sure I can’t be a hero, All Might?”

“Young Midoriya?” he asks, fairly sure the boy can’t speak in jaguar form. Then his eyes go dead and his body freezes.

“Good job Toshi!” Izuku calls, as the green haired boy closes the cuffs around All Might’s wrists.

***

Shouta grinned when he finally got to watching the footage from the final fight. He knew there was the chance they’d run. In his cat form Izuku could be very stealthy and All Might wasn’t the type to wait for the fight to come to him.

What he’d told the two boys was only partially true. They did both lack confidence at times up against strong physical quirks. Izuku had found ways to combat Shoto’s Ice but not his fire and Hitoshi always seemed to go into a panic against the kid. They both did ok against Bakugo but they were both incredibly comfortable with him and knew his quirk as well as he did. They needed to see that they could take down someone like All Might.

But more than anything, Shouta loved seeing the look on All Might’s face when he was released from Hitoshi’s hold and realized the cuffs were on his wrists. The two students the quirkest asshole thought should have been expelled after his quirk assessment just captured him in their final and he’d never get tired of watching the footage

from the shortest fight any of his students had that year.

He was glad he ordered a cake from the café for dinner tonight. They had reason to celebrate.

***

Shouta could hear his students, primarily Kaminari, freaking out about the practical exams. He guesses now was the time to tell them. Throwing the door open he glared. “Once the bell rings you should be in your seats.”

Everyone is immediately in their seats and silent. “Unfortunately, there are a few of you who did not pass your final exam,” Shouta states. He notices the sad and anguished looks on some of his student’s faces. “So when if comes to the training camp in the woods,” he pauses. He knows it’s mean, but there’s a part of him that is enjoying this. “Everyone is going!” He grins.

His four students who failed the practical were cheering. Ashido even had tears in her eyes. “Really?” she asked.

“Yeah. The good news is no one bombed the written exam. Four of you failed the practical badly though. The training camp will focus on increasing your strength. Those who failed need those lessons the most,” Aizawa explained. “We were never going to separate you. It was just a logical deception.”

“Aizawa Sensei, this is the second time you’ve lied to us,” Iida stood up. “Aren’t you afraid we’ll lose faith in you?”

This kid, Shouta suppressed an eye roll. “I’ll consider your point,” he said. “But I wasn’t lying to you about everything. Failure is failure. We’ve prepared extra lessons for the four students who failed. They’ll be tougher than anything you would have faced in summer school.” Ashido, Kaminari, Kirishima and Sato had been celebrating their good fortune but were now suddenly very quiet. Good, Aizawa thought.

***

“Why don’t we split off into groups and then we’ll all meet in the food court at noon?” Iida suggested. The class had decided after finals to go the mall. Most were buying last minute things and hanging out before camp.

It wasn’t a bad idea, and soon people split off. Izuku found himself

with Kacchan and Toshi, feeling a bit like a third wheel even though neither boy purposefully made him feel that way. They were still his best friends, but he realized it was less awkward to hang around them with Todo-kun or Zawa there too. Just the three of them it felt like he was intruding on a date. But Todoroki had gone to see mom and Zawa was around, but he said he'd wait in the food court. He'd driven the three boys here but didn't want to intrude upon the class.

They were currently discussing how both of them needed a new swimsuit. "Hey guys, I don't really need anything," Izuku smiled. "I'll just sit on the bench out here."

"You sure Izu?" Kacchan asked.

"Yeah, I'd just be awkwardly roaming the store," he told them.

"We'll be quick," Toshi promised with a smile and Izuku went to sit down, taking a deep breath.

His relaxing moment didn't last for long when he felt an arm sling around his shoulder. "Hey, you're that kid from the sports festival." Izuku tensed at the voice he recognized and the four fingers that touched his throat, just the pinky lifted.

"Shigaraki," he tried to stay calm as he subtly twisted his wrist in hopes of activating the emergency alert.

"Don't try anything stupid kid," the villain said. "I just want to talk. And if you do, after I decay you there's nothing to stop me from killing a bunch of these nice people along my way."

"Let's talk then," he said, hoping he'd twisted the bracelet enough to trigger the hidden button.

"Why are people so obsessed with you?" Shigaraki asked. "Stain didn't want to kill you, thought you were worthy. Ifrit won't let me kill you. Sensei agrees with him. Why do they all want you alive?"

"I'm not sure," Izuku tried to stall for time. "I think I'm pretty normal." The fingers tightened a bit but that pinky stayed lifted.

"Normal isn't the word I'd use," he scratched at his throat with his other hand which now only had 3 fingers. "If you were normal you'd just be an NPC like everyone else but for some reason you're a player character."

“Aren’t you a player character too?” Izuku asks, trying to stay as still as possible. “What makes you a player character? Maybe that will help us figure it out.”

“Sensei picked me, he trusts me. He said I’m to have everything,” Shigaraki said, leaving the question of who is Sensei.

“And Sensei decides who the player characters are?” Izuku asked.

But before he could get an answer the hand released his throat and Izuku dashed away from Shigaraki and somehow Kacchan and Toshi caught him as he stumbled forward and continued to move him away.

“Still so cool, Eraserhead.” Izuku looked up and noticed Zawa was standing before them, hair floating and eyes red from his quirk, not taking his eyes of the villain. His bracelet had worked. “Unfortunately, I have no intentions of being caught today.” And as he says this a purple mist appears around him and the villain disappears.

Izuku’s breaths were shallow, and he felt like his chest was closing up. Then he felt a gloved finger tapping out a rhythm on his hand. “Follow my breaths,” he heard Zawa say, and he tried. It took several minutes but the tension in Izuku’s chest eased and his breaths became deeper.

“What happened?” Zawa wanted to know.

“I was sitting on the bench and then he was there and he had his hand on my throat. He wanted to know why people were obsessed with me,” Izuku was confused by the whole conversation. “He mentioned Stain and my dad and someone named Sensei. I think Sensei may be their boss?”

“You did good getting the emergency button pressed kid,” Aizawa told him. “I’ve got security clearing the mall incase there’s anymore villains and Mic and Midnight and are their way to help make sure the rest of your classmates get home. As soon as they get here, I’m taking the three of you home, ok?”

Izuku nodded.

“How about we order pizza tonight?” Toshi suggested.

“Yeah, and we can watch that new hero movie you were talking about?” Kacchan added, holding his friend in a tight hug.

Izuku gave a small smile, all his earlier thoughts of being the third wheel vanished.

***

The boys were watching a movie upstairs, snacking on popcorn and candy when Shouta heard a knock at the door. He opened it to Nem and Zashi holding pizza and a carton of ice cream. “How’s the little listener doing?” Zashi asked.

“He’s better now. They’re upstairs watching a movie,” Shouta sighed. “He handled the situation remarkably well.”

“Your little kitten is pretty clever,” Nem noted while placing the ice cream in the freezer for later. It was a little early for dinner, so Zashi popped the pizza boxes into the oven to keep them warm.

Shouta smiled softly. Izuku was so clever and brave. It broke his heart that villains kept targeting him like that.

“Sho,” Nem asked quietly. “When are you going to do something about your feelings for Izuku?”

“What are you talking about Nem?” Shouta attempted to play dumb turned around to get a drink.

“Sho, I’m pretty even a blind person could see how much you like him,” Zashi sounded exasperated. “For God’s sake, he’s your background on your phone!”

Shouta certainly wanted to know how he knew that. “And he’s wearing an outfit that looks like some sort of role play kink,” Nem added.

“It was his hero costume the support company fucked up,” he glared at Nem. “Even if I did like him, I’m waiting to see the bond I have with my soul mate,” Shouta reminded them. “And on top of that, he’s my student.”

“Look Sho,” Nem fixed him with a pointed gaze. “I mean this in the nicest way possible, but sometimes you’re a real idiot. Do you think you may be drawn to him for a reason? Have you considered he may be your soulmate?”

He fixed her with a glare. “Nem I’ve been training him for a year, I think I’d know by now.”

“Would you?” Zashi asked. “Sho you’re not exactly super touchy feely, and you particularly aren’t with your students.”

“And unless he landed a punch to your face in training, your costume leaves no open skin anywhere,” Nem pointed out. “Plus, he’s the right age.”

And that got him thinking. God, when was his Kitten’s birthday? July? When had his mark appeared? They’d been in some sort of summer lessons his foster home at the time had forced him to attend, mostly so they wouldn’t have to deal with him at home, but he couldn’t remember the exact day. He’d lost the journal with the date and time in his next home when some other kid destroyed it.

Shouta moved toward the couch and sat down. “You may be right?” he stated, starting to question if he’d ever had skin contact with Izuku. “But I’ve spent so much time with him outside of training, we had to have bumped each other at some point,” he tried to defend. But maybe they hadn’t? He always wore those sleeves to cover his soulmark, which was a fucking cat. It just seemed too obvious now that he thought about it. His heart was a mess, elated at the possibility but anxious that he wasn’t, or worse he was but he’d be rejected. He was 23 and his teacher, what teenager would want that?

“Look Sho, we’re not saying he is,” Nem sighed. “We’re just saying it’s a possibility. Maybe try purposefully touching his hand or ruffling his hair without gloves on for once? Just to see?”

“And even if he’s not,” Zashi added with a smile. “Sho he obviously makes you happy and you may not have noticed but he definitely has a crush on you.” Shouta looked surprised at that. “I know it be more complicated if he isn’t, and if he isn’t you definitely couldn’t do anything about it right now, but you won’t be his teacher forever. So don’t lose the happiness in front of you for something you’re not guaranteed to find.” Why did that sound like such solid advice coming from Zashi’s mouth? He closed his eyes and thought.

“After summer camp,” Shouta sighed. “I’ll at least, check. I don’t want to deal with the fall out either way while we’re there and surrounded by his classmates.” Because if he was he knew it be difficult to leave his side. And he didn’t want to consider his heartbreak if Nem and Zashi were wrong now that he believed there may be even a chance that the kitten he loved and his soulmate could be the same person.

***

“Hey, can you go ask Shou-kun where the extra batteries for the flashlights are?” Tosh asked him as he was still packing. “He should be in his room. I need to jump in the shower once Izu is out.”

Katsuki grumbled but moved downstairs. He was ready to go and Tosh and Izu were still finishing getting ready and packing, Auntie having brought over the things he needed last night. But he wasn’t sure he wanted to go. Aizawa had been acting strangely at dinner last night. The man would hardly make eye contact with Izu. Which was weird considering normally they seemed to gravitate toward each other with their banter and drawn-out conversations. Which was also weird. Their whole relationship was different in a way Katsuki couldn’t pinpoint no matter how hard he tried.

Katsuki knocked on the door to Aizawa’s bedroom but there was no answer. He pushed it open. “Hey Teach,” he called as he stepped in then froze.

Aizawa was walking out of the bathroom, with nothing but a towel around waist and another piled on top of his head holding his hair. But that wasn’t the part that made Katsuki freeze. He quickly flipped around. “Sorry, Tosh sent me to ask you about batteries for the flashlights.”

“They’re in the pantry, top shelf,” Aizawa grumbled. “Now get out of my room so I can get dressed.”

“Yes sir,” Katsuki moved and closed the door behind him before he took a deep breath. God this explained so much. He needed to talk to Tosh, alone. He needed to figure out what to do, Tosh could help him figure out how what to do.

Because how do you tell your best friend you found his soul mate?

Chapter End Notes

SURPRISE

Also, yes I know I moved quickly through the exams, but most of them ended how they did in canon.

The only major change up is Uraraka and Sero's plan against Midnight worked. And I'm working under the assumption that the scent is probably Pheromone based and therefore would probably be effective against Uraraka since she likes women, which is why she was paired there.

How difficult can it be?

Chapter Summary

Training Camp Starts

Chapter Notes

CW: None? If you see one I missed let me know

Yall over the past month since I started posting, it's been amazing to see your support and read your comments and thank you all <3

2 things to be revealed tomorrow so be sure to check out the end notes tomorrow :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bakugo's behavior had been off today, he seemed nervous and anxious which was odd. But Shouta didn't have time to dwell too much on that. On top of everything Nem and Zashi had made him realize last night, he had nineteen other problem children who were causing a ruckus on the bus. He sighed. Well, they'll just be even more surprised when we stop in a few minutes.

Sure enough, when the bus came to a stop everyone piled out onto the outlook and his students expressed surprise at the opportunity to stretch their legs or marveled at the view. The only ones who gave him suspicious looks were Hitoshi, Bakugo and Izuku but they stayed silent. When the others started questioning why they stopped and where class B was, Shouta finally spoke up.

"You don't really think we stopped here just so you could stretch your legs, do you?"

Taking that as their cue and ever ones for dramatics, Mandalay and Pixie Bob jumped out and introduced themselves as two members of the Wild Wild Pussycats. "These are the pro heroes you'll be working with at the summer training camp."

"Who are the Wild Wild Pussycats?" Kaminari asked.

"They're a four-person hero team who specialize in mountain rescues," Izuku explained.

Suddenly Pixie Bob was on him, “Mandalay it’s the kitten from the Sports Festival! He’s just as cute in person.” Izuku started trying to back up as Pixie Bob invaded his personal space, causing him to hiss and forcing Shouta to clear his throat and send her a warning look. She needed to move away from his Kitten.

Thankfully she did as Mandalay took over. “We own this whole stretch of land out here. The summer camp you’re staying at is there at the base of the mountain.”

“That’s far!” a few of the students noted.

“Then why did we stop all the way up here instead?” Uraraka asked. Izuku sighed while Hitoshi glared at him, seeing what was coming next.

“I’m afraid we both know the answer to that,” Asui looked at her girlfriend. Panic started to set in for most of the students. Some even started to move back towards the bus.

“The current time is 9:30 in the morning,” Mandalay gave a smirk. “If you’re fast about it, you might make it there by noon. Kitties who aren’t there by 12:30 don’t get any lunch!”

“You should have guessed, students,” Shouta looked as some started running but Pixie Bob jumped in front of them. “The training camp has already begun.” The ground shifted under the students as a result of Mandalay’s power, the only one prepared being Izuku, who had shifted into his jaguar form, knowing he’d land better as a cat in the landslide that followed.

Mandalay called after them. “Since this is private land, you can use your quirks as much as you want to! You should be able to make it to the facility in 3 hours if you can get through the Beast’s forest!”

He heard the screams as Pixie Bob’s first dirt creature attacked. While she created monsters for them, Mandalay turned to Shouta, “Don’t you think you have them on a pretty crazy schedule, Eraser?”

“We’re hoping to get them an entire second semester’s worth of knowledge while they’re here. It’s going to be a lot of work, but the reward will be worth it. They’ll be able to get their provisional licenses. And with all the villainous activity we’ve been tracking, they need to be able to defend themselves.” His mind remembered a hyperventilating Izuku after his run in with Shigaraki and the knowledge that his dad was interested in him now. He knew they

weren't done with his Kitten and he wouldn't always be there to keep him safe.

Was Izuku even his Kitten? He'd had to resist the urge all last night and then again this morning to not touch him to find out. His belief that he was a patient man when it came to personal matters was being tested as his hope rose. So, he'd stayed up last night adjusting training schedules, shifting Izuku to work primarily with Mandalay and Tiger instead of himself because he wasn't sure he'd be able to wait if they were constantly in close proximity. Between that, his meals being with the other pros, and his late night classes, he wouldn't have much time around Izuku this week, which logically he knew was a good thing but something else in him strongly disliked the plan.

But even if he couldn't be by his side, Shouta could still do something to help him. "By the way, Izuku doesn't like people he doesn't know getting in his personal space," Shouta warns Pixie Bob, partially for her own safety and partially because it made his kitten uncomfortable enough to actually hiss at her, something that made him suppress a growl. "Strangers try to grab his tail or pet him sometimes on campus and Nezu has given him permission to defend himself if people get in his personal space during any school activity."

"Sorry Eraser, I just got excited," Pixie Bob told him, mostly focusing on the beasts she was creating for the students to fight. "I had hoped the Kitten would intern with us and when he didn't, I wasn't sure I'd get to meet him."

"Well don't do it again," he sighs as he starts back toward the bus. "I won't be responsible and he won't be punished for what he does in defense."

"How much harm can one little kitten cause?" Mandalay teased.

"That little kitten and Todoroki are the two interns who took down Stain," Shouta called back over his shoulder with a bit of sadistic glee as both the heroes with him paled.

***

Hitoshi was exhausted. It had taken them closer to eight hours to make it through the forest and now they were finally sitting down to eat. After they were told they could take a dip in the hot springs, which sounded amazing, but Suki had said they needed to talk in private this morning and everything had been so chaotic that a chance hadn't arisen.

He was still affectionate, so he wasn't concerned that it was something about their relationship, but the way his boyfriend was acting when they weren't fighting beasts made of dirt had him worried, particularly the nervous glances toward Izu. Was something wrong with their friend? Izu seemed fine, particularly considering everything that happened yesterday. But Shou-kun had been acting weird since last night. Maybe there was something going on that Suki had overheard?

His mind flitted around the thousands of possibilities, making it impossible to enjoy his meal despite how hungry he was. As people started filing out of the dining hall and towards rooms to grab what they needed for the hot springs, Suki grabbed his hand and pulled him in the opposite direction. Shou-kun called out, "And where do you think you're going?"

"We just need to talk about something," Suki grumbled, not looking him in the eye. "In private. We'll stay close by."

His brother sighed. "Look, I don't care what you do at home so long as you're safe, but not on a school trip. I don't want to have to fill out the paperwork or give you detention."

"Shou-kun!" Hitoshi was bright red. The Wild Wild Pussycats were watching in amusement, Vlad King with a little bit of horror.

"We're really just going to talk," Suki barked back. "We'll stay where you can see us."

He watched the two of them. "You better, because I swear to God, Pup if I catch you making out with my brother here, I will drag you both to the extra lessons as well." Suki nodded and Hitoshi just blushed again before being dragged further out to the edge of the forest, still in sight of the building but far enough away they couldn't be heard.

"Suki, what's wrong? You've been nervous all day," Hitoshi asked.

"So they've always had a weird relationship and I couldn't quite figure out what it was if it was just a one sided crush or if they were just becoming really close friends but, God," Suki groaned pulling at his hair. "They're fucking soul mates Tosh and they don't know and I don't know what to do," Suki was on edge and Hitoshi was just confused.

"Back up Suki," Hitoshi calmly requested. "Who's soul mates?"

“Teach and Izu,” Suki hissed as if it was both something obvious and top secret. Hitoshi felt his mind go blank. His brother and one of his best friends? We’re soul mates?

“Suki, are you sure?” Hitoshi was confused. Sure, he knew they liked each other, he wasn’t dumb. But how could they not know they were soul mates? He’d bumped into his on accident, surely as much time as they all spent together, they would know. Except Shou-kun wasn’t one to show a lot of physical affection. He did tend to reach out to Izu the most but was it always when he was in costume? And he did tend to wear long sleeves. And his gloves on his costume. Damn it, Hitoshi cursed to himself, maybe they wouldn’t know.

“Tosh, I grew up with Izu. When we were kids I use to wish I had a mark that looked like his because I thought it meant we could be best friends forever. I could probably literally draw his soul mark with my eyes closed,” Suki sighed. “And when I went to ask about batteries this morning, your brother had just gotten out of the shower and didn’t have his damn sleeve on yet. They match and they’re still just an outline.”

“Fuck,” Hitoshi sat down on the ground, running a hand down in face. “What are we going to do?”

Suki sat next to him. “I see five options,” he began to count them off with his fingers. “We either do nothing and let them figure it out. We tell Izu. We tell Teach. We tell them both. Or we say nothing but get them to touch.”

“I don’t think we can just do nothing,” Hitoshi sighed, leaning his head onto Suki’s shoulder. “It was already making you a mess today. Imagine both of us trying to keep this secret for much longer?”

“Yeah, I didn’t think that was a real option, but I had to include it,” Suki grumbled.

“How difficult can it be to get them to touch during training camp?” Hitoshi asked.

***

The answer to that question was difficult. Shou-kun had woken up when Hitoshi snuck into his room and the moment he tried to run off with his gloves and the boy had felt his brother’s capture weapon wrap around him. He managed to play it off as a prank.

Hitoshi thought about mind controlling his brother or Izu but he was pretty sure neither would ever forgive him for making that realization under those circumstances. Suki had suggested maybe blasting off part of Shou-kun's costume if they did any sort of sparring, leaving more exposed skin. Unfortunately sparring wasn't on the schedule, instead they were focusing on quirk training and Shou-kun was moving around, overseeing a number of different students, himself included, while Izu was working with Ragdoll on his different forms and his ability to perceive others. She had him close his eyes and try to pinpoint where others were based on sound and then worked with him on holding his snow leopard form for longer. By the end of the day his friend was exhausted but could hold the form for around 10 minutes.

"Tomorrow we're going to work on trying to use a new form," he grinned as they made dinner. "She thinks I may be able to become a cheetah."

"That be great for getting places fast," Hitoshi nodded. "I spent the day trying to brainwash different people and seeing how long I can hold it. Tomorrow I'm supposed to work with Tiger on hand-to-hand combat. Since my quirk isn't physical, Shou-kun included it in my training schedule."

Suki was at a different station because him and Izu were like oil and fire in a kitchen together, so they didn't get to talk to him about his training for the day, but he was doing something to increase the strength and accuracy of his explosions. Hitoshi wasn't really thinking too much about this though, he was trying to think of a way to get Izu and Shou-kun to touch. Maybe at dinner if he took his gloves off to eat?

But as dinner was ready, Hitoshi saw Izuku's eyes linger on the little boy who was Mandalay's nephew as he disappeared into the woods. It was the same look he gave Todoroki at the Sports Festival. So, when he watched Izu grab two bowls of food and say, "I'll be back," Hitoshi wasn't surprised by the action, instead filing the plan away for another night if he could get Shou-kun to eat with them instead of the other pro heroes.

***

When Izuku followed Kota into the woods, he had not expected to find him sitting on a small overlook on the side of a cliff. Not wanting to sneak up on the kid he called from across the way. "Hey, I uh, thought

you might be hungry, so I brought you some curry."

The anger on the boy's face was overwhelming as he yelled, "How'd you find this place?"

Izuku quirked his head to the side, "I followed your footsteps."

"Whatever, get lost," Kota glared at him. "I don't want to hang out with you so leave and forget about my secret hideout."

Izuku looked around and saw the small cave entrance and how secluded it was. "Seems a good hide out."

"Hmph," the boy didn't seem to care about the praise but just glowered at the hero in training. "Spending your entire life trying to improve your quirk. It's dumb. Trying to be a hero is dumb!"

"You don't seem to like heroes very much," Izuku noted softly.

"Everyone here is crazy, calling people stupid names like "hero" and "villain", and then killing each other because of it," Kota was angry but under that he could hear the hurt. "Always focusing on their quirks. If they hadn't been showing off they'd still be here."

"Are you talking about your parents?" Izuku asked, remembering the little bit Mandalay had told him the other night. "Were they Water Hose?"

"Did Mandalay tell you?"

"No, I mean, she told me your parents were heroes who died in a villain attack, and I put it together," Izuku told him. "That must have been difficult."

"Everyone always says they died like heroes and I should be proud of them," Kota said. "But they're gone! They left me!" The anguish in his voice broke through everything.

Izuku knelt down, still a little ways away but brining him to the same level as the kid. "I watched as someone who is very important to me, someone I love and care about who also happens to be a hero, was almost killed," Izuku shared and Kota turned to look at him with interest. "I thought he was dead and I couldn't do anything to stop it. I felt my heart break when it happened, the pain was overwhelming. I know he was doing his job, he was trying to protect people. And I'm proud of the hero he is. But in that moment, all I could think was that

it wasn't fair, that he couldn't leave us like this."

Izuku paused as Kota starred at him, seemingly trying to understand why he was being told this. "It's ok to recognize the good they did and still be upset they're gone. I had so much anger when it happened that I turned into a jaguar. I'd never done that before; I'd always just turned into a house cat. But when I thought he was gone, I had people there to support me. Kacchan and Toshi and Todo-kun all helped me with the battle with my anger and with my tears. It was good to have people there I could open up to, like how you have Mandalay who wants to be there for you." The kid seemed to be seriously considering what he was saying. "I'll leave the food here. Just don't stay out too late, ok? Your aunt will worry." And with that Izuku made his way back down the trail away from Kota's hide out.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading :)

Tomorrow is the big day you've all been waiting for!
I just hope it now lives up to the hype (⊙ _ ⊙)

Test of Courage

Chapter Summary

The Test of Courage starts and Villains attack the camp

Chapter Notes

CW: cannon typical violence

Today's the Day!

Before you jump into the story, I've been writing here for just over a month and I've really been amazed by all the support and have enjoyed chatting in comments. I've seen others authors on here do this and I wasn't sure if anyone be interested, but I did make a discord... so if you're interested check it out :)

Discord

Now on to the story

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Two more days of training had passed and nothing he or Tosh came up with had worked so far. “What is wrong with these two idiots!” Katsuki growled from his position on the ground away from the rest of their class.

“If either of them was smart about this we wouldn’t be here,” Tosh sighed, flopping back into the grass to join him. “Why does Shou-kun’s costume literally cover everything?”

“I still think our best bet is to steal his gloves, but he’s been really on watch after that first time,” Katsuki complained, remembering how annoyed Aizawa had looked. “And the idiots said he had them in remedial classes until 2am so it’s impossible to push them together after he finishes training, Izu is asleep by then.”

“I’m honestly too tired to try to steal them again,” Tosh admitted. “Tiger is brutal.”

“Maybe we can figure something out during the Test of Courage Pixie Bob mentioned?” Katsuki suggested.

“Pretty sure he’ll be teaching remedial classes,” Tosh said, watching Mina and Denki get excited for the game that evening. “He’s too strict to give them the night off for it.”

“Tch, you’re right,” Katsuki sighed. “What if we locked your brother in the shower and sent Izuku to find him?”

“I’d rather not be murdered by Shou-kun,” Tosh glared at him for that suggestion.

“Yeah, he’d probably be mad. And Izu would just be embarrassed,” Katsuki agreed. “What if we stole Izu’s shirts?”

“He’d just turn into a cat until he found them,” Tosh pointed out. And he was right, they both knew how Izu felt about his scars.

“Maybe we should just tell them?” Katsuki suggested, resigning himself to the realization that as awkward as that conversation would be, maybe it was the best route.

“After camp?” Tosh sighed. “If we haven’t gotten them to figure it out by then we’ll tell them after camp.”

***

They’d been set in pairs for the Test of Courage while class 1-B was in the woods trying to scare them. Toshi sat beside him, listening to the screams in the woods. They’d drawn their numbers together and were apparently last.

“What’s that foul smell?” Pixie Bob asked, sniffing the air.

“Is that, smoke?” Toshi pointed out and they could see what looked like blue flames rising from the woods. Suddenly Pixie Bob was dragged forward and a tall, broad woman held her down. Toshi and Izuku rose to their feet as Tiger and Mandalay jumped into defensive positions in front of them.

“We’re the Vanguard Action Squad with the League of Villains,” the man with the reptilian mutant quirk and the eye mask that reminded him of Stain said. This was not good.

Suddenly a voice was heard in all their heads, “Everyone, two villains attacked us. It’s possible there are more coming. Everyone, return to camp immediately. We’re regrouping. Do not engage any enemies.”

“Class Rep, you lead the others here back to camp,” Mandalay turned to Izuku and instructed.

“But Kota,” Izuku argued. “I know where he is.” She nods in approval. “Iida, you’re in charge, I’m going to get him.”

Before Iida can argue, Izuku runs, shifting into a green cheetah as he goes, racing through the forest and hoping that Kota is safe.

As he nears the hideout he hears a male voice call out, “I think you and me should have some fun up here, kid. Ready?” Izuku rushes and leaps in front of the boy, shifting back to his human form to stand between him and a large villain whose arm seems to be made entirely of muscle. He hadn’t expected there to be any villains up here.

Kota is crying and trembling behind him as Izuku studies the villain, trying to find a weakness or a way to escape with Kota when realization dawns as to who this is. Muscular. The villain who killed Kota’s parents. “What are you doing?” Kota asked him in concern.

“Now you I recognize. You were on the list,” Muscular grinned menacingly.

“I promise everything will be ok,” he says to Kota, not taking his eyes off the villain.

“You really think you can save the brat?” he laughed. “Names Midoriya, right? Ifrit just said to bring you back, but he didn’t say in what condition. But before we get started, tell me kid, where’s Bakugo? Ifrit and Shigaraki were both interested in him.” He rushes toward them.

“Run Kota,” he orders as he shifts into a jaguar and uses his reflexes to dodge. Unfortunately, Muscular’s quirk increases his strength and speed and it’s hard for him to keep up. When a punch lands he feels the crack in one of his front legs as he flies back into the mountain wall, knowing his arm is mangled but the adrenaline running through him keeps most of the pain at bay. He has to protect Kota and the only way to do that is to take this villain down.

But he’s about to receive another punch as Muscular talks about how he’ll never be a hero when he stops and Izuku feels water hit him. Looking over, he see’s water shooting out of Kota’s hands, hitting muscular as splatters of water bounce off and past him. The villain turns to look. “Remember Water Hose?” The boy asks through tears. “My mom and my dad? Did you torment the two of them two before

you killed them?"

"Well, this must be fate," Muscular grinned. He turned his back on Izuku to taunt Kota and Izuku took his opportunity. Despite the obviously broken leg and the multiple cuts, that told him his shirt was probably shredded, he leapt forward and wrapped his legs around the man's neck before he bit into the man's skull as hard as he could. He could feel his teeth puncture the skull as it begin to crack under the pressure.

Muscled hands grabbed at him and went to pull him off, but Izuku just bit again, aiming for the base of the skull and crushing his jaw as hard as he could until the muscles retracted, and the man collapsed below him.

Izuku pulled off and shifted back, feeling only a little pain and hardly noticing the way his shirt was hanging off of him due to the large tear in the front or the blood that belonged to both him and Muscular dripping down his face and body. "You ok, Kota?" His heart was racing and his breath shallow.

"Why?" he asked. "Why did you save me?"

"That's what heroes do," Izuku smiled. "Come on," he scoops him up. "I need to get you back to camp before someone else arrives and then let them know they're after Kacchan." With Kota secure against his chest, Izuku began running.

***

"I'll look after the other students. Protect them," Shouta yelled to Vlad as he ran out the door to the classroom. How had the villains found them? Everything about their location was a secret. He needed to find his students. He needed to find Izuku. He needed to keep them all safe.

"Your concern has you distracted Eraser," a voice called as he stepped out the front door. Jumping up and grabbing the awning, the blue flames licked at his arm, burning his glove and one of his jumpsuit sleeves. "You pros outta lay off. We're not here for any of you." He activated his quirk then released his capture weapon to wrap around the lanky young man with burn scars and surgical staples before jumping himself to slam a knee into his gut and take him down face first to the ground.

"What do you want and where are your friends hiding?" Shouta

demands as he pins him to the ground.

“My what?” The man asks incredulously and Shouta bends his arm back to hear a small crack as it breaks.

“Your legs are next,” He warns, knowing this may cross a line but also needing to know what’s happening. “Be logical about this, it would be a real pain to have to carry you off to jail without them.” He’s about to follow through on the threat when Tenya, Hitoshi and a couple other students emerge from the woods, distracting Shouta enough for the man to escape his hold.

“Worried about your students?” he taunts. Shouta pulls the scarf to bring the man back to him and it moves right through him, as the body turns into mud and falls to the ground but not before a final “I wonder if you can save them in the end.”

The fire wasn’t his quirk. Maybe it was someone else’s quirk? A clone or duplication quirk? The students run up with questions, but Shouta sends them inside and starts running, racing toward the fire and his students when someone calls out to him, “Zawa!”

“Izuku?” He turns toward the voice and finds it’s owner in rough shape, cuts and blood everywhere and his arm is mangled but he’s still carrying Kota, holding the boy to his chest with his good arm.

“Thank goodness,” he sighs, “I need to catch you up on what I know about the villains but first I need to find Mandalay there’s something I have to tell her.” He’s talking a mile a minute, and this is beyond his normal rambling. Shouta can tell he’s running on pure adrenaline.

“Hold on Izuku,” he says but his kitten isn’t listening as he moves to pass the kid into his arms.

“Please take care of Kota while I’m gone,” he pleads and before he fully comprehends, he’s taking the boy from Izuku and his fingers brush Izuku’s arm and Shouta feels the slow sting like needles in his own arm. His breath stops and he almost drops the kid as he looks up and sees the top of a little cat on the part of Izuku’s exposed chest from the torn shirt, slowly filling with green.

But Izuku is still breathing shallow and rambling. He doesn’t feel it. Either he’s already injured enough or there’s enough adrenaline coursing through him that he doesn’t feel the little stinging sensation on his chest. He starts to run off before Shouta can form the words and his injured, bleeding soul mate who may be one of their targets

disappears into the woods. Shouta's worry spirals, but with the kid in his arms he has to fight the urge to race after him, knowing he can't bring Kota into danger. "Fuck," he curses the situation.

"Shou-kun," someone runs up to him. "Shou-kun what's wrong?" Hitoshi. Good. He should be back at the camp but since he's here he can at least take Kota.

"Everyone," Mandalay's voice echoes through his head before he can ask his brother to take the kid. "We have information on what the villains are after. They are here for someone named Kacchan. Kacchan please stay with others and return to camp as soon as possible."

And at that Hitoshi runs, panic clear in his eyes and he knows there's no way he's going to convince him to take the kid back, they'd just waste time arguing. He'll just have to hurry. "Hitoshi!" Shouta calls. "Tell Mandalay to send a message from me."

***

"Izu! Why are you so beat up!" Bakugo yelled at Midoriya once they had Dark Shadow back under control, the sentient quirk now looking sheepish after going feral but thankfully taking out the cannibalistic villain who was attacking him and Bakugo. "And how do you know they're after me? Why aren't you back at camp?"

"I fought one of them to protect Kota," Midoriya says, all eyes in the group on him. "He said Ifrit was looking for you and me."

"And you came back out here you fucking idiot!" Bakugo screamed.

"I couldn't leave you!" He yelled back.

"Well, we can't let your fucking bastard of a father get you!" Bakugo yelled back and this takes Tokoyami and Shoji by surprise based on their reactions. Of course it did, thought Shoto. They didn't know Midoriya's father is a villain.

"Then let's get going," Shoto says. "We'll do our best to surround you two and get back to camp quickly." Shoto, Shoji, and Tokoyami with Dark Shadow do their best to surround the two friends but it's clear as they start walking that whatever energy Midoriya was running on is fading. "You're bleeding really bad from your shoulder," Shoto points out.

Midoriya carefully removes his shirt, "Kacchan can you wrap this

around the cut? It's pretty much garbage now anyway."

Bakugo huffs but grabs the shirt then freezes. "Izu your chest."

"It's probably bruised, maybe bleeding," he was still looking up as he held out the shirt. "I think he may have cracked a rib or two."

"No Izu, your soulmark," Bakugo points to it and everyone looks at the green cat curled up against the red mug of coffee. The cat sports a large grey scarf that settles around its neck and shoulders and its eyes seem to glow red.

Midoriya looks just as surprised by it but softly whispers, "Zawa." The mix of emotions in that one word are overwhelming: amazement, joy, awe, disbelief and adoration all mingle together.

Shoji places a hand on Midoriya's uninjured shoulder. "We can process this later, right now we need to keep moving." And he takes the shirt from Bakugo and wraps it around the wound himself before he starts to drag the boy forward.

They proceed in this fashion through the forest until they see a girl around their age with blonde twin buns on top of Uraraka, some machine stabbed into her leg. Shoji lets go of Midoriya's hand and races forward to tackle the girl and both gasp in horror as they spring apart, Shoji with a hand on his thigh but there doesn't seem to be a wound.

"I don't feel like being captured today," she pouts playfully at him. "Maybe we can play more next time, I'd love to see what you look like covered in blood soul mate." She winks at Shoji and disappears.

"I'll process this later, now isn't the time," he sighs and turns back toward them then starts glancing all around. "Where did Midoriya and Bakugo go?"

***

"Why do you even want them?" Hitoshi asked in desperation.

"Ifrit believes they should know their options before they're forced into the restricting life of a hero," the man with the mask and top hat who had his boyfriend and best friend contained into small marbles shared before he froze, his face blank.

"Release Suki and Izu!" He demanded.

The man blankly pulled two marbles from his mouth then threw them down on the ground where Izu and Suki burst from them as soon as they hit. Hitoshi and Todoroki ran forward to each pull one of them to safety when a wall of blue flame erupted, separating them again.

“Not today little heroes,” an uninterested voice called out. Hitoshi could only hear the agonizing scream someone was releasing as everything around him seemed fuzzy. They’d been so close.

But now he watched as the flames died and Suki was dragged through a purple mist. “Don’t follow us,” were his last desperate words before disappearing.

***

Having left Kota with Vlad after wasting time on another of those damn doubles, Shouta ran through the woods, trying to find Izuku and his other students. His heart is pounding. Nem and Zashi had been right, how had he missed it all this time. He needs to find his soul mate, to know his kitten is ok and tell him how much he was cared for. Needed to get his other students to safety.

He hears commotion ahead and reaches a clearing just in time to hear Hitoshi’s agonizing scream with a hand still reaching forward as on the other side of a now dying wall of blue flames, a green mop of hair is pulled into a purple mist as it disappears.

Shouta falls to ground, letting out his own cry of misery as he clutches his forearm where his mark is. He’d just realized, confirmed everything only now because he’d decided to wait. He’d finally seen what his heart had been telling him all along, that his soulmate was right in front of him. But he failed; he couldn’t protect Izuku yet again, only this time his Kitten was gone.

Chapter End Notes

> I know... I'm sorry... but also I'm not sorry ... this was the plan... I promise everything will be resolved soon and I even finished a draft yesterday of a first date that's just a whole damn chapter of fluff as penance for my crimes.
>
> Also 100 points to the people in the comments who guessed correctly... yall saw where I was going with this
>
> Once again check out that discord if you're interested

Discord

I Intend to Keep that Promise

Chapter Summary

Plans are made for a rescue while Izuku and Bakugo attempt to deal with their imprisonment.

Chapter Notes

CW: Violence, prisoner situation

Hey! I know, last chapter was rough... I'm sorry the author is mean (I mean, only a little sorry)

This chapter is longer than normal and also a little rough but we get some reuniting next chapter.

As penance for my crimes there's an amazing picture by my friend Mouse in the end notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Aizawa-sensei,” someone was shaking him, trying to get his attention, but his eyes remained focused on the spot Izuku had stood only moments before. Moments before he lost his soulmate. Before he could tell him he loved him, tell him that he wanted the bond with him if he wanted it too.

Suddenly someone stepped in between then. “Aizawa,” it was a face bearing one turquoise and one dark grey eye. “Aizawa, I know you’re upset but I need you here. Is your mark hurting?”

It wasn’t, Shouta realized not even stopping to process how Shoto knew to ask that. He just felt the remaining tingle from when the connection was made. “He’s alive,” he whispered. “I have to find him.”

“And you will, but first you’re in charge here,” Shoto reminded him. “There are other students you need to check on. Then with his tracker you can gather heroes and save him and Bakugo.”

Shouta nodded. It was logical. He was usually logical. That’s what he needed to be right now. Logical was how he’d get his Kitten back. “Everyone head back to camp. Vlad should have called for back up by now so heroes and paramedics should be arriving soon. Provide

temporary first aid to anyone who is injured.” He walked up to his brother. “Hitoshi,” he leaned down. “We’ll get them back.” His brother threw his arms around him and neither he nor Aizawa could keep the tears from their eyes.

Eventually the two made their way back to the camp and Shouta pulled out his phone. “Nezu?”

“Aizawa, I heard there was an attack, is everyone ok?”

“I need you to gather Tsukauchi and as many heroes as possible,” Shouta tried to keep his voice from trembling. “The League of Villains took Izuku and Bakugo.”

“I’ll disable the emergency alert on Izuku’s bracelet so he doesn’t bring in heroes before we’re ready,” Nezu said. “Be prepared for a meeting once you arrive, I assume it will be early morning.”

“Aizawa,” he turned and saw Shoto standing next him. “It may be important to know that Midoriya mentioned Ifrit being who wanted them.”

“Nezu?” Shouta asked.

“Yes, I heard that Aizawa,” Nezu stated. “I’ll make sure that’s included in the brief so we can pull anything we have on him. I will also call Midoriya-san and Bakugo’s parents as well.”

“Thank you, Nezu,” Shouta said, before hanging up and turning back to his students.

***

Izuku shifted and groaned as he blinked awake, sitting on the floor in a dark room. His head hurt and so did his arm. Everything was kind of fuzzy. He tried to move but the sound of clinking metal and the pull against his arms, the cold metal on his wrists told him he was chained. He looked around. No windows, one dim light, a metal door on the far wall, and across from him, in chains that probably matched his own, his best friend.

“Izu?” the voice was quiet.

“Kacchan,” Izuku was relieved to not be alone. “Kacchan can you move?”

“No,” he groaned. “And my explosions won’t work.”

Izuku tried to shift but nothing happened. “I can’t shift either. I feel kind of sick, maybe a quirk suppressant?”

“Fuckers,” he growled.

“Don’t worry,” Izuku told him. “They’ll find us.” He rattled his wrist like his was trying to move but Kacchan’s eyes went to the leather cuff he was still wearing.

“Yeah, Teach wouldn’t leave you,” his friend teased him and despite their situation Izuku still felt a blush come to his face. He knew Zawa would find them. He’d never leave any of his students in this situation, it was one of the things he loved about the man. About his soulmate. He placed a hand against his mark, having to adjust how the chain sat as he did. Zawa was alive too and he knew they’d find each other again, they just both have to survive to do so.

Before he could respond, the door opened. “Finally awake my son,” that smokey voice spoke. “Good,” the dark-haired man knelt before him. “I thought it was time we catch up.”

Izuku glared at the man, showing more confidence than he felt, knowing antagonizing the man would make things worse. “What do we have to catch up on?”

“So many things, like your interesting quirk and how you and your friend would be excellent additions to our little team here,” his father said, fire licking at his lips.

“Izu and I have no interest in joining you, you damn bastard,” Kacchan yelled.

Hisashi grabbed his son’s hair and pulled him up so Izuku could feel the heat hit his face. “Are you sure? You should both think about it, you’ll be helpful to us one way or another,” he leaned down and the burning sensation spread across Izuku’s shoulder and arm. He bit his lip, not wanting to give his father the satisfaction.

“Leave him alone you fucker!” Kacchan yelled and Izuku knew antagonizing the man would only make things worse.

He was thrown back against the wall as his father turned and grabbed Kacchan. “You want to take his place? You were always a protective little watch dog, weren’t you? We could use one of those once you join us freely or we break you both.” Flames burst from his mouth but Kacchan just glared at him, even as the smell of burnt flesh permeated

the room.

“Stop Ifrit!” a younger raspy voice called. “You aren’t the only one who wanted him and you know we don’t have a healer yet.” A light blue haired villain entered. “Do what you want to that one, but no more hurting the blonde.”

“How many times do I have to say I don’t answer to you,” Hisashi growled but he let go of Kacchan, and Izuku could see the charred skin, knowing his father’s fire must have reached extreme heat to leave a burn like that on his friend.

“Sensei wanted the doctor to visit them again,” Shigaraki said. “He’ll be here soon.”

“I thought you said you didn’t have a healer,” Kacchan’s voice was weak but still angry.

“He’s not that kind of doctor,” Hisashi grinned as they walked out.

***

“Eraserhead, Midoriya-san, Bakugo-san,” Tsukauchi greeted them outside after Shouta had met them at the gate and escorted them inside. “We have a number of heroes gathered inside awaiting a briefing.”

Shouta nodded and led the two women in, one looking determined and the other angry, thought to be fair Bakugo Mitsuki almost always looked angry. Once inside the room, he noticed a number of heroes he knew: Vlad and Nezu were sitting near the front of the room alongside Nem and Zashi. Best Jeanist who Bakugo had interned with was there, as was Tiger who had come from the camp. All Might was present, which annoyed Shouta but he was the number one hero. The most surprising faces were those of Hawks, Mirko, Phoenix and Smoke.

“Well, now that everyone is present, we can begin,” Nezu said as the four of them took the remaining open seats. “As you all know, late last night at the camp for our first-year students, the League of Villains attacked and took two of our students hostage. The students in question are Bakugo Katsuki and Midoriya Izuku. It seemed they were specifically targeted by the league.”

“Do we know what they would want with the two boys?” Tiger asked.

“Aizawa, Midoriya-san, would you care to share?” Nezu asks.

Shouta looks at Midoriya-san before standing up. “You may recall the events at the USJ. During this event, Izuku bit off the fingers from one of the hands of the leader of the League of Villains, who I understand from him had a five point activation quirk. Apparently, this event caught the attention of a Villain the League is associated with named Ifrit.” The crowd gasped, all knowing the name and not expecting the connection. “Ifrit contacted Izuku during his internship and wanted Izuku to come with him. Phoenix and Smoke where there to prevent this, but we were concerned he may try again. We think between seeing Bakugo’s aggressive nature and his friendship with Izuku he may have decided to take both boys.”

“But why is he so interested in Midoriya?” Best Jeanist questioned. “If he’s trying to get revenge, he could have tried to kill him there.”

While Shouta searched for the right words, Midoriya-san stood up. “Ifrit is Izuku’s father.” The room went silent. “We did not know he was a villain, but he was emotionally and physically abusive and has been out of our lives since Izuku was 4, believing at the time he was quirkless. It seems he has renewed interest in Zuku now that he knows his son has a quirk.”

“And you’re positive Izuku hasn’t had any contact with him since he was four?” All Might asked and Shouta was ready to pounce.

“The man disappeared after I broke our soulbond for burning my son so bad he still has scars in an attempt to force manifest a quirk then threatening to keep doing so until he developed one or died,” Midoriya-san glared with fierceness at the number one hero as others in the room winced.

“Zuku and Katsuki both despise him,” Bakugo-san added.

Smoke spoke up next. “I was present when his father had him carried to him by a Nomu. The kid was trying to get away as the man tried to grab him. He was terrified.”

“He actually had a panic attack afterwards due to the stress of the situation,” Phoenix added. “His actions and reactions showed fear and lasting trauma.”

“I understand what you’re saying but someone broke into the UA offices and provided information to the League of Villains,” All Might pointed out. “And now we know of a student with a familial connection.”

Shouta slammed his hands on his desk as he stood. “Are you fucking suggesting that Izuku, who has been targeted by the league 3 times now, who was helping his classmates get to safety during that break in and nowhere near the offices, and who has more reason to hate Ifrit than almost anyone else in this room is the leak? Because I swear to God All Might I will fucking punch you again.”

“Aizawa,” Nezu held up a hand. “I need you to calm down. Toshinori, you will refrain from accusing my student and a victim of a kidnapping from being anything but those two things without anything more than coincidence. None of us are our parents.” The two men continued to glare at each other as the rat spoke.

“As fun as this drama is to watch,” Hawks piped up. “What’s the plan to find these two kids?”

“We know where they are,” Shouta said. “After what happened with Ifrit in Hosu, we fitted both Izuku and Midoriya-san with bracelets that both track them and can send out an emergency signal should they need help.”

“I did turn off the emergency signal so he didn’t accidentally alert heroes in his area before our plan was in place. Going in unprepared could lead to disaster for the two boys and make them more difficult to find,” Nezu explained.

“Alright,” Miruko nodded, fidgeting as if not use to sitting still for this long. “So, what’s the plan to get them out?”

“We plan to hold a press conference tonight,” Nezu said, which was news to Shouta. “This will act as a distraction while the rest of you and a few other heroes raid their hideout. Kamui Woods, Gang Orca and Edgeshot should be there too.”

“Who will be leading the press conference?” Best Jeanist asked.

“Myself, Kan, and Aizawa,” Nezu said.

“Like hell,” Shouta glared at the rat.

“Aizawa, I know your aversion to the media, but this is serious,” Kan glared at him.

“I will be there when we rescue Izuku and Bakugo,” Shouta insisted.

“Aizawa, they may get suspicious if you’re not at the press

conference," All Might suggested. "They were your students who were taken."

"I don't fucking care," and he looked around and could tell everyone was looking for a good reason. Shouta pulled up his jumpsuit sleeve in desperation, having discarded his normal undersleeve, there was no need for it anymore, displaying the small green cat to the room. "I have to be there. Izuku is my soulmate."

Everyone stared at him for a moment until Midoriya-san let out an exhausted, "Finally."

At the same time Zashi and Nem jumped up from their chairs, Zashi yelling "We told you!" while Nem ran around the table to hug her friend.

"When did this happen, Aizawa?" Nezu asked.

"During the attack," he stated. "He rescued a kid, Mandalay's nephew, he was passing him off to me when my hand touched his arm." He held up the hand with the missing glove and still charred sleeve, having not taken the time to change. "He'd been injured and had too much adrenaline coursing through his system to notice the new pain that accompanies it. Before I could say anything, he ran off to give Mandalay a message. I had to get the kid to safety and by the time I found him again he was being pulled through a warp gate with Bakugo."

"A year of training and cooking lessons and it took a villain attack for them to finally figure it out," Bakugo-san laughed.

"It was getting so painful to watch them not know Mitsuki," Midoriya-san sighed. "But now you have to get him back. Keep your promise to me Aizawa."

And that's when he realized. "You knew the whole time?"

"I was fairly certain the first time you came over for dinner," she admitted. "But I knew you had to discover it in your own time."

"Midoriya-san, I promised I'd keep him safe and that nothing I'd do would ever bring him harm," he could feel the heat in his voice. "I intend to keep that promise, which means I will be there tonight at the hide out when we rescue Izuku."

"I'd expect nothing less," Nezu said. "Though after he has returned,

we will all need to have an official meeting on that subject." Shouta nodded in understanding.

Tsukauchi cleared his throat, wanting to get the meeting back on topic. "I'd like to discuss specific tasks for this evening based on what we know." And he started breaking down the plan in detail.

***

Hitoshi was sitting on the couch, phone on speaker as he and Shoto were speaking with Kirishima. "We've got to get them back," he said. "We need to figure out where they are."

"Momo mentioned something about a tracker," Shoto offered. "I can see if I can find out more detail."

"I know Izu has a tracker but the only people who have the ability to access the location are Nezu and Shou-kun," Hitoshi sighed.

"We can't just wait for someone else to help them though!" Kirishima declared. "It be super unmanly to leave a friend behind."

"None of you are doing anything," Shou-kun's voice called out as he glared at the two on the couch, quirk activated with red eyes and hair menacingly floating.

"Shou-kun," Hitoshi gave a nervous smile. "I thought you'd still be at your meeting."

"Obviously," he said. "I'm here to change and sleep before the heroes take care of things tonight. After the lesson we had on vigilantes I didn't think any of you would be this stupid."

Hitoshi winces at the reminder. "We just couldn't leave them," he pleaded.

"And you thought I could?" his voice is angry. "I know how much you care about them but I've been mentoring them for over a year now. Plus," he pauses, taking a deep breath as if realizing what he was about to say.

"We know you and Midoriya are soulmates," Todoroki stated.

"What?" Kirishima yelled.

"Kirishima that information does not leave this call!" Shou-kun warned. And Hitoshi knew it was because they probably hadn't even

gotten the chance to discuss it.

“Yes sensei,” the red head’s voice sounded terrified.

“No one is going anywhere, we have a plan in place and a group of unlicensed students who are not part of that plan will be a distraction and a liability,” he glared. “You two are going to the hospital to wait for our arrival with Midoriya-san and Bakugo-san and I will make sure they know to not let you out of their sites. And if any of your classmates are planning something similarly illogical, please inform them the heroes are taking care of it.” And with that Aizawa left, heading toward his bedroom.

Hitoshi said goodbye to Kirishima, waited about 15 minutes, then followed him, knocking on the door before pushing it open. Shou-kun was laying on his bed in sweatpants with his hair still soaking wet from what must have been a quick shower. He starred at the mark on his arm, the tears streaming from his eyes. “At least let me dry your hair,” Hitoshi sighed, but his brother didn’t move. “Izu will be upset if you get sick because you weren’t taking care of yourself,” he tried and with that he slowly sat up.

Hitoshi grabbed a towel out of the bathroom and stood in front of Shou-kun, drying his hair. “I’m sorry Shou-kun,” he sighed. “I just, I was alone until them. And I know I have you but, we need them.”

“Hitoshi,” he sighed. “I know you’re worried, I am too. I can’t stop checking just to make sure he’s still alive. If it were up to me, we’d barge in right now and I’d get them both out, but we need to be careful or else we may lose them. If you and your friends went in, they’ll move them, they’ll potentially figure out we have a tracker on Izuku. We’d lose them. Plus, what if they took or killed you? Did you ever stop to think how much it would hurt if I lost you too?”

The guilt weighed on Hitoshi’s chest at that. “I didn’t consider any of that,” he sighed.

“I know you didn’t,” he looked up at him, tears still in his eyes. “I promise we’ll save them Hitoshi. We’ll bring them both home. So don’t do anything stupid between now and then.”

“I know you will,” Shinsou felt the tears prick his eyes too. “But to do that you should get some sleep. I don’t think you’ve slept in over 24 hours.”

“I’ll try,” he sighed as he laid back down, back to starring at his

soulmark.

***

Katsuki wasn't sure how much blood the doctor had taken from his friend, but it had seemed like a lot. He wasn't arguing though. After the last time, Izuku had warned him that arguing would make things worse, it was best to try to make them happy for now. Once the doctor was finished, an injection was given to both of them, increasing the dizzying feeling he thought had been easing. "Your transformation ability is quite unique," The bushy mustached man said looking at the bag of blood, "It will be interesting to see how I can apply it." And with that he left.

"You ok, Izu?" Katsuki asked in concern. Prior to the doctor, Izuku had already lost blood last night with his injuries.

"I'm ok Kacchan," Izu's voice sounded weak. "Just tired." Katsuki didn't know if it be better to let him sleep or if he should keep him awake. He didn't know what injuries he had or if any of them was a concussion.

Before he could make a decision, the door opened again and Ifrit walks in followed by a man that makes Katsuki jump back. He's tall, broad, and seems to pulsate with evil. But the most terrifying part is above the mask he wears, he has no eyes, his head made entirely of scar tissue.

"Son," Ifrit grinned, "Since I missed so many birthdays, I talked to Sensei and after seeing how nice you played with the doctor, he's agreed to give you a gift."

"I'm not sure I can open a gift," he weakly said, noting the chains.

"You won't need to open anything. Sensei doesn't bestow gifts upon just anyone. Only those who he thinks may be useful," Ifrit grabbed Izu's hair. "And we both think you may be very useful."

Izuku screamed and twitched in pain as a black aura seemed to surround his father. "Stop it!" Katsuki yelled, pulling at his chains, forgetting about playing nice. "He's already hurt enough! Hurt me instead you damn bastard!"

Ifrit just glared at Katsuki but released his son and turned back to the man he called Sensei. "He'll appreciate this gift once he's able to use it," the faceless man said as if he was the authority on such matters as

he now reaches out and places a hand on Izuku. Streams of red light suddenly flow between them and Izuku looks terrified.

“Stop! Whatever you’re doing he doesn’t want it!” Katsuki was once again pulling at his chains but he got no closer, they only rubbed and cut against his wrists.

But by then the lights were fading and Izuku was slumped against the floor. “Maybe if you learn to behave, you too can receive a gift,” the man suggested. And with that he walks out.

Katsuki pushes himself forward again, trying but failing to reach his friend. “Izu, Izu are you ok? What did he do?”

“I don’t know but there’s something new,” he’s crying and all Katsuki wants to do is comfort his friend. “I don’t know what it is but I can feel it there.”

“We’ll figure it out Izu,” Katsuki tries to calm him from a distance. “We’ll get out of here and we’ll figure out what it is and what to do about it. I promise. I’ll help you, Tosh will help you, Aizawa will help you. We’ll all figure it out.” His friend continued sobbing, moving his hand up once again to rest over his soulmark.

Chapter End Notes

Look it's Magical Catzuku! A special thanks again to Best Platonic Soulmate Mouse ＜3

[image]

Next chapter will be our rescue and some much needed fluff

Also

Discord

We’re Going In Now

Chapter Summary

The raid to get our boys back - AKA the Kamino Incident

Chapter Notes

CW: Cannon typical violence

I'm here with some rescues and some fluff... I hope you all enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku shifted some as he regained consciousness. He sat with his eyes closed for a minute, feeling a soft warmth envelope him. Was Zawa here? His eyes flitted open to see the same dim chamber but this time a soft green glow around him. “Izu,” Kacchan whispers. “What is that?” He inspected the glow that seemed to be emanating from him. The something new had settled in his chest, was this related?

“I don’t know but my arm doesn’t hurt as much anymore,” he said back.

“It started just a couple minutes ago,” Kacchan told him. “But no one’s been in here.”

Izuku studied the light, noting it almost reminded him of quirks he’d seen. But his quirk didn’t do this. And they had given him a suppressant. But he was thinking more clearly, the dizziness subsided. “Wait, I wonder if.” Thinking cat, he felt his body shrink and shift and he was no longer restrained by the cuffs which were now much too large for his tiny cat paws. He stepped out of them and shifted back. “The suppressant wore off. Let’s get you out of there,” he grins at his friend, knowing he’d have to consider the green glow later.

Izuku starts looking at the lock on the cuffs. “You think you can pick it?” his friend asks.

“Kacchan, I’ve never picked a lock before and even if I had, I don’t have any tools,” Izuku sighs, though maybe it would be a good skill to learn. He’d have to ask Zawa about it, fairly certain he’d be able to teach him.

“Wait, if my quirk is working does that mean yours is?” Tiny pops escape the boy’s palms and Izuku positions his friend’s hands so they’re aiming at the chain attached to the cuffs, somehow knowing they’d be the best place to aim and missing the bewildered look his friend gave when his eyes suddenly glowed a golden shade for a moment. “Don’t over do it, we don’t want them to hear,” he warns, though when the building shook Kacchan went ahead and fired off a reasonable blast and the chains could be heard clattering to the ground.

“Nice Izu,” Kacchan grinned back at him as he held up the now free though still cuffed wrists. “Let’s get out of here.” They move to stand up when they hear someone messing with the doorknob. Izuku shifts into a jaguar, ready to pounce and Kacchan takes a defensive stance as they finally hear the knob turn and room is flooded with light.

***

The heroes had all gathered around an old bar in the Kamino Ward, Hawks had flown in a few feathers to scope the place out, but all Shouta wanted to do was run in and find Izuku and Bakugo. Hitoshi and Todoroki were waiting at the hospital for them with Midoriya-san and Bakugo-san, the two women said they’d keep an eye on the boys.

“Eraser, Smoke” Tsukauchi approached him and the other underground hero who stood next to him. “We’ve got enough recon from Hawks after he floated a couple feathers in. He said the boys are being kept in a room in the basement. There’s a man down there filling up two syringes, we’re not sure what with. There’s a back entrance that leads to that set of stairs. We’re going in now.”

Shouta fixed his goggles from Smoke in place and they moved to the back door, quietly opening it to the musty smelling back room of a bar, a space that would have held deliveries for the kitchen he could see through the door to their left. As he moved toward the stairs on the right he heard the fight break out in the main barroom and he hurried down the stairs, Smoke right behind him.

What once had been a cellar to store alcohol had been dug out to create additional rooms. Standing next to a table, packing up supplies, stood a stout man in a white coat. He turned to face them, thick glasses and a bushy mustache starring as he reached for one of the syringes on the table. “Go,” Smoke yelled as black fog rolled off her skin to fill the room. “I’ve got him.” As the room filled with smoke, he dodged around the slow moving doctor and started throwing doors

open, the first two proving to be empty. They were down here, Hawks said they had to be down here. Unless Kurogiri had moved them. He was in a panic as the smoke started to dissipate and the building shook, though the sounds of struggle directly behind him lessened and he went to turn a knob.

Locked.

He pulled a kit out of his pocket, pulling out his key weight tensioner, inserting it into the lock, then not having time for precision he utilized his rake until the lock turned. Standing he shoved the tools back in his pocket and threw open the door.

Shouta felt his heart pick up at the sight of the blonde with explosions popping from his hands and the glowing green jaguar. “Kitten,” he called as he moved towards the jaguar.

Its form began to shift and there stood Izuku, dirty, covered in blood, glowing a soft green, and shirtless, their matching marks displayed on his chest. “Zawa,” he whispered and next thing he knew, the boy had his arms wrapped around him and he was holding him to his chest, his face buried in his curls. Izuku was alive and in his arms and for the first time since last night he felt he could really breathe.

“Izuku, I,” he started, wanting to tell him everything when a voice called from behind him.

“Eraser, I know this is like a heart felt moment and all, but we gotta go,” Smoke said. “Since when do you glow kid?”

“Since less than 10 minutes ago,” Bakugo shared. “They did, something to him.”

“We’ll figure it out,” he promised with a gentle kiss to his forehead. “First we need to get you two out of here and to the hospital. Hitoshi is waiting for you Bakugo. And so are both your moms and Shoto.”

Shouta led the way up the stairs, never letting go of Izuku. As they reached the top of the stairs the commotion was louder but no one had entered the back room. “Shit,” Smoke said as she peaked through the door to the main room. “Nomu.”

“We’re going out the back but if the need arises, you both have my permission to use your quirks to defend yourselves,” Shouta stated. He opened up the back door and moved outside to hear movement from above them as something swooped down. He pulled Izuku into a

protective position and he felt the pain sear through him as claws tore deep into the muscles on his back. An explosion was heard behind him, but he found it hard to keep standing as he stumbled to the ground. He could hear Smoke yelling something then they were surrounded by black fog.

Then warmth and a soft green glow surrounded him, and it felt comfortable, like home, like Izuku. “No Zawa, you’re bleeding too much,” his kitten cried as he felt gentle pressure on his back. “You can’t, not again.” The pain was lessening, and he found himself able to move but Izuku continued to cry out. “You can’t die, Zawa. I love you,” before the green light faded and his body collapsed next to his.

“Izuku,” Shouta shouted as he moved to cradle him, feeling nothing but soreness from his back. “Izuku,” he whispered as he felt for his neck and breathed a sigh of relief at the feeling of a pulse. “Izuku,” he practically sobbed in relief as he pulled the passed-out boy onto his lap. “I love you too.”

“Teach, your back,” Bakugo said, sounding as if he was in shock.

“What about it?”

“You were,” Smoke was staring at them. “I could see muscle and bone and now it’s, it’s all stitched together.”

Shouta starred at Izuku. Was the green light a healing power? He’d never had anything like that, the specialist hadn’t even mentioned it as a possibility in his newest report. Did it force manifest to keep him alive? “We need to get him to the hospital. And call his quirk specialist.” He lifted Izuku up and carried him in his arms, being sure to cradle his head using his elbow and chest. Smoke followed, keeping up the smoke screen, extending it out to better conceal their location.

Once they were a couple blocks away, they heard the explosion. He turned to see All Might facing off against a man in a suit with a mask covering his whole head. The bar and the buildings surrounding it lay in ruins and they just barely avoided behind hit by rubble.

“I think that’s the guy in charge,” Bakugo’s voice trembled with fear and anger. “He did something to Izuku last time he was awake, before he woke up with the green light. Ifrit and Shigaraki called him Sensei.”

“We’ll figure it out later,” Smoke took charge. “Right now, I have to get you three to the car so you can get to the hospital then get back to

help.”

***

Inko watched with a small smile on her face as Aizawa sat beside her son’s hospital bed, holding his hand and watching him as if he were the world.

He seemed relatively unharmed considering what she feared her ex-husband would possibly do. The quirk specialist was going to stop by tomorrow when Zuku was awake because he somehow was healing himself and healed Aizawa. Unfortunately, that healing had exhausted him, and surgery had to be done to correct the way the breaks in his arm had started to heal, but he was back and resting and he would be alright.

“Midoriya-san,” Aizawa softly spoke her name, not looking up from her son.

“Yes, Aizawa?” she asked.

“I just wanted to let you know that I’m in love your son,” he stated, sounding so sure. “I think I have been for a while.”

“Oh, I know dear,” she smiled at him. “And don’t worry, I’ve been getting use to the idea for over a year now while the two of you circled around each other like idiots.”

He finally looked up at her, tears in his eyes. “I wish we’d known sooner. He was my student, and younger than me, and the feelings I had felt so inappropriate, but I couldn’t stop from feeling them.”

Inko understood his worry and did her best to ease it. “If I thought you were the type of person who would take advantage of him, I wouldn’t have let you stick around, Aizawa, whether I believed you were his soulmate or not,” Inko fixed him with a look.

“I know,” he smiles at her thoughtfully. “I’ll be whatever he wants from me Midoriya-san, for as long as he wants me around. If it’s friendship or love, for a minute or a lifetime. I promise to put him first.”

“Why don’t we wait until you talk to him before you start making promises,” Inko sighed fondly. “So long as you don’t pressure him and you respect his wants, needs, and boundaries, I think it will be ok. A relationship of any kind is a two-way street Shouta and Izuku

wouldn't want you to give up everything you want for him just like you wouldn't want him to do that for you."

He looked thoughtfully as Izuku, watching the rise and fall of his chest as he slept. "You're right Midoriya-san. We'll talk when he's ready." Inko had to suppress a laugh. She was fairly certain Izuku would be ready the moment he woke up. Instead, she decided to handle something else.

"Shouta, dear I think you can start calling me ka-san," she offered, and if the man leaned his head forward to hide tears that formed either at the use of his first name again or at the offer to consider her like a mom, Inko pretended not to notice.

***

"Izu is still asleep," Hitoshi said as he squeezed himself into the hospital bed to cuddle his now returned boyfriend. Todoroki was staying the night at Momo's after he saw everyone was going to be ok, but said he'd be back in the morning.

Suki leaned over and placed a gentle kiss on his boyfriend's cheek. "Thanks for checking Tosh," he said. His chest was severely burnt but between some skin removal and a healing quirk, it was now covered in burn cream and wrapped to hopefully prevent infection.

"I was worried about him too," he snuggled in closer, being careful to avoid his injuries. "Shou-kun hasn't left his side. He only agreed to get his back checked and change clothes when Izu was in surgery for his arm and then went right back to his room to wait for him."

"Your brother has it bad," Suki laughed.

"And Izu definitely likes him back," Hitoshi pointed out. "Oh God, you don't think we'll find them making out on the couch, do you?"

"After all the lectures we got, we sure as hell better not," Suki grumbled.

Hitoshi laughed and the two just lay next to each other, comfortable silence surrounding them. "Suki?" Hitoshi eventually broke the silence.

"Yeah Tosh?"

"I was so scared when they took you and I couldn't stop them," his

voice wobbled as tears began to form. “I’m going to get stronger. I’m never going to let something like this happen again.”

“Tosh, it wasn’t your fault,” he felt Suki’s fingers intertwine with his own. “And we’ll both get stronger, together.”

“I know,” he smiled softly. “I love you Suki,” the words slipped out. This wasn’t how he’d planned to tell him. He’d planned it all for after they got back from camp: wanted to ask him out to dinner somewhere nice, maybe go for a nice walk through that pretty park down the road. He’d have bought him a gift and planned the perfect moment. But Hitoshi realized as Suki was disappearing before his eyes that just being able to tell him would be the perfect moment. “You don’t have to answer back, I just worried what if I never got to tell you, you know. So, I just.”

Before he could say anything else he felt warm lips meet his, gentle and passionate and sending sparks through his body. All too soon they pulled away. “I love you too Tosh,” Suki smiled before settling down and quickly falling sleep after the long day, leaving Hitoshi grinning as he listened to the light snoring of the man who loved him back.

Chapter End Notes

> Next time... Izu wakes up... soul mate fluff... quirk specialists... And More!
>
> I can already tell yall between dnd, adulting, and needing to get ahead on the draft again there won't be any updates this weekend. I will still be around though on Discord :)

Discord

So Happy It's You

Chapter Summary

Izuku wakes up and we take care of some pressing matters

Chapter Notes

CW: Nezu brings up sex in their discussion ... everyone is embarrassed

Alright - due to normal weekend busy and needing to do a lot of catch up on the draft, there will be no updates this weekend.

Also LOOK AT THIS AMAZING ART BY TORA-GE KITSUNE!!!!

[image]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As his eyes fluttered open the first thing he noticed was the room was so dim except for that soft green glow. Where were they? Had they been caught again? He shot up, “Zawa!” he panicked. He had been bleeding and was on the ground. Where was he?

“I’m right here Izuku,” he felt the squeeze of his hand as he turned and began to cry at the sight of the man.

“I thought you were going to die again,” the tears poured down his face.

“But we’re both here,” he comforts him, reaching up to run fingers through Izuku’s hair before gently wiping tears away. His hands were warm against his skin and Izuku leaned into it, instinctually letting out a soft purr.

“Zawa we’re,” he starts but he stops and just lets out a small gasp when the man places a soft kiss to his forehead.

“We are,” he says. “I was going to say something when it happened, but someone was all hopped up on adrenaline and ran off.” Izuku looked sheepish but Zawa just smiled gently, “I’m so happy it’s you.”

“Me too,” Izuku nuzzles deeper into the palm on his cheek. “When Kacchan pointed the change out to my mark, I knew. I knew it was

you."

"Izuku," Zawa was still holding his cheek and looking him in the eyes as if searching for answers. "What do you want to do? I know what I want but I refuse to pressure you into anything."

Izuku worried a point of his lip between his teeth, nervous to ask. But between the kiss on his forehead, the hand still gently cupping his cheek and the soft look in Zawa's eyes, he found the words spilling out, "Can we go on a date?"

Zawa smiled, a big, bright smile he'd never seen on the man before, "I'll plan the best date," he promised, leaning their foreheads together. "And if you want, after that one, we can go on more dates."

"I'd like that," he smiled before scooting over in the large bed made to accommodate patients with quirks that made them larger than the normal human. "Will you sit with me?" he asks and soon Zawa is next to him in the hospital bed and they're simply leaning against each other in a comforting way. It feels right, like home, like all the pain and agony since the attack was seeping away.

"Wait!" Izuku suddenly realizes. "I got distracted, is everyone else ok?"

Zawa chuckles. "Sorry to be such a distraction," he teases and Izuku turns red. "Everyone else is ok. Bakugo was treated for his burns and the injuries the other students had were minor. All of the heroes survived the raid."

"Survived?" he asked, homing in on that solitary word with concern.

"I don't have all the details, I've been here with you, but apparently the villain above Shigaraki and Ifrit is a man named All for One," Zawa explained. The name meant nothing to him but that was probably who they called Sensei. "He's in Tartarus now but All Might had already been severely weakened by him in the past and now, well, basically he has a small form, he's all thin and sunken eyes, can't use his powers. Prior to this fight he could only stay as All Might for a few hours but Nem said now he can't hold it for longer than a minute or so. He'll have to retire. Everyone else just had minor wounds. I think the worst were Hawks exhausted his quirk and needs to wait for his feathers to grow back and someone jumped in front of Zashi as he was using his quirk which, they should have known better."

"Wait," Izuku turned to look at him with annoyance in his eyes, "That

jerk had the audacity to tell me I'd be a burden in the field when he could have lost his powers and turned small in the middle of a fight?"

"I don't want to talk about how much of an asshole All Might is," Zawa grumbled, looking equally annoyed with the man.

"What about the villains?" Izuku asked.

"They rounded up a number of them," he shared with a sigh. "But some of them still got away due to Kurogiri. They thought he was neutralized but then warp gate. Your father unfortunately wasn't there to begin with."

Izuku felt his body start to tremble at that knowledge, but Zawa wrapped an arm around him and pulled him close, whispering, "We're going to keep you safe. We won't let this happen again." The presence calmed him some.

The door opened and Izuku practically jumped, "Mom," he squeaked as he started to move away a bit.

"You can stay, I already know and it's fine with me," she laughed as she rolled her eyes. "Did either of you think to call a nurse when you woke up, Zuku?" Shouta looked a little sheepish next to him and she just sighed and pushed the call button on the hospital bed before leaning down and kissing her son's forehead. "I'm glad you're safe Zuku."

"Thanks Mom," he smiled at her.

A nurse came in a few minutes later, checked vitals and fussed over him. She said they'll have to take him for another x-ray of his arm to make sure it's healing correctly. "Also, your quirk specialist should be by. We think that green glow may be healing related."

"I've never had a healing quirk," Izuku seemed confused.

"Kitten, you passed out after you used it on me last night when a Nomu tore my back to shreds. All that's left are scars," Zawa's concerned voice spoke up. "They also had to do surgery to reset your arm because it started healing quickly and incorrectly."

"I talked to Katsuki and he thinks it may be related to whatever that Sensei, All for One man did," his mom said. "We're hoping the quirk specialist can tell us more."

“I’ve also got a call in to Tsukauchi to see what we can find out about All for One’s quirk since he did something to you with it,” Zawa added.

Izuku nodded when the door was thrown open. “Nerd!”

Kacchan rushed in, dragging Toshi by the hand with Todo-kun trailing behind until they all surrounded his bed. Following a few moments later was Phoenix and Smoke.

“Are you all ok?” Izuku asked.

“We’re fine,” Toshi said, noting Izuku’s position with a smirk. “You look like you’re doing fine too.”

“I thought you said you and Aizawal weren’t soulmates, Midoriya? I was very surprised to find out you were,” Todo-kun said, and while stoic, Izuku couldn’t help but wonder if his friend thought he’d lied to him.

“We just found out during the attack. So, when you asked, I didn’t think we were,” Izuku stumbled through the response.

“Wait, when did you ask?” Kacchan pointed at Todo-kun.

“When Midoriya and I went to go get my clothes from my house after my father was arrested,” he responded.

“Are you kidding, fucking Icyhot figured it out before me,” Kacchan grumbled.

“Wait, how many of you knew before us?” Zawa asked and everyone in the room looked at each other.

“You know I did,” mom laughed.

“I saw your mark when I went to ask you for batteries before camp,” Kacchan admitted.

“Why do you think I tried to steal your gloves earlier this week?” Toshi asked in exasperation. “We were trying to get you two idiots to touch.”

“It was pretty obvious from your interactions in Hosu, Eraser,” Smoke laughed.

“Yeah,” Phoenix agreed. “We just weren’t sure if it was a secret or not,

so we didn't pry. We were a little surprised to find out at the meeting that you hadn't realized the bond yet back then."

Izuku felt himself turning bright red and he hid his face in Zawa's shoulder. "How did everyone realize before us?"

"I don't know Kitten," Zawa sighed happily as he pulled him closer.

"Maybe it's shit like that?" Kacchan pointed out.

"Shut up Pup," Zawa growled and Izuku couldn't help but chuckle.

"The others from class wanted to come visit," Toshi told him and Izuku felt panic rise up in him.

"Are they coming now?" he asked, still cuddled into his soulmate and not wanting to let him go.

"I told the fuckin extras to give you some space today," Kacchan declared.

"Bakugo did you just call the rest of my students extras?" Zawa asked in annoyance.

"He's been doing it since the beginning of the year Shou-kun," Toshi laughed.

"He's been doing it his whole life," Izuku countered.

"Tch, it's not my fault that's what they are, Nerd," he shrugged and Izuku pulled his head up high enough for everyone to see his eyeroll at that which elicited laughs from the room.

There was another knock at the door and in walked a kind looking woman with a smile on her face. "Hi Izuku, I heard that something new came up with your quirk?" The crowd moved and she walked closer to the bed. "Ohh, that glow is certainly new."

"Hi Dr. Ishida," he smiled. "It started when I was being held hostage. I was told they think it may be healing related?"

"Well, if all your visitors will step out of the room except your mom, I can do a quick evaluation and we can discuss what's going on," she smiled at the crowd in the room.

"Can Zawa stay?" he asked, clutching onto the man's hand and the doctor quirked an eyebrow.

“They’re soulmates, recently realized,” his mom explained quickly.

“Oh, of course your soulmate can stay Izuku,” she smiled fondly as everyone else was ushered out of the room by Smoke who said a quick goodbye for her and Phoenix as they needed to return to Hosu.

“Alright, I’m just going to do a quick evaluation to start. You remember how that works?” Izuku nodded. “Ok, can I have your free hand?” she asks holding out her own. Izuku places his hand in hers and watches as her eyes take on that now familiar blue glow. Her brows furrow and after about a minute the glow stops, and she moves her hand away. “Izuku, you have two new quirks.”

Izuku felt his heart pick up slightly, startled by this, but felt the squeeze from Zawa’s hand as his mom spoke up, “What do you mean? That’s impossible.”

“He has 2 new quirks, but they don’t seem brand new like a quirk that’s just manifested, just new to him and definitely not part of his original quirk,” Dr. Ishida insists. “There’s a healing quirk, which is what that green glow is. It uses small amounts of your energy to speed up your own healing or larger amounts to heal others. Your own healing it seems to start automatically though you could learn to shut it off. It draws a steady stream of energy and while it may make you a little tired, there’s no worry of it exhausting you. However healing others is by choice, and it seems it can easily exhaust you.”

“He passed out after healing me yesterday,” Zawa pointed out. “The doctor said it was exhaustion.”

“You’ll need to learn to control the output and with practice may be able to administer more healing with less of a drawback. You attend UA, correct?” Izuku nodded in response. “The best person to learn that from would be Recovery Girl if she’d be willing to teach you.”

“I’m a teacher there,” Zawa said. “She regularly works with any students with healing quirks so I can talk to her about creating a time to work with Izuku. If you’d send me the report on his new quirk, we can come up with a training plan.”

“I can make sure you get the report Shouta,” mom nodded. “You mentioned another quirk?”

“Yes,” she sighed. “it’s actually identical to another I’ve seen in the past. They called it Weak Point. It’s an emitter quirk and allows you to identify physical weaknesses in people or objects. It’s activated at will,

basically by trying to understand somethings weak points. The downside is more complex things take time to analyze. With simple things you may just understand the weak points with a short loo but with more complex items or people, you may physically see the information in your vision, so you have to keep your eyes open during activation. It can result in headaches and dry eye. Also, your eyes will glow a golden color so it's an obvious tell."

"That last part is like your quirk, Zawa," Izuku said.

"I can help you with training that," he offered and Izuku smiled before turning back to the doctor. "You said it's identical to another quirk you've seen?"

"Yes, which is strange. Even family members with very similar quirks will often have some variation to them but this one is exactly like Weak Point. Do you know how you got these other quriks?" Dr. Ishida asked.

"I may be able to help with that," Detective Tsukauchi offered from the doorway. "Izuku, I have some questions about what happened after the doctor leaves, but first can you tell me what happened when you met the man they referred to as Sensei?"

"My father said he had a gift for me and that I should be happy because he doesn't give gifts to everyone," Izuku remembered. "Then there was a red light and it felt like something was being forced into me, like an energy that wasn't mine. Then it stopped and he left. My father said I'd come to appreciate his gifts."

"What I'm about to say is confidential," Tsukauchi said. "The man referred to as Sensei is actually a Villain known as All for One. That much you probably know from the news and other reports. What isn't public information is that he's been around since the beginning of quirks, surviving through use of a quirk that extends his life. But his real quirk however is in his ability to give and take quirks. It's how he's amassed followers in every generation. Giving gifts is one way he wins loyalty but also how he develops his soldiers and possibly the nomu, though they also seem to contain DNA from other humans."

"That would explain why the quirks seem developed even though you still need to learn control over them," Dr. Ishida looked concerned.

"So he gave Izuku quirks as a way to win him over and create a villain he wanted?" Zawa seemed angry as Tsukauchi nodded.

“I don’t want them then,” Izuku insisted, distraught but the idea a villain would think Izuku owed him, was created to be something.

“Unfortunately, the only way to remove them is to allow him to use his quirk and that would be dangerous,” the detective said. “We have no clue what other quirks he may have and even with the security of Tartarus, it be unwise to remove his quirk suppressants even for a moment.”

Zawa’s face had scrunched up during this like he was concentrating on something. “He was trying to develop you for infiltration and support,” he finally said.

“What?” Izuku asked.

“Your father must have been confident you would join them one way or another,” he said. “And we’ve already discussed your ability to infiltrate using your cat form. Imagine how dangerous that skill would be now that you can identify weaknesses. Add to that front line healing from someone who can quickly move around a battlefield as a cheetah.”

“They thought I’d eventually help them with whatever they wanted,” Izuku looked angry.

“He wouldn’t have given you quirks if he didn’t, though understand if you didn’t join him willingly he’d probably have broken you, turned you into a nomu, or just taken all your quirks and decided you were a failed project,” Tsukauchi stated. “And Eraser’s theory makes sense.”

“I’m going to learn to use these quirks and they’re going to realize their mistake,” Izuku’s tone was murderous. “Ifrit should have never thought I’d join him.”

Zawa pulled him closer, “That’s my kitten.”

***

“Aizawa, Midoriya-san, Midoriya-kun,” Nezu welcomed them into his office early that morning a couple days after they’d been discharged. “Before we get started, I want to say I got the details on your new quirks and am adjusting your schedule. Recovery Girl has already stated she’ll happily start working with you on controlling your power as soon as you’re able and will let you practice once there are students to heal, and I believe Aizawa is planning to start training you this week on your other quirk?”

“That’s correct Nezu-sensei,” Izuku nodded.

“Perfect,” the rat smiled. “Now, onto the main topic of our appointment today. I understand you have discovered you are soulmates?”

“Yes sir,” Shouta nodded. “I know we discussed the matter of my soulmate when I first started teaching and as you know it turns out Izuku is my soulmate.”

“I was frankly not surprised by the development,” Nezu stated as he sipped his tea. “I assume we’re here to discuss permissions and how this will impact things moving forward?”

“Yes,” Shouta stated, taking Izuku’s hand. “We plan to start dating.”

“I see,” Nezu nods, “And Midoriya-san is ok with this?”

“I suspected they were soul mates the first time I saw them together,” Ko-chan smiled. “I’ve been prepared for this possibility for over a year.”

“That doesn’t answer my question of if you’re ok with it?” Nezu stated, his cheery voice holding something sharp underneath it. “As the two are teacher and student, under the soulmate laws they require your permission to proceed with any form of a romantic relationship.”

“Shouta treats Zuku like he’s the most important thing in this world,” she smiled. “He respects my son and his boundaries, understands his wants and needs, supports and protects him, and encourages him to be a better version of himself. I know from my observations that he’d never take advantage of Zuku. I know the age difference and him being a teacher complicates things, but I honestly couldn’t hope for something better for my son.”

“Thank you Ko-chan,” he smiles at her, moved that she feels that way.

“And Midoriya-kun, how do you feel?” Nezu asks.

Izuku blushed. “I love Zawa, I loved him before I knew we were soulmates, but I thought a relationship would be impossible. Now that I know, I want to be with him.”

Nezu nods, “Well it seems everyone is in agreement.” He pulls out some papers. “Due to the laws regarding soulmates, so long as we have all the paperwork in order and no favoritism happens then there

is no issue. I'll complete random reviews of Midoriya-kun's work to ensure he is being graded fairly, though knowing you I doubt that will be a problem Aizawa." He passes the paperwork to Ko-chan to start filling out.

"Now, regarding the dorms," Nezu stated. "Like we planned for your brother and ward, Midoriya-kun will still have his own room in the Class 1-A dorms. I will encourage him to stay there often in order to bond further with his classmates. However, as your soulmate, we understand you will need time together as part of your bond so he will be allowed to stay with you in your dorm room in the Class 1-A dorms or the Teacher Dorms. He is of the age of consent and the soulmate laws that protect your relationship despite being student/teacher do include consensual physical relationships. My only request is that you refrain from any sexual activity in the 1-A dorms in an effort to set a good example for the other students." Shouta was fairly certain he was as red as Izuku.

"That's not a topic we've discussed as we haven't even had our first official date yet, but should it come up before Izuku graduates, we will certainly keep that in mind," Aizawa glares at the rat.

"Thank you Aizawa," Nezu sips his tea. "With Midoriya-san's consent you will also have permission to take him off campus for personal matters that aren't directly related to escorting him to other locations."

"Oh, that's fine," she smiles. "I expect they'll want to go on dates and all the boys will want to spend time away from campus, things like that. Plus, I still expect all 5 of you for dinner on Sundays."

"Is there anything else Nezu-sensei?" Izuku asks.

"I believe once the soulmate consent forms are completely signed by all three of you that should be everything," Nezu smiles.

"Good," Shouta nods, "Because we have plans, and I don't want to be late."

Chapter End Notes

A quick look at the real and made up laws I semi-utilized when designing this in my head -

I looked up age of consent laws in Japan - they are a lot and while the national age of consent is 13, the actual age of consent

varies heavily by prefecture. Basically I'm using a mix of the age of consent based on The Juvenile Obscene Acts which sets the age of consent at 15 in some prefectures (Mustafa is made up so I'm pretending that's the age in Mustafa) and the Civil Codes which would deem Izuku a minor until he's 20 meaning he would need written parental consent to date Aizawa.

Student Teacher relationships would of course still be generally illegal as well as against school policies, but laws have been put in place to protect soulmates in these situations - both if they choose to pursue a bond or they choose to break it (so you can't be forced to stay in a bond with someone just because the other person has power over you). There is also a lot more paperwork than just a simple written consent in this situation due to said laws.

These laws and protections extend beyond just Student/Teacher relationships but this is the only example of it we'll see in the story.

See yall Monday - or you can find me over on Discord

First Date

Chapter Summary

Shouta and Izuku's first date

Chapter Notes

CW: yeah this is literally just some Aideku fluff - no warnings

Happy Monday Yall! Thanks again for all your support! I've honestly got a number of mostly fluff and sort of tying up lose ends/setting up for other things this week then next week we'll dive back into more cannon with the dorm move ins and the licensing exams.

Also, I'll provide some more specifics closer to the dates but so you all know I will be taking a hiatus at some point in mid October because I will be in another state visiting Best Platonic Soulmate Mouse and will most likely not be bringing my laptop along (and even if I do I want to spend time with her so minimal writing and editing would happen). I'll let yall know specifics about when the last post will be before leaving and when you can expect me back once I have a better idea of that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouta stood nervously in front of the Midoriya's door. He wanted this to be perfect, he'd even insisted on picking up Izuku rather than meeting him somewhere.

The problem was, since he'd never been interested in dating anyone who wasn't his soul mate, he'd never been on a real date. He'd asked Zashi and Nem for advice but a lot of it had been unhelpful. Unlike Zashi, they weren't karaoke people and despite Nem's winks, he wasn't about to take Izuku to a hotel on their first date; the suggestion had been mortifying. Finally, Hitoshi, seeing his frustration, had taken pity on him and actually gave some good advice: Just do something you both like.

So, with that in mind, he planned the day and after their meeting this morning he went home to change into jeans and a black dress shirt, pulling his hair half back into a bun then picked up the gift he'd gotten his kitten before walking to pick up his soulmate.

Finally gaining the courage to knock on the door, it opened and he was greeted by the sun. “You look handsome, Zawa,” he smiled.

“You look cute Kitten,” he returned, seeing that Izuku had actually tried to tame his curls and was dressed similar to how he’d dressed then they went to the cat café after the USJ, a nice sweater and jeans. “I got you something,” he handed the bag in his hands to Izuku.

“Oh,” he took it. “I got you something too!” He reached into the messenger bag slung over his shoulder and pulled out an immaculately wrapped present to hand to him. “Do you want, should we open them now? Or later?” And Shouta realized Izuku knew just as much about what they were doing as he did.

“I think we can open them whenever we want but if we don’t get going soon, we’ll be late for the movie later,” he stated.

“I’ll put them both in my bag and we can open them later,” Izuku offered as he started to place his present back then carefully arrange the bag right side up as well. “Let’s go,” he smiled. And with that they left the apartment and started down the street until Shouta stopped in front of a hole in the wall restaurant and watched as Izuku’s eyes lit up.

“I thought we could grab a late lunch here before the movie,” Shouta suggested, knowing they were Izuku’s favorite spot to get Katsudon that wasn’t his mother’s.

“I love this place,” he smiled as they walked in and found a small table in the corner. The waitress recognized Izuku and immediately brought him mug of tea then took Shouta’s order and brought him coffee. They chatted while they ate and what he was afraid would be awkward or uncomfortable as they adjusted instead felt right, including every time his heart jumped at Izuku’s laughter. Eventually they left and Shouta led him to the movie theater.

“I have tickets for that new hero movie you were saying you wanted to see,” he smiled.

“I’ll get popcorn,” Izuku insisted, running off to the fairly empty concessions stand before coming back with a bag of popcorn and some sour gummies Shouta would never admit to anyone else that he loved. “Let’s find out seats.”

The movie theater wasn’t very crowded, probably due to it being a weekday even if it was summer and they found seats towards the top

and center. They quickly finished the popcorn about a quarter of the way through the movie and with the bag no longer between them, Shouta was unable to focus on the movie as he mentally debated what to do next. Did they stay like this? Did he try to hold his hand? Did he put an arm around Izuku?

The decision was made for him when he felt Izuku's smaller fingers intertwine with his and give a small squeeze. He squeezed back and stayed like that with a smile on his face the rest of the movie.

***

Izuku smiled as he walked out of the theater still holding Zawa's hand. So far everything had been amazing. He chatted away about the movie: the heroes, how their quirks would work in real life, how the heroes could have handled things better earlier on. Zawa seemed content to let him ramble, but he knew the man was listening because every so often he'd jump in with an observation or a question.

Before he knew it, Zawa was holding open the door of Purrfectly Brewed for him. He ordered a coffee, a hot chocolate and a slice of the cake that Izuku loved before they went to find a seat. "I promised we could come back," he smiled as he took a sip of his coffee.

"You know," Izuku laughed, "Last time we were here, I couldn't help wondering if it was how a date with you would actually feel."

"I think you accidentally calling it a date was what forced me to admit I had feelings for you," Zawa shared and Izuku felt his face flush.

"I really hadn't called lunch or coffee with Kacchan a date in a couple years, he just still likes to tease me about it," Izuku admitted and now it was Zawa's turn to flush and with no capture weapon to hide his face in.

"Well," he looked appraisingly at him, "How is today holding up to expectations?"

"It's been amazing," he grinned. "But honestly I think I could so anything with you and have fun."

"And here I was worried as I planned our date," Zawa teased.

"Well your planning worked cause it's been wonderful ever since you picked me up," Izuku laughed. "Oh, the presents!" He reached into his bag and pulled them out, passing Zawa the small box. "I wanted to get

you something and I passed a place at the mall," he embarrassedly explained, "If you don't like it that you obviously can return it, so don't feel like you have to accept it."

"Can I at least open it before you start planning the return?" Zawa asked with a raised brow to which Izuku apologized. "Why don't you open yours first?"

Izuku nodded and carefully started pulling tissue paper out of the bag, being careful to keep it out of reach of the cats before he pulled out a beautiful thick journal, the front of which was designed to resemble his costume with the words "Hero Analysis" written across the front in beautiful script. Inside Zawa had written "To Kitten, with love, Shouta." His heart skipped a beat at it, wondering if this was permission to use his first name. The man had been calling him Izuku for ages.

The pages inside seemed to alternate between lined pages for writing and blank pages for Izuku to draw. In addition to the journal was a collection of art supplies, including a starter set for both acrylics and water colors and pads of paper for practicing with them.

"I remembered you mentioning an interest in learning to paint," he explained. "I thought we could set up a table for you in the office that could be sort of a desk and art space?"

It was now or never. "I love it all, Shouta," he said and he watched the man grin at the use of his name. "Did you have this journal made?"

"It was a rush order but I found someone who would be able to get it made quickly," he nodded.

"It's beautiful and I can't wait to start using it," Izuku excitedly told him.

"I'm glad you like it, Kitten," he told him. "Do I get to open my gift now?" Izuku just nodded, afraid if he spoke, he'd start rambling about how he didn't have to accept it again. Instead, he watched as Shouta tore the wrapping off the box and opened the rectangular jewelry box. His look softened as he pulled out the grey leather cuff with the stitched outline of two cats, tails intertwined and heads leaned up against each other. One was stitched entirely in green, the other in black with a red eye.

But when Shouta flipped it over, his eyes started to tear up. Burned

into the inside were their names, Shouta and Izuku with a heart between them. Underneath, with space for additions, was the date they met for the first time, the date they met again, and the date they touched. “Kitten, will you help me put it on?” he held out a wrist. With clumsy hands, Izuku wrapped it around his soulmate’s wrist and buckled it in place. As he pulled his hand away their fingers brushed and Shouta took the opportunity to latch their hands together.

“It’s the best gift I’ve ever received,” he promised with such earnest in his eyes and Izuku couldn’t help but smile. He loved gruff, tired, strict Shouta, but he also loved the soft, sweet Shouta that wasn’t often seen by others.

“I’m glad you like it,” Izuku felt the warmth burst through him. “And we can add more dates: dates we both feel are important.”

“I’m excited to make more memories with you,” he brought his hand to his lips and gently kissed where their fingers were joined.

The two continued to sip on their drinks, one set of hands still intertwined as they discussed all the things they’d like to do in the future: from things as simple as going to the beach and the hero museum to future plans to move in, maybe one day get married if things work out. Both believed it would as Shouta rubbed little circles on his hand with his thumb. And when Izuku had difficulty taking a bite of the cake with his right hand occupied, Shouta was unwilling to relinquish it and instead held out his fork towards him with a bite on the end, a measure which made Izuku blush as he wrapped his lips around the fork.

***

They were now back at Shouta’s home and to say he was nervous was an understatement. They had both changed into the clothes they planned to sleep in and were curled up on the couch watching tv. Izuku had found his hand again and was leaning into him, trying to pay attention to the late-night news but his eyes were blinking closed and he suppressed a yawn.

“Hey Kitten, I think it’s time for bed,” he suggested.

Izuku let out a disagreeing groan. “I’m fine,” he argued.

“You’re falling asleep,” Shouta chuckled but Izuku just pressed deeper into his side. Perhaps now was the time to ask. “What if you sleep with me?”

Izuku pulled back and looked at him wide eyed, suddenly very awake. “What?”

And Shouta realized how that sounded. “Not like that,” he quickly corrected. “I just meant, in my bed, rather than the spare room. But actually sleeping, not anything else.”

“Oh,” Izuku let out a breath that sounded both relieved and disappointed.

“Kitten,” he reached a hand out to cup his face, wanting him to know how he was feeling. “We haven’t even kissed yet. I want to share all those things with you, eventually. When we’re both ready for them. But we’re not ready for that tonight.”

Izuku nodded, pushing his cheek into his hand then glancing up with large, emerald eyes. “Would you be ready for a kiss?”

The question surprised him at first, but he moved forward, lips softly pressing against Izuku’s own. Gentle and caring, he pulled away only for lips to follow and crush against his, passionate and needy and Shouta returned the kiss with equal fervor. He pulled his Kitten closer until he was half on top of his lap and his tongue reached out to run across his lip. Izuku’s mouth opened in a little gasp of surprise and Shouta took the opportunity, his tongue now intertwined in a dance with Izuku’s as his Kitten wrapped his arms around his neck.

“Really!” a voice yelled from behind them and Izuku released him and jumped back. “With every time you yelled at us?” Hitoshi was standing in the kitchen.

Bakugo was next to him with a look of distaste on his face. “God, last thing I needed to see what Izu and Teach making out.” Izuku hid his face in Shouta’s shoulder but he could still see the bright red flush taking to his ears and neck.

“Then get out of my house, Pup. Like either of us wanted to see you all those times,” Shouta grumbled. “Come on Kitten,” he stood up, picking Izuku up with him. “Time for bed.” He walked past the two boys and carried Izuku in his arms to his bedroom, laying him down gently on the bed before climbing in himself. “If you feel more comfortable, I won’t be upset if you go back to the spare bedroom,” Shouta offered.

But Izuku instead turned to face him and smiled, causing Shouta to place an arm around his waist and a kiss to his forehead. “I love you

Izuku," he whispered as they both snuggled into the sheets.

Izuku cuddled in closer to him. "I love you too Shouta," he said in a sleepy voice. And Shouta lay there and watched as his Kitten eventually fell asleep in his arms before finally drifting off himself.

Chapter End Notes

Next time - some more follow up on things training camp related

Until then you can find me over on Discord

Change of Plans

Chapter Summary

Tsukauchi calls with a request regarding a villain captured in the raid

Izuku begins to train one of his new quirks

Chapter Notes

CW: Discussion of violence/attacks. A hospital setting but nothing major

Hey yall! This chapter probably could have been 2 short chapters but instead you get a really long one! Which is great because I'm taking a long weekend and there won't be an update one day this week, either Thursday or Friday (not sure which, depends on what day I'm actually travelling - probably Thursday).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouta had planned to spend the day helping Izuku train Weak Point before his patrol that evening, but when a call from Tsukauchi woke him up and the detective stated one of the villains apprehended with the League of Villains was demanding to see her soulmate, his entire day changed.

“She said she’ll only talk if it’s with him present,” the detective sighed.

“Do you know who it is?” he sighed, rubbing his temple as he watched Izuku sleeping calmly next to him.

“Based on the description she gave, I believe it’s Shoji Mezo from your class. It seems they touched during the attack on camp,” Tsukauchi said.

“I’m not going to force him to talk to her,” Shouta warned. “But I will talk to him about it.”

And that was how, after a couple of phone calls and talking with Chiyo about helping Izuku train that day, he found himself two hours later walking through the halls of Tartarus with his student next to him. “I want you to know, you are under no obligation to be here or do anything,” he reminded the boy as the guards escorted them. “If at

any point you can't or don't want to do this anymore, we can leave."

"No," Shoji said with determination. "I've been putting off confronting this since it happened."

Detective Tsukauchi waited outside a door at the end of the hall they were down. "We've got her restrained and with a quirk suppressant, so there should be no issues," he informs them. "You don't have to say or ask anything unless you want to. She just wanted you there for some reason. Still, if at any point it becomes dangerous, I want you to leave the room immediately."

Shoji nods and the three are led into an interrogation room where on the other side of the glass they see a blonde girl, hair down. She's probably around his current students' age. "Soulmate," she grins, flashing sharp pointed canine teeth as a blush came to her face. She tried to move forward toward the glass, but was forcefully held back by the restraints. Shoji didn't seem to respond to this, but it was always hard to read his emotions with half his face covered.

"Alright, we brought him here," Tsukauchi said. "Are you ready to answer some questions?"

"Yes," she said, her response to the detective cold and lacking the enthusiasm she used to greet Shoji. All three sit down, Shouta being sure to keep his student the furthest from the girl. She was young, reform may be possible, but right now she had still aligned herself with villains.

"Name?" Tsukauchi asked.

"Toga Himiko," she smiled.

"True," he nodded. "Quirk?"

"Transform," she grins, "If I ingest someone's blood, I can transform into them. I'll look and speak like them. I can even copy their clothing though that's easier if I don't have mine on, which is really uncomfortable around most people." She winked at Shoji and Shouta had to suppress an eyeroll.

"True," the detective nods, ignoring the wink. "I have here that you attacked another student in middle school. No one has seen you since that incident. Can you tell me what happened?"

"Saito," she grinned. "I first saw him when he was in a fight one day.

He was so cute, blood everywhere. I had to show him how much I loved him." She went on to share about how she showed her love: an attack that followed with her sucking blood from the wound with a straw. "I love so much I just want to be them," she explained.

Shouta was increasingly concerned for Shoji, knowing he was soulmates with her and having to listen to her talk about how she loves people. He was waiting for any indicator he could drag his student from the room. But he have none even as it became increasingly obvious with each answer that her quirk had given her an extreme fascination with blood and that rather than helping her receive counseling to cope with it, her parents had pushed her to simply repress it as well as pushed her away. "Everyone wanted me to be normal but can't they see, I am normal," she declared at one point.

As Tsukauchi was wrapping up, Shoji moved, one of his limbs forming a mouth. "I have one question," he said. "If that's ok." The detective nodded. "Toga, do you think you could ever show affection in any way other than the ones you described?" There was no judgement or malice in his voice, just honest curiosity.

"This is the only way it makes sense to love," she smiled at him.

"True," the detective said. And with that, Shouta escorted his student out of the room.

The boy wasn't much of a talker, but he seemed eerily quiet at they left the facility, the detective thanking them for coming. After about 10 minutes of driving in the car they'd borrowed from Nem and Zashi, Shouta finally broke the silence. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"I just feel sad for her," he sighed. "I know what it's like for people to fear you or not understand you, to not feel like you belong. The town I grew up in people don't like quirks that mutate your body. I just keep wondering what would have happened if she'd gotten support somewhere other than villains."

"She was failed a lot by the people who should have helped her learn to cope with the side effects of her quirk and unfortunately it's brought her here," Shouta nodded.

"Aizawa-sensei," Shoji said after a couple more minutes of silence. "I'm not sure I can keep the bond. I wanted to try, I didn't want to hurt her more, but I'm not sure I can handle her type of affection. And if I'm not going to visit her, enough time apart would break it on its own, but I've heard that extends the pain. I don't know what to do."

“Those are very valid feelings and questions. Would it help to talk to someone?” he asked.

“Do you mean a therapist?” Shoji asked.

“Not exactly,” Shouta smiled as he placed a call.

“Shouta?” the voice called, “Is something wrong with Zuku?”

“No Ka-san, Izuku is fine,” he smiled and noticed the interested look Shoji had out of the corner of his eye. “I had to take care of something with another student today so he’s training with Recovery Girl instead.”

“Oh, that’s good,” he could hear the smile in her voice. “If you’re with another student though, why are you calling me?”

“One of my students has a situation with their soulmate that is similar to your own and he’s a little conflicted on what to do,” he stated. “He’s in the car with me now after we met with her. I was hoping maybe you could speak with him like you spoke with Hitoshi.”

“Sweetheart,” her voice was kind, motherly, “What’s your name?”

“Shoji Mezo,” he stated. “Thank you for speaking with me.”

“Well Mezo, dear,” she said his name like she did all their names, like he was precious and in need of protection. “This may be a long conversation. What are you doing tonight?”

“Nothing,” he stated. “I plan to visit my family in Fukuoka before moving into the dorms, but I don’t leave for a few more days.”

“Well dear, how about you come over for dinner,” she offered.

“I suppose I can do that,” he nodded.

“Shouta, is that ok?” she asked.

“I assume we’re having dinner at my place?” he asked.

“I think we’ve already proven it to be a very tight fit in the apartment even with fewer people,” she chuckled.

“That’s fine,” he sighed. “We’ll head by the grocery store. What do you want me to get?”

“Mezo, what’s your favorite food?” she asked.

“I like squid ink pasta,” he shared tentatively.

“I’ll text you a list Shouta. Just don’t do anything with any of it until I get there,” she warned.

“Yes Ka-san,” he chuckled.

“I’ll head that way after I get off work,” she said. “I’ll see you later Shouta and I look forward to meeting you Mezo.”

After she hung up Shoji asked. “Was that Midoriya’s mom?”

“Yes,” Shouta confirmed.

“And you call her Ka-san?” he asked.

Shouta sighed. “Shoji, I talked to Izuku and Bakugo, I know you were there when Izuku realized the soulmate connection. Please be straight forward with what you want to know.”

“What is your relationship with him?” he asked, once again no disgust or judgement, just curiosity.

“I’m sure you’ll realize tonight and everyone else will find this out eventually once you move into the dorms, but our bond is romantic,” Shouta told him. “We didn’t realize the bond until the attack on the training camp, but we had both already developed feelings for each other, just neither of us had acted on them for obvious reasons. I don’t want to share any more details on our relationship without him being there, but I’m sure he’ll be willing to share over dinner.”

“Won’t we be discussing my bond?” Shoji asked.

“Ka-san won’t talk to you about the bond over dinner with everyone else present,” Shouta explained. “She’ll probably just spend the time trying to get to know you then ask you on a walk figuring you won’t be comfortable discussing it in front of your classmates and friends. That’s what she did with Hitoshi at least.”

Shoji nodded at this, but it seemed had one more question. “You said our situations were similar?”

“I also know you’re aware Izuku’s father is a villain. They didn’t know until recently, but she did know he wasn’t a good man, which is why she broke her bond with him when Izuku was 4,” Shouta explained.

“She knows what it’s like to both be bonded to a villain and to break that bond.” Shoji gave no response, and they rode in mostly silence the rest of the way to the grocery store.

***

Izuku had been surprised when he woke up that morning and Shouta told he had to deal with an issue regarding Shoji and his soulmate so he wouldn’t be able to train that day. But he excitedly stood outside Recovery Girl’s office now. Learning to control the level of his healing would be important. He couldn’t start glowing every time he got hurt, especially if he planned to go underground. It be a dead give away to his position.

Suddenly the door opened. “Midoriya,” she smiled at him. “Go change into your hero costume. Since there’s no students here, we’re taking a little field trip.”

As soon as he’d changed into his hero costume he met back up with her and followed her to her car. Watching Recovery Girl somehow magically hop into the raised driver’s seat was a site to behold. He slid into the passenger seat and buckled up. “So where are we going?”

“You need to practice a healing and quirk and to do that we need people who need healing Midokone,” she smiles as she starts to drive away from UA.

“Oh, I was hoping learn to stop my own healing factor first,” Izuku admitted.

“I understand the thought, but that would require hurting you,” she pointed out. “And I believe if you learn control over healing others it will give you a higher likelihood of success at halting your own healing.” He nodded and not long after they pull up to a place Izuku knew well.

“Oh, my mom is nurse here in the ER,” Izuku smiled.

“We may visit the ER in future trainings, but we’ll be spending today in the children’s ward,” she informs him as they both get out of the vehicle and head inside, moving down the long, white hallways until they reach a more colorful section, bright, vibrant paintings of outdoor scenery cover the walls of a small waiting area filled with toys and books and a few parents holding or watching over small children.

“Recovery Girl,” the receptionist, a lady with bright blue hair and eyes that seem to glitter greets them. “We were so excited when you called saying you could come by today. Oh,” she notices Izuku. “And who do you have with you?”

“This is the student I’m helping train, Midokone,” she informs the woman and Izuku gives a slight bow. “His healing quirk is not trained yet, but unlike mine any overuse of his will merely make him pass out from exhaustion so there’s no worry of harming the children as he learns. Plus, I thought they may like a cat hero.” This makes the receptionist laugh as Izuku attempts to force down a blush.

“Well, I’ve got a boy who came in earlier in room 2 now,” she hands her a file. “A badly sprained ankle so shouldn’t be too draining for Midokone.” Recovery Girl starts looking through the file and walking through two doors and down a hallway.

“Do you remember what you did to heal Aizawa?” she questions.

“Honestly, I just saw him injured and I kind of panicked thinking I couldn’t let him die,” Izuku admitted.

“So, your thoughts were merely about saving his life which is probably why you poured so much into it and passed out,” Recovery Girl concluded. “Healing, especially when it uses your own or someone else’s energy, is about balance. As you know, my quirk can kill someone if I use too much of their energy to heal them,” Izuku nodded. “Your quirk seems to have a fail safe before it gets that far, it deactivates, and you pass out from exhaustion. But the last thing you need is to pass out in the middle of a dangerous situation. While your quirk won’t kill you, someone else certainly might.”

“I understand,” Izuku nodded, suppressing a shiver. “That’s why I want to train it. How do you control your healing output?”

“I think of it like a spigot on a cooler of water,” she smiled at his quirked eyebrow. “You only have so much energy in you, and when you finish you need to make sure there’s enough left for all the other glasses you need to fill and if you drain it completely well, you have an empty water cooler. I had to learn to properly judge other’s energy amounts, but you will need to learn to judge your own. Second, you’ll need to learn to control how much of it you release. You have time here, you’re not in a rush like you may be in the field, so you can start slow. We’ll learn to just open the spigot a little and release a small stream of healing rather than tearing the top off the jug and dumping

the whole thing out like you did with Aizawa," the last part said in a chiding manner.

Izuku blushed but stayed on topic. "To be fair, I didn't even know I could do that until after I woke up and Shouta told me." The huff from Recovery Girl did not sound impressed so Izuku moved on. "How to do I control the output?"

"Your body already does that naturally with your own healing," she pointed it. "What did it feel like to you when you healed your arm and burns?"

Izuku thought back. He knew the healing itself was soft, warm. But if he had to think about internally what it felt like. "Like someone had barely pushed on a dimmer switch."

"We can work with that for now," she chuckled. "Just imagine that light is connected to a battery. If you use all the power without letting the battery recharge, you're in trouble."

Izuku nodded. "I can try that," he said as he tried to image a small circuit with the batter, bulb and switch.

"Perfect," she smiles, "Let's go check on Hotaru-kun." She pushes open the door to a small examination room, also brightly colored, where a boy of maybe 5 or 6 with bright yellow hair sits on the examination table with a very swollen ankle, a woman of maybe 30 with similar hair sits next to him.

Recovery Girls wasted no time and introduced herself and then Izuku as her intern. She then walked Izuku through checking the sprained ankle and ensuring there are no other injuries, all the while explaining everything she's doing to the boy and his mother.

"My intern is going to heal you, if that's alright?" she asks the boy, but the question is mostly aimed at his mother. The woman nods and the boy looks at Izuku with big eyes.

"Hi," Izuku smiles as he squats down a little bit so he's the same height as the boy, "My name is Midokone and my quirk is called Healing Light. I'll place my hand over your ankle. You'll see a green light and it'll feel a little warm, kind of like being wrapped in a cozy blanket, but that should be all and after that your ankle should feel better. Do you have any questions before I start?"

The boy shook his head but looked up at Izuku's ears and his tail

twitching behind him. “I know,” he grinned as if they were in on a secret as he twitched his ears. “People want to pet them all the time. How about after I heal you, I let you see me as a cat while Recovery Girl-san goes over anything else with your mom?”

“Really?” the kids eyes were big.

“Really,” Izuku smiled. “You ready?”

“Yes Midokone,” he nodded and Izuku couldn’t help but think how sweet the kid was. Izuku held a hand over the ankle, hovering above it, and he thought of healing the boy and just lightly flipping on that dimmer switch. The soft green light and warmth appeared under his hand and he heard the boy gasp. It felt like just a little bit like when he healed himself only now he has to concentrate and really think about it. They all watched as the swelling in the ankle seemed to decrease until it eventually looked like the other one then he cut the dimmer switch in his mind off, telling himself the boy was healed. He felt a little more tired than he had at the start of the day, but no where near ready to pass out.

He looked up and Recovery Girl smiled at him with approval before she started explaining she’d have to wrap it still just to give it some extra support since it may still be a little sore but he should be good to walk on it. “Would you like to see Midokone as a cat like he promised while I do that?”

“Yes please,” the kid smiled. “If it’s ok.” Izuku quickly shifts into his cat form, watching the kid’s excited face as he jumps up onto the examining table and nuzzles against him. Hotaru gently puts a hand out and softly pets the green cat’s back, letting out a giggle at the purr that escapes him. The kid is so thoroughly distracted by the cat now playfully rubbing against him or trying to catch his fingers that Recovery Girl is finished in no time.

“Alright Midokone, I think Hotaru-kun is all done,” Recovery Girl told him.

Izuku gently nudges the kid’s cheek with his forehead before leaping off the table and shifting midair. “Are you feeling better Hotaru-kun?” he asked.

“Yes,” he smiled. “Thank you Midokone and Recovery Girl.” The boy jumps off the table to give him a hug and it’s the sweetest, most innocent thing Izuku had experienced in a while. The boy’s mother thanks them both and then the boy hugs his mom’s leg too. She smiles

affectionately at him and then lifts him onto her hip before they leave.

Izuku briefly wonders what it be like to have that. Maybe one day in the future, he and Shouta could adopt a kid or two. Would Shouta even want kids? He took in Toshi and Todo-kun so maybe? Before he could dwell on the thought too much, Recovery Girl drew his attention.

“You did great Midokone,” Recovery Girl smiled at him. “Do you have younger siblings?”

“No,” he shook his head. “I’m an only child and none of my close friends have younger siblings either.”

“Well, you’re a natural with kids,” she said. “If you ever get tired of hero work, I’m sure the hospital would welcome you here any day. How are you feeling?”

“A little tired,” Izuku admitted. “Like I just went for a long run. But not like before.” She passes him some energy gummies from a pouch on her side which he gladly takes, popping them in his mouth to chew and quickly feeling the return to his drained power.

“We’ll keep working on it. Hopefully with more practice and use, you won’t feel as much drain,” she speculates. “Now, grab the cleaner in the cabinet and wipe down the examination table.”

Chapter End Notes

Next time - more Shoji

We're still over on Discord

Reminding Him of Home

Chapter Summary

Shoji visits the Aizawa household

Chapter Notes

CW: none? If you notice something I should tag let me know

POSTING UPDATE

Hey yall - So I'm going to be going out of town for the weekend to take care of a couple things and meet up with a few friends. Here's what that means for the posting schedule

Thursday - No Post - I'll be driving
Friday - Will Post - I'll have my computer and more free time that day
Saturday - No post due to Friendship and D&D
Sunday - No post - More friendship and another RPG
Monday - No Post - I will be driving again
Tuesday - Will Post! Also back to regular posts unless otherwise specified or I leave to visit best platonic Soul mate <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mezo had not been expecting Aizawa-sensei's home to be this big, but as they'd unloaded groceries, he explained that he had a smaller 2 bedroom apartment until a few months ago but his brother lived with him as did Todoroki now and Bakugo and Midoriya stayed over often so a bigger home had become necessary. Once they'd put up the groceries, Shoji had sat down on the couch, unsure what to do.

"Hello Shoji," the stoic voice of Todoroki flatly called out as he walked into the room. "I didn't know you were coming over."

"I should have texted you guys," Aizawa sighed and pulled out his phone. "I'll let the others know. Shoji and I had to take care of a few things today and he's staying for family dinner, Ka-san is coming over to cook and eat with us."

"What were you taking care of?" Todoroki looked at him curiously.

"Shoto, that's Shoji's business," Aizawa glared.

“You cancelled plans with Midoriya to do something with Shoji,” Todoroki’s voice held something in it other than simply the normal stoicism. Something untrusting.

“The villain from the camp,” Mezo decided to tell him the truth since he already knew half of it. “The one who attacked Uraraka and Tsu then turned out to be my soulmate. She’d only talk to the police if I was there. So Aizawa-sensei took me to Tartarus.”

“I see,” Todoroki seemed to relax at this. “I’m sorry you had to do that but I’m glad Aizawa isn’t cheating on Midoriya.” The man suddenly choked on his drink, eyes huge as he sputtered and coughed.

“I don’t think he’d invite me to dinner with all of you and if he was cheating on Midoriya with me,” Mezo tried to point out the obvious as Todoroki seemed to miss the awkwardness now hanging over the room.

“That is a good point,” Todoroki nodded. “But, Midoriya was my first real friend, so I had to be sure. No offense Aizawa.” He moved and sat next him on the couch.

“Too late for no offense, Shoto. I can safely say that I’d never cheat on Izuku,” Aizawa declares, still coughing from before. “Now if you don’t mind, I’m going to go change out of my hero costume.” He leaves the room, leaving the two quite boys alone.

After a minute Todoroki glanced at him. “Do you want to talk about it, or do you want a distraction?”

“I’m supposed to talk with Midoriya’s mom about it later. Apparently, she’s been through something similar,” Mezo said, remembering the revelation that Izuku’s father was one of the villains behind the summer camp attack and the information he’d learned from Aizawa.

“She broke her bond with Izuku’s father when she found out he’d been hurting him,” Todoroki shared the startling information then just as quickly moved on. “We have video games upstairs if you want to play. I’m not as good as Bakugo or Hitoshi but they’re still fun.”

Mezo welcomes the distraction and follows his classmate upstairs.

Todoroki wasn’t wrong when he said he wasn’t good at video games, he couldn’t seem to maneuver his character correctly, always having to correct his direction and often overcorrecting in the process, but it was fun playing with him still. He silently wondered why he’d never

hung out with the boy before. About an hour later, he heard footsteps coming up the stairs. He turned to see Midoriya, still towel drying green curls. He walked over to one of the beanbags and collapsed upon it. “Healing people is exhausting,” he sighed but he had a smile on his face.

“Recovery Girl had you actually healing people?” Todoroki asked, much to Mezo’s confusion.

“Yeah, she said the only way to learn to control it is to actually heal people, so took me to the children’s ward at Mustafa General,” he grinned. “It was fun. One of the kids dubbed me Dr. Cat and I had to explain I wasn’t a doctor. They still used the name though.”

“I didn’t know you could heal people?” Mezo noted, though it was certainly a question.

“It’s, uh, new,” Midoriya looked nervous and seemed unsure of what he should say before finally settling on, “It happened while Bakugo and I were being held hostage.”

Was the situation bad enough for him to manifest a quirk? He heard that only happened in life-or-death situations. “Are you doing ok?” Mezo asked.

“I had a nightmare last night,” he admitted. “Accidentally woke up Shouta, sorry, Aizawa. He is going to try to set me up an appointment with Hound Dog for next week to talk. If it be helpful to see someone more long term, Hound Dog will make some recommendations. He’s trying to talk Kacchan into going too.”

“Hitoshi will end up convincing Bakugo,” Todoroki assured him. “Besides, all Heroes see a therapist at some point, he’ll end up going at some point.”

“I know, Todo-kun,” he smiled. “Kacchan can just be stubborn, but Toshi will get through to him.” Midoriya turned back to Mezo. “I heard the morning was rough? Do you want to talk about it at all or wait to talk to my mom?”

“What all do you know?” Mezo asked, unsure what he’d been told.

“I just know the basics of what you were going to do today,” he smiled a little. “Shouta told me over breakfast when he was explaining the changes in my training plan. I was supposed to go with him to update my quirk registry and then we were going to train. But I’m

glad he went with you."

Mezo had never spent much time with his cat classmate either, but he seemed to radiate support. There was no hostility about having his day with his soulmate taken from him, just genuinely sincere appreciation of the fact that his classmate hadn't had to face a difficult situation alone. "Is your mom like you?" Mezo asked without even thinking, wondering about the woman he'd heard on the phone today.

Midoriya just laughed. "Well, I certainly didn't take after my father. If I'm being honest, I think she's better. I predict by the end of the night she'll unofficially adopt you too."

"She'll definitely tell you to call her Auntie," Todoroki added, sounding at least a little softer. "And probably give you at least one hug."

"She'll definitely give you hug," Hitoshi spoke from the top of the stairs. "Izu, Shou-kun was wondering if you could help him start dinner. Your mom is running late, but she said you knew how to make it?"

"It's squid ink pasta," Mezo shared. "I can come help too."

"Only if you want to Shoji," Midoriya grinned as he stood up and quickly moved toward the steps.

"We're all going downstairs?" Todoroki verified before turning off the console and following down the steps.

Mezo stood up too, but Hitoshi blocked his way. "Shou-kun mentioned a little bit about what happened today at the jail, though just to me. I know you're talking to Auntie tonight, and honestly she'll have a lot she can relate to that I can't, but if you ever need to talk to someone," he slid his sleeve up and Mezo nodded in understanding as he saw the grey and cracked soulmark he'd never noticed before since Hitoshi normally changes in private. "Izu means well and is really understanding. I'm not always good with people but I'm here. You know, if you need someone who can relate."

With that Hitoshi moved down the steps and Mezo followed him, reaching the bottom as Midoriya moved around the corner from a hallway, towel having been discarded somewhere. Hitoshi sighed as they walked into the kitchen. "Have you just moved into Shou-kun's room now?"

Izuku blushed but Aizawa-sensei spoke up, “You’re one to talk Cub, pretty sure half of Bakugo’s belongings are strown about your room.” And with that Hitoshi blushed and didn’t say anything else.

Mezo spent the next half hour following instructions and watching as Midoriya and Aizawa worked in tandem in the kitchen. They seemed in sync, even as Izuku would correct their sensei who would in turn tease him for being so strict in the kitchen, a side of their teacher that was new to him. The way they ebbed and flowed; the gentle looks they sometimes gave were everything he imagined soulmates to be. He felt his heart ache when Aizawa pressed a kiss to Midoriya’s forehead, not because of either of them directly but because of what he knew he’d never have.

He wasn’t sure if the bond he’d had with Toga Himiko had been intended to be romantic, but if it was they’d never get to experience this. Maybe if someone in her life hadn’t failed her, which bothered Shoji. Was he failing her too? Would his inability to support her push her further down this road?

Were those even fair questions to ask himself? He shook the thoughts from his head and studied the others in the room.

There was Todoroki, who while alone here he knew had a soulmate, though he didn’t know who. He’d heard him discussing with Midoriya one day, what it was like to have a platonic bond. He wasn’t always good at picking up social cues, and he remembered the boy saying while he didn’t always understand everything, all he wanted was for her to find happiness and he’d support her in that. It was more than a lot of people got in life.

But then his eyes turned to Hitoshi, who had shown him his own broken soul mark. He watched the way the normally abrasive Bakugo was soft with him, they way they cuddled against each other, the way he talked him down with just a few simple words when Todoroki said something unknowingly off hand. He knew they weren’t soul mates, but he could tell they were happy, that what they had was real even without a mark to show him it was. It was possible to find happiness after a broken bond.

And when a woman with long green hair let herself in and started to oversee Aizawa and Midoriya in the kitchen in a firm yet loving way, then put Todoroki, Hitoshi and Bakugo to work doing things like setting the table and grabbing an extra chair or making a salad for something light to go with the meal, it felt like a family. Two soul

mates, two broken bonds, a markless and one half of a platonic bond all coming together and reminding him of home in a way he hadn't felt since coming to UA.

And when the woman had finally directed everyone to her satisfaction and turned a bright smile to him. "Mezo," she approached. "I'm Midoriya Inko, Zuku's mom," she pulled him into a gentle hug, "But please feel free to call me Auntie." She was warm and kind and yes, this was exactly where Midoriya got it from.

"Ka-san," Aizawa called. "I think this is ready."

"I should go check on that," she smiled. "He's much better than a year ago when he started learning, but he still gets a little lost on new dishes." And with that she moved back toward the kitchen, providing gentle instruction to their teacher.

And Mezo already knew their talk later would go well.

***

Shouta sat on the couch, laptop open as he looked at the information for the new dorms and the list of parents he would need to meet with. Some parents, like Shoji's, lived further away and he would have to call or video conference them. But the ones who lived in the area or the Kanto region, he was required to make house calls to.

Thankfully four of his students were already accounted for. Ka-san had given her approval in Hosu when the plan was first put forth and Bakugo-san had quickly signed on as well when she had found out about it. And of course, he had custody of Hitoshi and Shouto. Then he'd be able to talk with Aoyama, Koda, Uraraka, Sato and Shoji's families via phone or video, though he saw no problem with them agreeing. The five already lived in apartments provided by UA off campus, their parents would probably be excited about them having a little more supervision than a monthly teacher drop in. He'd have to spend at least a day in the Kanto region, meeting with different parents there. He thought for a moment.

"Hey Kitten," he turned his attention to the head of fluffy green hair that was resting on the side of his leg, book in hand. He studied the book a little closer as Izuku turned his head up to look at him. "Kitten, have you been reading the same page for the last half hour?"

"Can't concentrate. Worried about Shoji," he admitted.

“Your mom is talking to him,” he ran his fingers through his hair. “You know if any of us can help him right now it’s her.”

“I know,” he sighed. “I still worry.”

“I know,” he leaned down and kissed his forehead. “They’ll be back once they’re finished. He’s just going to stay in the guest room tonight, so I’ll be able to keep an eye on him.”

“That’s good,” he hummed as he smiled up at Shouta.

“You know, Shoto accused me of cheating on you with Shoji, saying I abandoned you today,” Shouta told him.

“He didn’t!” Izuku giggled. “Like you’d ever cheat Mr. Waiting for my Soul Mate.”

“I almost choked on my water,” he admitted which just made Izuku giggle more. Once the giggles died down, Shouta decided to broach the topic he’d originally gathered his attention for. “Hey Kitten? How do you feel about a little trip?”

“What kind of trip?” he asked, book now completely abandoned and resting on his chest.

“Well, I have to meet with parents about the dorms which means going to the Kanto region. I was thinking you could keep me company on the drive?” Shouta explained. “I can find coffee shops or other places near by for you while I’m actually meeting with parents, so we don’t have to tell the rest of your class yet. Then on the way back we could stay a night or two in Hakone?”

Izuku launched up. “Where the National Quirk Museum is?” he was bouncing with excitement.

“That and a bunch of other things,” He chuckled. “More museums, hiking and a lake, as well as hot springs. Things will get busy once everyone moves in the dorms so I thought it may be nice to do something just us before all that starts?”

“Are you sure it’s ok if we go?” Izuku asked.

“Kitten, I have so much built-up vacation time, the Commission has been sending my manager angry notes about taking it,” Shouta told him. “But Speaking of work,” he closed his laptop. “I need to get ready for patrol. You staying here or going home?”

“I want to help keep an eye on Shoji,” he offered.

“I’ll try not to wake you when I come back in then,” he kissed the top of Izuku’s head. “Go to bed at some point please.” Izuku nodded.

When Shouta came in around 4 am from patrol, he shook his head to himself as he gently scooped Izuku up off the couch. He unconsciously nuzzled into his capture weapon and wouldn’t let go of it as he tried to lay him down in the bed. He ended up carefully removing it from around his neck and watched adoringly as his kitten pulled it close.

He changed and showered before climbing into bed beside his softly breathing soulmate, wondering to himself once again how he managed to get so lucky.

Chapter End Notes

> Even though there may be some days without posts - I'll still be over on Discord

This Stays a Secret

Chapter Summary

Training and Izuku runs into someone in a cafe

Chapter Notes

CW: Beginnings of a mild panic attack

Here's Today's Chapter! Once again yall are great and I hope you all have a great weekend :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku knew two things as he woke up: he couldn't remember moving from the couch to the bed and he was tangled up in something. He tried to untangle himself, but it only made matters worse. "Shouta," he called out in distress to the sleeping man next to him, growing more panicked at being even slightly restrained. "Shouta wake up!"

Shouta sat up in bed and looked around the room, hair floating and eyes glowing red. When they finally landed on Izuku his hair fell as he burst into laughter. "I'm sorry Kitten," he said through the laugh but Izuku didn't understand what was so funny.

"Just get it off," he could feel his breath picking up.

"Breathe Kitten," Shouta said, suddenly serious as he started gently untangling the scarf from around Izuku. "It's going to take me a minute so I need you to breathe." He let out exaggerated breaths as he worked and Izuku did his best to follow them. Finally, the last of the capture weapon recoiled back into Shouta's hands and he set it aside as Izuku launched into his arms. "I'm sorry for laughing kitten, but you looked just like Tora when she got tangled up in a ball of yarn."

"I did not," he grumbled.

"You certainly did," Shouta teased. "If you hadn't been obviously upset, I would have gotten a picture."

"How did I end up with it?" Izuku asked.

"When I came in you were asleep on the couch so I carried you to bed and you literally clung onto it, your nails were even dug into it,"

Shouta told him. “It was either wake you up or just take it off my neck and let you curl up with it. I didn’t see the harm in the second.”

“There was harm,” he grumbled with a pout.

“Well, I know that know,” he chuckled holding Izuku closer. “Next time I’ll take it off before I pick you up.” He pressed a kiss to Izuku’s curls, “You smell nice, all woodsy with a hint of lavender,” Shouta hummed slightly.

“Probably my shampoo. The smell sticks to my hair,” Izuku said and Shouta just chucked. “You’re happy this morning,” Izuku noted. “And you haven’t even had coffee yet.”

“I just like cuddling with you,” he said. “I wanted to stay like this yesterday until it was time to go to the registry but then everything happened.”

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. “Um, Aizawa-sensei, Midoriya,” Shoji’s voice called though the door. “I’m sorry, are you awake?”

“Can we just pretend to be asleep still?” Shouta whispered.

“No,” Izuku whispered back. “We’re awake, I’ll be out in a moment,” he called as Shouta mumbled something about being excited to actually have time to themselves.

Shoji seemed like he was in a good place. “Your mom told me that souls change and grow in different directions but explained how I can’t force a soul to change,” he shared with them. “I think I already knew that, but it was good to hear.” He had decided to break the bond, but knowing how he may react decided to wait until he was surrounded by his family to do so. Forcefully breaking a bond took more than just deciding to do so, there was a mental act of actually severing the connection, which worked in Shoji’s favor regarding his plan.

“I know bonds aren’t necessary for happiness, but if she does rehabilitate and you want to try, it is possible to repair a bond,” Todo-kun told him. “My mom’s bond with her soulmate is repairing.” He told them about how the color had returned and was now less muted than a month ago, though the cracks were still visible, something that would most likely remain. He also shared she may be ready to get her own place during the next semester.

“Will you move in with her?” Izuku asked.

“Maybe, eventually,” he said. “Right now we’re still rebuilding our relationship.” After breakfast, Shoji left, saying he needed to pack and get the items in his apartment ready for the dorm move since he wouldn’t have much time after he returned.

The next two weeks flew by for Izuku. He’d spent most of it trying to train his new quirks: going to the hospital again with Recovery Girl and working on controlling the utilization of Weak Point.

The hardest part about Weak Point was not blinking and that was more difficult with people than basic objects. Pinpointing where to kick to bust in a door took less than 10 seconds while his quirk telling him that Todo-kun didn’t see as well out of his left eye and that his right knee was weaker now from a previous injury making it an easy way to take him down had taken closer to a minute and was only successful after a whole morning of practice with multiple breaks to rest his eyes.

To say he was startled when words formed in his eyeline next to the body parts on his friend would be an understatement; Shouta thought something had happened when he yelped and blinked, losing the words and having to start over. His soulmate was relieved it had just been the aspect of his quirk surprising him the first time he actually saw it. After their first session, Shouta had given him his own eye drops as well as two pills, noting the way he winced and rubbed his forehead.

When he practiced with Kacchan, his friend’s yell had startled him out of his focus. That’s when they realized he’d unknowingly used his quirk to figure out how to break the chains when they were held hostage.

He'd also discovered Weak Point could be helpful prior to using Healing Light as a way to pinpoint things like exactly where a break was because it was an injury that could be exploited as a physical weakness. This allowed him to try to focus the healing energy even more, though this was still something he was still learning. Recovery Girl seemed to believe the combination of the two would, with enough training and practice, allow him use minimal energy while healing since he’d gain with experience the knowledge of exactly how much was needed for an injury.

While he truly enjoyed working in the children’s ward, Recovery Girl

did take him to other wards as well. The older hero was surprised when they walked into the emergency room and he was greeted by the woman at the nurse's station with his civilian name until she remembered his mother worked in this ward. "Yui-san, I'm in costume here interning," Izuku blushed as he motioned toward Recovery Girl. "Can you make sure everyone knows they should call me Midokone?" The nurse had quickly apologized and let all the nurses and doctors know as they came by.

He spent about half his nights at Shouta's house, something his mother didn't seem to mind so long as he went home for her days off so she could see him too, especially with the new dorms going in soon.

And then he found himself sitting in a coffee shop, barely awake and sipping on a cup of coffee with lots of milk and sugar, waiting for Shouta to finish talking to Kaminari's parents so they could go to Chiba Prefecture where thankfully Mina and Kirishima lived in the same town. They'd hit Tokyo last and arrive in Hakone by dinner.

"Mido?" a voice called out to him and he glanced up to see Kaminari sitting across from him with his normal happy smile. "Dude, I thought you lived in Mustafa, what are you doing here?"

"Drinking coffee," Izuku nodded at the cup in his hand and wondering how out of all the coffee shops in the city they'd picked the one his classmate would go to. "Um, why are you here?"

"Oh, I live around here, and Aizawa-sensei is meeting with my parents about the dorms. I really wasn't needed and well, the man kind of scares me," he shrugs with the dopey smile.

"Aizawa scares you?" Izuku had to hold back a laugh. He supposed if he hadn't seen his soulmate in a pair of pink sweatpants as he cuddled up with a cat, he might think the same thing. Shouta was strict, he had high expectations, he could be a bit sadistic when it came to certain trainings, and he could come across as gruff, but he was also a softy at heart even if he'd deny it to everyone.

"Yeah," Kaminari laughs. "That glare whenever I mess up," he sees the boy practically shiver. "Particularly when I short circuit. He's always yelling at me not to over use my quirk like that."

"I mean, he kind of has a point," Izuku shrugged. "It can't be great for you or your brain. And it be incredibly dangerous if it happens against an actual villain."

“But sometimes I have to use that voltage,” Kaminari countered. And they both knew this was true, Shouta did too, but he was trying to help Kaminari learn more control over his output at the same time that he increased the max before short circuiting, the first steps toward fixing or at least limiting the problem.

“I think he wants you to better be able to control your output so you don’t enter that state, but,” Izuku paused. “Have you considered adding something to help sort of ground the electrical current to your quirk? It may help keep you from short circuiting.”

Kaminari looked at him confused. “Basically, I think we could create a support item that would stop your electricity from reaching your brain.”

His eyes got big and he looked excited. “What would that even look like?”

“I’m not an expert, we’d definitely want to get input from Power Loader,” Izuku said, “But, we could put some thoughts on paper that he could probably expand on.” He pulled out his notebook and laptop and the two spent the next hour researching and sketching out possible ideas, Izuku providing at least a basic idea of the science and Kaminari asking questions and providing an aesthetic to match his costume. They had rods that may provide actual grounding, a collar that is developed right may disrupt electrical charge headed to his brain and something that would help channel and direct energy output which seemed useful in directing more precise ranged attacks as well as potentially preventing short circuits.

“How are you so smart Mido?” Kaminari asked as he looked at the different drawings. Izuku was embarrassed but thankfully before he could say anything the boy jumped up, “Oh! I was going to order a drink! What are you drinking? I’ll get you another!” Izuku watched the boy bounce around the corner of the café to wear the counter was to order the drinks.

Izuku sat there, adding a few more details to the drawings when he realized maybe he should text Shouta and let him know he’d run into Kaminari. However, before he could pull his phone out, he felt someone slump into the seat next to him and lean onto his shoulder. “Coffee,” he grumbled.

“I can’t make that magically appear Shouta,” Izuku laughed.

Shouta just pulled him close instead. “I’ll need it to make it through

the rest of the day," he sighed as he wrapped an arm around Izuku. "It didn't take as long as I thought it would, so we have a little time."

"Aizawa Sensei!" a frozen Kaminari stood in front of the two of them, frozen in place with a cup in each hand."

"Shit," Shouta rubbed his face as he pulled away. "Sit kid," he glared at Kaminari who immediately followed directions before turning to Izuku. "You could have mentioned someone else was here."

"I was about to text you when I was cuddled and asked for coffee I didn't have," Izuku shared.

"Look kid," he turned back to Kaminari, "I'm sure you've got questions, but before any of that, this stays a secret."

"Aizawa sensei are you hitting on a student?" Kaminari asked in concern.

"Promise to keep secrets first," he glared at teen.

"Yes sir," Kaminari gulped.

"Shouta," Izuku chided him. "You don't need to scare him." Now Kaminari was watching both of them trying to piece everything together.

"Yes, yes I do," he sighed.

"Oh my God!" Kaminari gasped. "Are you dating?"

"We're soulmates Kaminari," Izuku told him. "My mom and the principal know and everything is perfectly legal, but it's new and most of the class doesn't know."

"And you can't tell them," Shouta warned. "We're planning to make sure everyone knows once we move into the dorms because it'll be difficult to hide when you're all around each other all the time."

"Wait," he looked between them. "Have you been hiding it? But your mark didn't have color?"

"I said it was new. We found out during the attack on training camp," Izuku told him. "We didn't know before then."

"And what are you doing here with him?"

“I invited him along because I have to visit a bunch of your other classmates today and I thought it be nice to have the company,” Shouta explained. “Not that we have to explain anything we do in our personal time to you or any of the other hell spawn.” Izuku rolled his eyes. And the man annoyed when Kacchan called them extras.

“Yes sir,” Kaminari stuttered out. “And I promise not to tell anyone. I know if it were me, I’d want to be the one to explain. I wouldn’t want rumors to start about Mido.” He finally realized he was still holding both cups and passed the one that was intended for Izuku toward him.

“Thanks, Kaminari,” he gave a relieved smile.

“No thank you,” he smiled. “Like I know this is a little awkward right now, but you were seriously a huge help today. I’ll plan to talk to Power Loader sensei when we get back on campus.”

That’s when Shouta noticed the papers out on the table and started looking over them. “Nice work Kitten,” he nodded. “I don’t know much about electrical currents but I’m sure Power Loader would be able to build off of this. But it doesn’t mean we don’t keep working on controlling output,” he glared a warning at Kaminari who nodded with a yes sir.

Izuku laughed. He could maybe see why Kaminari thought Shouta was scary.

***

In Chiba they picked a café that was more hidden and further away from both Kirishima and Ashido’s house for Izuku to wait at. Thankfully, both students had been home when Shouta came to speak with their parents. Both families seemed to be ok with the dorms, having some questions but honestly were thankful the school was providing dorms. Both families had their kids staying with family friends closer to the school during the week and were afraid of becoming a burden on their friends.

The car rides were pleasant, Izuku talking to him about quirks or a new villain fight he’d seen, sharing about progress he’d made with Chiyo on using his quirk or something in a book he was reading or an online painting tutorial video he was trying. Shouta providing input on the different topics or sometimes bringing up a movie they should watch, a new book he’d heard about, or something interesting that happened on patrol he hadn’t gotten a chance to tell Izuku about yet.

They arrived in Tokyo around lunch time and Shouta found a spot for them to stop and eat. He had 4 stops to make in Tokyo and didn't expect the parents here would take much issue: Sero was the oldest in his large family and fairly independent already, Iida came from a family of heroes, so they understood the dangers better than most, and Ojiro and Hagakure both seemed to have parents that supported their dreams.

And he was right for the most part. Hakakure's parents did heavily question after 2 villain attacks at school events how exactly the school intended to keep their daughter safe and Shouta went over the points Nezu had given him about updates to the security system, secure dorms and plans in the need for an emergency lock down. Thankfully they didn't take too much convincing, they seemed to just want assurances the school was doing something.

He undid his tie and the top couple buttons before entering the café he'd left Izuku at. He placed a quick kiss to his cheek, ignoring the looks from an older couple at the table next to them, then took the offered cup of coffee, sipping the bitter and delicious beverage. "Ready to go?" he asked.

"Yeah," he grinned that life giving smile and the stress from the day seemed to melt away.

"I'm sorry I had to leave you alone so much throughout the day," he says as Izuku packs his journals and books back into his bag.

"It's ok," he smiled. "Toshi was staying with Kacchan so I didn't want to be a third wheel. Todo-kun was going to see his mom then was going to stay the night with Momo and catch up now that she's back in town and Mom had work. So, I would have just been sitting at home by myself and this way we get to spend time together."

"Seems logical Kitten," he reaches out and runs his fingers through Izuku's hair for a moment before pulling back. "Well let's go. Should take us about an hour and a half to get there unless we hit traffic." Izuku laced their fingers together as he followed him back toward where he'd parked the car and Shouta reveled in the warmth and grinned. This trip was a good idea.

Chapter End Notes

> Reminder next post won't be until Tuesday! Also you can catch me and other readers over on Discord

I'll still be here

Chapter Summary

Discussions, Izuku and Aizawa Trip Fun, and more discussions

Chapter Notes

CW: a bit of a panic, discussion of consent and sex

I'm Back! Well, actually things changed so I'm still out of town but you're still getting a chapter today like I promised :)

The first like 3rd of this was another 3 am writing session that stayed in the draft so be prepared

See the end of the chapter for more notes

'Was this trip a bad idea?' was all Shouta could think as he watched Izuku curled up nervously in the corner of their room, watching him with anxious eyes as he came out of the bathroom after a shower. He had never seen his soulmate look like this before, not even when facing off against villains. And it wasn't the sad energy of when they met again or the excited nerves he'd had for their first date, it was anxious, fearful, uncertain. Dinner had been lovely as had their stroll through town on their way back to their hotel. So, what had changed in the 15 minutes Shouta showered and changed clothes? "Kitten, what's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing," he shook his head, but he wouldn't look him in the eye.

Shouta sighed as he threw on a tank top, having to adjust the towel wrapped around his hair before he moved towards him, though noticing that made Izuku's eyes get even bigger, he opted for sitting on the edge of the single bed in the room, facing him from a few feet away. "Izuku, something is obviously wrong, and I won't know what to do if you won't tell me what it is."

Izuku turned bright red and hid his face in his knees as he mumbled something. "Kitten, I have to actually be able to hear you," he teased a little bit.

He looked up again, bright red but nervous. "Um, well, I just realized we're on a trip together and in a hotel and what that normally means for couples."

And Shouta felt like an idiot because that thought hadn't crossed his mind. "Kitten," he said slowly. "Is that something you want?"

"Yes?" Izuku said it more like a question, uncertainty lacing every sound.

"You don't seem sure," Shouta pointed out. "Izuku, I didn't bring you here with any intentions other than getting to spend time with you. I already said we'd take things at your pace and this trip wasn't intended to change that. I don't want unsure agreement that you'll possibly regret later, I want nothing less than enthusiastic consent and I hope you expect the same from me."

Izuku looked at him unsure. "Kitten, I love you," he softly tried to voice every ounce of sincerity he felt. "And I'd never pressure you to do anything in this relationship you weren't ready for or punish you in any way for saying no. For however long you need, I don't mind waiting. Even if you're never ready, I'll still be here."

And for some reason that statement made Izuku smile as he moved to sit next to him on the bed, resting his head on his shoulder. "I love you too Shouta," he whispered. "And I do want to, just not yet."

Soon they were lying in bed, Shouta with an arm wrapped around Izuku who was reading a book on healing quirks he'd found in the museum gift shop. "You know," Shouta finally said. "I know we aren't doing anything until you're ready, but if it is something you want we should really talk about it at some point."

Izuku hid into his book. "About sex?" he stammered. He'd already had Zashi talk to him with Bakugo and Hitoshi there for support about the basics of how everything works. They decided it be easier for Izuku to ask someone else any questions he had and given Zashi's extensive experience, it had probably been the better choice.

"We obviously don't have to talk about it right now," Shouta assured him. "But if it's something you want, it be logical for us to have some understanding of each other's preferences or any boundaries before we're in the heat of the moment. Though we may not be certain on things as neither of us exactly have experience."

And that brought Izuku out of his book, "You've never?"

"I tried once," he admitted, wanting to be fully transparent. "With Zashi in high school, supposed to be a friends with benefits thing. But I left during foreplay. It was uncomfortable and we didn't talk for a

couple weeks before Nem finally made us fix our friendship."

"Why?" was all he asked, sitting up with brows furrowed together.

"Why did I almost sleep with Zashi, why did I leave, or why did I tell you?" Shouta asked.

"The first one," Izuku said, "No, actually all three?"

"I knew I was gay, Zashi is bi," Shouta explained, knowing Izuku looked confused and possibly hurt. "I was waiting to meet you, but I was also curious and a teenager. And I knew Zashi was clean cause he was safe and always got checked and I knew he had Nem so I wouldn't have to worry about an uncomfortable break up or anything like that." Izuku nodded seeming to understand. Shouta knew because of his mother, Izuku hadn't taken the mark as seriously as Shouta did. His Kitten had wanted to meet his soul mate, but he knew soul mates weren't a guarantee and he could find happiness outside them. If they had been older, Izuku probably would have had other relationships unlike Shouta. "There's honestly no romantic feelings there, then or now, and that's the reason I left. It felt like I was just using a friend, which I know is what we agreed to, but it still felt wrong. We didn't talk because it was just awkward after I gathered my clothes and left saying, 'I'm sorry, I can't' over and over."

"I suppose that would be awkward," he admitted with a grimace. "And why'd you tell me?"

"Why wouldn't I?" Shouta asked and Izuku looked genuinely puzzled by that. "I suppose I could have just left it at I've never had sex, but it didn't feel like the whole truth. And I'll always be honest with you Kitten."

Izuku set his book aside and nuzzled into Shouta's chest. "I appreciate that," he said softly. "Though don't be upset if I get embarrassed or weird or jealous around Zashi for a while. I know you hadn't even met me outside of the seven-year-old you save in the park, but something in me still doesn't like it."

Shouta chuckled and pulled Izuku in closer, whispering reassurances to him. After a few minutes Izuku spoke, face still buried in his chest and just loud enough for Shouta to hear. "I'd," he paused and Shouta can see his neck is bright red. "I think, maybe, I'd like to try both at some point, but I think I'd prefer being a bottom? When we decide to, you know."

Shouta almost froze because he wasn't expecting Izuku to open up about this yet, he was just trying to let him know they'd have to talk at some point. "If that's what you want. I'm open to either, so long as it's you," Aizawa placed a gentle kiss in his curls. "Thank you for telling me. Anything else?"

There was a pause before he heard a slight sob and Shouta panicked. This conversation shouldn't be making him cry. He was just about to say so when Izuku spoke, "I know, some people like it, but I wouldn't want to be tied up."

And that eased his panic, though only slightly as he recalled the other day. Shouta's arms squeezed around Izuku, "Of course, sweetheart," he promised. "I'd never purposefully do anything that would bring up bad memories." He kisses the top of his forehead again, this time leaving his face buried in the green curls. "We'll never explore anything that you don't want to or that would hurt you in any way, I promise."

The tears finally died down and Izuku finally looked up at him with glistening green eyes. "Thank you."

"You shouldn't be thanking me for respecting you. But I will thank you for telling me when even talking about it obviously still hurts you," he told him. Aside from the morning with his capture weapon, he'd woken up more than one night to Izuku screaming or thrashing about from a nightmare of that place, of what All for One and his father had done and were trying to make him become.

"Hound Dog said It be good to set boundaries around it," he said. "Like, not to keep everything bottled up to but also let people know if I'm not ok with something because of it, be that talking about it or someone's actions."

"That's really good advice Kitten," he said. "Is talking to him helping?" He hadn't really discussed the couple of sessions they'd had, wanting to give Izuku the privacy those sessions should have.

"I think so," he sighed. "But it may take longer to work through. It's just, unpacking a lot from my past too."

"I'm just glad it's helping. And it can take as long as you need," Shouta told him. "I'll be here."

"I know Shouta," he sleepily said and soon his eyes shut, and his breathing slowed. Shouta watched him, tear tracks still evident on his

face. As much as he wanted it, he knew it was impossible for Izuku to always smile. He'd been through so much already and he'd go through more as a hero. But even if he couldn't promise never ending smiles, Shouta wanted to always be there to wipe away his tears.

***

Izuku could hear Shouta's chuckle as he was dragged by the hand from exhibit to exhibit at the National Quirk Museum. "You think Hawks will be the new number one hero at the next Billboard Ranking?" he asked as they looked at what was apparently a new exhibit on the winged hero's quirk.

"Probably," Shouta shrugged. "He's well liked and between Endeavor's arrest and All Might's retirement, it would be logical for him to end up there. Probably why they installed the exhibit. In anticipation of that."

"He's already number three so it's a good exhibit either way, but you're probably right," he smiles as he watches footage of Hawks using Fierce Wings during his training days. "I don't think I realized he was trained by the Hero Commission."

"I didn't either," Shouta sighed. "But makes sense I suppose. We're around the same age and I don't remember hearing anything about him when I was a student. Someone who made as big an impact as quickly as him after their official debut should have been heard about prior to that if they went to a normal school and interned. Like how you already made the news."

"Don't remind me," Izuku groaned. "At least they left my picture out but it's not like it's hard to piece together who intern from UA Midokone is." He pointed sullenly to his ears, tail waving in the air behind him.

"You're the one who picked the name, Kitten," Shouta teased him. Izuku rolled his eyes before dragging Shouta to the next exhibit. He excitedly rambled on about the different heroes and the quirks at each stop, Shouta happily listening or adding his own input, until they hit a room that was entirely done in yellow, reds and blues. "We can skip this room," Shouta offered with a squeeze to his hand.

"Less than two years ago I could have spent an entire day in this room," Izuku sighed, leaning into Shouta for comfort.

"I know," Shouta let go of his hand to wrap an arm around his shoulders. "He was wrong though. You're already a great hero. My

favorite hero."

"Shouta," Izuku felt the warmth rise to face and turned into him to bury his face in Shouta's shoulder. Shouta chuckled again and wrapped his other arm around Izuku, pulling him into a hug.

"It's alright Kitten," he told him. "I'll just keep telling you until you stop getting embarrassed."

"I don't think that'll ever happen Shouta," Izuku looked up at him, sure he had a pout on his face. As he stared up at Shouta he noticed his face moving closer and warm lips collided with his, moving as if hoping to meld them together and for a moment Izuku forgot everything and pushed back into the kiss. It sent a thrill through him to know this man wanted him in this way.

A throat clearing behind them made Izuku jump. "Sirs," a security guard gave them an unamused look. "This is a family museum."

"I apologize," Shouta responded for both of them. "We'll keep it to hand holding."

"If I have to tell you again, you'll have to leave," the guard informed them before walking away.

Izuku pulled away but felt Shouta's fingers lace with his. "Should we continue on?"

"Yeah, we'll just walk through this room quickly to see the next," Izuku grinned as he once again pulled Shouta forward.

***

Izuku sighed as he sank into the warmth of the spring. He closed his eyes and sat on the bench near the edge, towel resting nearby. Hoping to avoid any unnecessary attention their scarred bodies may draw or having to get a private bath, they opted to go during a time most people would be at dinner. So while there were still other men present, it wasn't nearly as crowded as it would have been earlier in the day.

The still water then sloshed onto his skin and he opened his eyes in time to see Shouta settle in beside him as steam from the spring rose into the cooling night air and he couldn't help the flush that rose to his cheeks. Most of his soulmate's clothes hid it, but Shouta was all muscle. He knew his arms were built, the man often wore tank tops to

bed, but the rest of him was just as impressive, powerful compared to Izuku's lean frame.

"What's got you staring Kitten?" he asked with a small smile.

"Your jumpsuit hides your muscles," Izuku mumbled.

"Yeah," he laughed. "It was actually made to hide my lack of muscles compared to some of the others when I first designed it. It works for underground work though. If I walked around in latex like some of the others, I'd be pretty obvious."

The idea of Shouta in a tight hero suit was alluring, but he already had students every year who had crushes on him. He didn't really need anyone else knowing how built he actually was. "I like your jumpsuit."

"Well, that's reassuring," he noted. "Most people think I look homeless."

"That's because you're always scruffy and your dry eye makes it look like you haven't slept well in weeks," Izuku teased.

Shouta just shrugs. "Just wait until you match with your own dry eye," he warned. "You know, you're also deceptively strong underneath your clothes," he pointed out. Izuku opened his mouth to argue but Shouta stopped him. "It's a different type of muscle. You're built for endurance which is good in heroics."

"Really?" Izuku asked.

"Why would I lie about that?" Shouta ask him then a little smirk pulled at his lips. "Plus, it's attractive."

"What?" Izuku sputtered.

"Izuku, people think you're cute," he said as if it was obvious.

"I mean I'm a cat," he argued. "A lot of people think cats are cute."

"Cats are cute," Shouta put an arm around him. "I don't have to hold back a glare at girls debating if they should ask Tora for his number though."

"That didn't happen," Izuku glared at his soulmate for teasing him.

"It did," Shouta pulled him closer. "In the halls after the sports festival

and again after Hosu. Today at the museum when you were excitedly wandering around the gift shop there were two girls trying to decide how to talk to you. Honestly it makes me feel both jealous and guilty."

Izuku's brain had stopped functioning. He was pulled into the side of a very naked Shouta. But he kept his wits about him enough to ask, "Guilty?"

He looked away. "I know we both said we want this, but I sometimes can't help but wonder if I'm keeping you from someone your own age."

Izuku grabbed his face and turned it back toward him, forgetting for a moment they were both naked and not alone. His lips collided with Shouta's as he held his cheeks, pouring every ounce of love and passion he could into the kiss. He pulled away, still holding his soulmate's face. "Shouta, it doesn't matter how old you are. I fell in love with you before we knew about the bond and no one else could ever replace this feeling. So, no guilt. You aren't keeping me from anything. I choose you and this."

"Kitten," he wrapped his arms around Izuku's neck and went in for another kiss, his tongue slipping into Izuku's mouth as his heart began to go wild.

"Awwww young love," he heard a voice say. Shouta immediately pulled away and Izuku hid in his shoulder.

"I remember when we were like that," another voice spoke up and Izuku glanced at the two men, probably both in their 60s who were sitting next to each other.

"I'm sorry," Shouta apologized. "We forgot where we were."

The first man laughed. "We don't mind, just don't let the owner catch you."

Izuku smiled at them and cuddled into Shouta's side. "That's twice today," he pointed out.

"I probably owe Hitoshi and Bakugo an apology," Shouta frowned. Izuku chuckled and relaxed again into the water.

***

Hitoshi lay in bed, wide awake as Suki softly snored next to him, a not

uncommon experience. The past couple of days had been really nice, but Shou-kun and Izu would be back tomorrow and they'd be back to the chaos that was the large house run by his brother, guardian, and teacher. Then in two more weeks they'd be moving into the dorms and it be hard for the two of them to have moments like this with even more teenagers running around.

As he lay in bed, thoughts filled his mind, wondering how many peaceful moments like this they'd get in their futures. Surely it had to be difficult for two pro heroes, especially if they planned to go different paths. Maybe he should ask Zashi about how he and Nem handled their relationship and jobs? Or if they knew any underground/limelight couples? Any advice to keep this working as they moved forward and started careers would be helpful because he knew it wouldn't be easy.

Having decided to text them tomorrow to ask about meeting up for coffee, he turned over to try to actually go to sleep when he felt a pain in his side, like being stabbed with little needles. At the same moment that he reached for the spot, Suki jumped into an upright position, little pops of explosions coming off his hands in the darkness. He quickly reached over and turned on the light with Hitoshi looking up at him.

Then his eyes filled with tears, heart breaking as he still clutched his side. There on Suki's neck was the still forming black outline of a soulmark.

"Tosh, what's wrong?" Suki asked when he looked at him. His boyfriend immediately moved, ignoring what had to be his own discomfort at the new mark, and pulled the sheet back from them then yanked up the hem of Hitoshi's shirt. "What the fuck?" he whispered but Hitoshi wasn't looking. He reached a hand up to touch the dog standing guard in front of a little bunny.

"Suki, you have a mark," he said through tears, trying to keep his voice from shaking.

"What? Well so do you," he said. "A new one." And that made Hitoshi look. There, on the side of his ribs, was a curled up sleeping lion with a small bunny curled up on it's back.

"Yours has a bunny too," he whispered, in awe, thinking he'd never get another mark. "They both just appeared."

"Do we," Suki looked at him in confusion. "Do we have the same

soulmate?”

“I don’t know,” Hitoshi’s mind was both racing and blank, grasping for the many thoughts flitting before his mind but unable to focus or pick one.

“Get dressed,” Suki told him.

“What?” He looked at his boyfriend in confusion. “Suki it’s 3 am.”

“Get dressed,” he insisted. “We’re getting answers.”

Chapter End Notes

Aizawa Shouta respects Izuku and is all about that Enthusiastic Consent yall.

As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

I Don't Hate The Idea

Chapter Summary

Talks with Best Moms and Dorm Move ins

Chapter Notes

CW: None?

Thanks for all your support! Also

LOOK AT THIS AMAZING ART BY StormieEden

[image]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The last thing Inko expected after the frantic knocking on her apartment door at 3:30 am was to look through the peephole and see Hitoshi and Katsuki looking panicked. Throwing the door open as quickly as possible she looked between them. “Is everything ok? Did something happen to Zuku and Shouta?”

“No,” Hitoshi shook his head. “I texted Shou-kun as they were getting ready to go to sleep, they were both fine.”

Unsure what was wrong but knowing the boys wouldn’t just show up at her door at this time for no reason she stood aside and invited them, only noticing at they passed her the new mark on Katsuki’s neck. “Oh,” she whispered, knowing why they came to her now. “Maybe I should make some tea. You two get comfortable.” She moved into the kitchen and quickly filled and put on the kettle then selected the teas she knew the two boys preferred and prepared mugs. Katsuki moved almost on instinct to grab milk, sugar and honey to set them on the table. Hitoshi grabbed two of the mugs once the water was poured over the tea and brought them to the table while Tora weaved between his feet, staying with her for now until after the dorm moves. Inko observed. They both seemed to be trying to busy themselves, looking for any small distraction.

Once they all settled at the table, Inko smiled at them. “Can I assume this is about the new mark on Katuski’s neck?” She eyed the dog

protecting the bunny.

“It’s not just that Auntie,” Katsuki said and Hitoshi stood up, lifting his shirt to show the new mark on his ribcage.

“When did you each get these?” he questioned as she studied them.

“About 30 minutes ago,” Hitoshi said, now in the light of the kitchen he looked like he’d been crying.

“Both of you?” she asked, noticing they both also had a bunny in their new marks.

“Yes,” Katsuki said. “I woke up to the pain and noticed Tosh clutching his side.”

Inko couldn’t make them any promises. There was an answer that seemed most obvious, but it would be best for them to cover all options. Soulmarks can be unpredictable. Maybe best to see where they want to start. “I am assuming you have questions?”

“Is it,” Hitoshi’s voice trembled. “Is it possible for us to have the same soulmate?”

“It’s not a guarantee,” she told them. “But soulmarks do show up when the younger is born, so given your marks showing up at the same time and them both having bunnies, it’s possible. Though rare, some people are born with or develop two marks.”

Katsuki looked concerned, angry. “But I don’t want to date anyone but Tosh, especially not someone who’s 16 years younger than me.”

“Katsuki,” she places a hand gently atop his. “Don’t jump to conclusions about the bond type. Yes, a lot of soul bonds we see are romantic like Zuku’s and Shouta’s bond, but not all are. You have platonic bonds like Shoto and Momo that are more based in mutual friendship and then you can also have familial bonds, which are rarer but can be relationships like siblings or parents and children. Your bond could end up being any of these. The bond is just someone your soul connects with.”

“So,” Hitoshi looked at Inko, hope showing on his face for the first time as he reached out and took Katsuki’s hand. “It’s possible we have the same soulmate, and they could be our kid?”

“I can’t promise you that’s the situation,” she sighed. “But I can’t rule

out the possibility. Though even if that is the case, they may not actually be your child even if it's a single person and familial. You may be like an older sibling to them, or uncles or parental type figures that aren't actual guardians. Soul bonds can be lots of different things."

They both still looked cautiously hopeful, though obvious doubts plagued both boys. "Here's what I know though," she reached out and took Hitoshi's other hand, leaving all three connected. "Nothing about this bond changes how you feel about each other right now. There's no promise you'll ever meet the person or people attached to these bonds. And even if you do, you don't know the type of bond it will be. You don't need to forget the mark, but it doesn't change the bond you two have created on your own."

"Thanks Auntie," Katsuki smiled. They sat in silence for a few minutes, everyone sipping their teas and contemplating the information they received.

"Did you have anything else you wanted to talk about?" Inko asked them. They both shook their heads. "Well, I'm not letting you walk around at four in the morning so go ahead and take Zuku's room for the rest of the night. I'll send Mitsuki a text." She shooed them along once they finished their drinks before gathered up their empty tea cups, placing them in the sink to wash in the morning then putting up the milk and moving back to her own bed with a sigh.

She hoped if they ever met the person or people that Hitoshi's guess was correct. Given the age difference a romantic bond would be difficult if not highly frowned upon. A platonic bond wouldn't be as bad, but it's difficult to have an open friendship with someone so much younger than you, though not impossible she supposed, particularly depending on when they meet. A rare familial bond would be the best they could hope for. She rested her head on the pillow and starred at the ceiling, knowing sleep would likely evade her.

***

"Tosh, what if it is our kid?" Katsuki asked, shifting in bed to make room for the cat who followed them.

"I, I don't know," Tosh said. "I mean, we haven't even been together that long and we're still in school, but I don't hate the idea."

"I don't hate it either," Katsuki grumbled. "I mean, we're 16, I'm not

ready for kid, but if there's a kid who needs us, we'll do what we can, right?"

"Right Suki," Tosh smiled and cuddled into his side at Tora found a spot on his chest to curl up on. Katsuki smiled, turning to wrap an arm around him. He didn't hate the idea, not at all. They were too young for it now, but the idea of having a life and a family with Tosh one day actually sounded really nice. So cuddled against him, he slowly fell back asleep to dream of their possible future.

***

Shouta was tired. Between dealing with his brother's new soul mark and the roller coaster of emotions that continued to bring, his own patrols, updating lesson plans to get ready for the licensing exam, as well as preparing for dorm move ins not just for his students but also 2 different rooms for himself, Hitoshi, Shoto and to a degree Izuku, and just trying to find time to spend with his soulmate, the last couple of weeks had been exhausting. Thankfully they had moved their things in yesterday in preparation for everyone else to move in today and now his four problem children waited on the couch in the 1-A common rooms waiting for the rest of the class to arrive.

Izuku had been nervous since last night, unsure how his classmates would take the information about their bond. Thankfully the others were distracting him with some card game while he was pinning up the room assignments on the bulletin board next to the dorm rules. "Izuku," Shouta called out to him. "I need you to help me get a table to set out info packets, Mr. Class President."

"Sure thing Shouta," he grinned, getting up and following him to the supply closet. Once inside, Shouta pulled him in for a hug and Izuku, though surprised, nuzzled up against his chest.

"You ok, Kitten?" he asked.

"Still nervous," he sighed.

"Well, you're already moved in so we can tell them, then go disappear if you want," Shouta suggested.

"I think I'd just get more nervous putting off spending time around them," Izuku told him. "Toshi, Kacchan, and Todo-kun will be here too."

"If it gets to be too much you can always come find me in the teacher

dorms," he assured him.

"Do the teachers know?" he asked.

"Not all of them yet," he shared. "The ones involved in the raid do. As do Hound Dog, Power Loader and Recovery Girl. Still need to tell Lunch Rush, Thirteen, Snipe, Cementoss, and Ectoplasm. If one of them stop you, just tell them you have permission. I plan to tell them at the staff meeting tomorrow."

Izuku nodded into his shirt. "Alright, maybe we should actually get that table," Shouta said as he regretfully released Izuku.

"Trouble finding a table?" Hitoshi smirked when they finally walked out with one.

"Shut up cub," he glared as they carried the table to the front. He set out the packets. Everyone had their own map, a set of the dorm rules, as well as information about the kitchen, laundry room, and safety equipment that was in the dorms and emergency lock down procedures. Finally, there was a list of emergency contacts: how to reach the teacher dorms if Shouta wasn't here, contacting Recovery Girl after normal school hours, as well as a few other emergency numbers.

Soon the time for students to arrive was here and Izuku stood at the table passing out packets while Shouta gathered the kids into the common areas. Once all 20 students were present and sitting around the large dinner table, he quieted them down. "Alright, welcome to the Heights Alliance Dorms. This entire building is for class 1-A," Shouta says. He points back towards an Elevator and a set of stairs. "Rooms are upstairs, you should have a map outlining where everyone's individual dorm is, no you can't be moved. The right side is for the girls, the left for the boys. Your school ID will get you into the correct side as well as your room and your luggage should already be in the rooms. Showers and bathrooms are communal: boys are on the second floor and girls are on the third."

Shouta points to their right, "Kitchen is through there. You're responsible for making your own breakfast and dinner though groceries will be provided. If you cook individually or as a class, I don't care, just clean up and don't burn the place down. If there's anything specific you need, please get a list to your class reps, they both have access to an app for grocery orders through the school. There's a laundry room right next to the kitchen. Don't flood the

dorms. Curfew to be in the dorms is 10 and your rooms is midnight. Follow the other rules and don't break stuff. I have a room here as well as one in the teacher dorms. If I'm not here and you need something, please consult your class reps or the emergency contacts you have." He looked around the room. "Any questions problem children?"

Everyone shook their heads. "Alright, before you got to set up your rooms we have one more announcement," Shouta takes a deep breath and prepares himself. Izuku is thankfully sitting between Hitoshi and Bakugo for support. "Midoriya and I are soulmates." The class erupts with screams and questions and Shouta activates his quirk as he watches Izuku duck his head. The class quiets back down. "The bond is romantic. With permission from Nezu and his mother we are dating. We are only telling you this because living in the dorms it's sure to become obvious and we don't want any false rumors to get started."

"Sensei," Iida stands up, "Isn't it illegal and unethical for you to date a student?"

"Under the codified soulmate laws that Japan has, our bond and relationship are protected. Additionally, we were unaware at the beginning of the year and now Principal Nezu sees no issue with Izuku remaining in Class 1-A. He will be monitoring his work to ensure no bias occurs in his grading."

"Midoriya, are you ok with this?" Sero asks, and while part of it makes him bristle, it is nice to know people are looking out for his soulmate.

"Why wouldn't he be ok with it Tape Arms!" Bakugo yelled.

"Kacchan, don't," Izuku glared. "Sero, I'm more than ok with it. And if I wasn't those same laws would have protected me from being coerced into it if that's your concern. Shouta was willing to respect my boundaries and have whatever kind of relationship I wanted our bond to be. I'm the one who asked him out."

At that Ashido squeals, "Oh my god, so have you two gone on a date already?"

"What Midoriya and Aizawa do in their personal relationship is none of our business, Kero," Asui chimes in.

"Asui is right," Shouta added. "And any pressure for Izuku to share things he's not comfortable sharing will result in detention."

“That seems unfair!” Uraraka exclaimed.

“It’s super unmanly to pry into someone’s personal life,” Kirishima countered.

“I’d do the same if someone had been warned not to harass you about your relationship with Asui and continued to do so,” he glared at her. “Any questions that aren’t an invasion of mine and Izuku’s privacy?” When no one answered he continued. “You may see us together around the dorms or on campus. We both ask that you be respectful of Izuku as your friend and classmate.”

“Of course,” Jiro stated. “And we’ll also respect you as our teacher.” The rest of the class nodded along.

“As Vice Representative for the Class, I’ll do my best to help ensure the boundaries you’ve set are followed,” Yaoyorozu offered. Of course, she already knew thanks to Shoto, but it was good to see her agree in an official capacity.

“Sir, it is imperative for us to know if this is meant to be a secret?” Tokoyami spoke up.

“It’s not a secret,” Izuku answered for them. “We’re not ashamed of our relationship. If we were, we wouldn’t be telling you all like this.”

“Izuku is right, it’s not a secret,” he said. “However, it’s not something we plan to openly announce like this to the whole campus. That said I’m sure word will spread. I hope if you hear any rumors involving us that you’ll come to us for clarification or so we can put a stop to it.”

The class quickly chimed in with agreements to do just that. “Can’t have people telling lies about you and Izu, Teach,” Bakugo finished it all.

“Whether they’re lies or not, it be helpful to know what if anything people are saying,” Shouta stated. “It’s easier to squish small inaccuracies before they snowball into big problems. Anything else?”

“Bakubro,” Mina eyed Pup with an inquisitive glint. “Is that a soulmark!” Everyone clamored and looked.

“You didn’t have that before!” Kirishima pointed out.

“Wait, does that mean you have a soul mate who is 16 years younger than you?” Hagakure asked.

“Whoa!” Kaminari chimed in. “That’s gotta be weird to know you may date them.”

“Shut up!” he yelled, jumping up from his chair and moving around Izuku to grab Hitoshi’s hand. “It’s not a romantic bond!” He then dragged Hitoshi behind him toward the elevator.

“Bakugo and Hitoshi both have new marks, boys you’ll potentially see them in the showers and locker room and all of you may see Bakugo’s around the dorms, though he’s adjusting his hero costume and uniform to cover it. You will all also respect their privacy on this matter, or I’ll be inviting Midnight to teach an entire day on types of soul bonds and privacy issues surrounding them for heroes,” Shouta activated his quirk again.

“Yes Sensei,” they all stated.

“You’re dismissed,” he turned around. “Go set up your rooms.” He paused at the door to make sure no one bothered Izuku, but he stuck close to Shoto and more surprisingly Shoji who had moved next to them as soon as the class was dismissed. The three hadn’t been particularly close prior to Shoji coming over to talk to Ka-san. Shoji seemed to be doing well after the broken bond, though it had been almost a month and being near his family and support probably helped. It was nice to see the almost protective stance he had around his two classmates.

Izuku looked up at him and smiled and Shouta couldn’t help but smiled back with a small nod before he left the dorms. He’d be fine and if he wasn’t he knew how to find him.

Chapter End Notes

> As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Unwanted Attention

Chapter Summary

> Class 1-A is a mess and Aizawa and Izuku have some unwanted attention

Chapter Notes

> CW: Some online bullying
>
> New Day, New Chapter! Thanks for all your support.
> I can already safely say so chapters this weekend - I have family things happening and will be too busy to write, edit, post.
>
> Also a heads up, I'm a little behind in the draft just because things have been busy. I'm going to try to get caught back up to where I like to be so if I miss a day that's probably why.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He'd left the students to their own devices now for most of the day. Izuku hadn't showed up, so it must not be too bad for him over there. Still, it was hitting late afternoon and perhaps it was time to check on them, so he got up and headed over to the 1-A Dorms.

Shouta was not prepared. He walked in to hear Izuku's screams coming from the kitchen and took off, grabbing at his capture weapon. He ran past an already broken table chair and was just in time to see Izuku pulling the pin on a fire extinguisher and spraying the on fire stove as he screamed, "Todo-kun turn off the sink!" Shouta looked over to see the sink overflowing with water and Shoto rushed to turn it off.

"What the hell is going on?" Shouta asked.

"I was trying to make instant ramen for a snack," Shoto explained.

"And you flooded the sink and caught the stove on fire?" he asked, other students were starting to gather.

"Yes," Shoto nodded, face blank.

"How?" he looked to Izuku, hoping for someone to make sense of this.

“I walked in with a fire in progress,” he raised his hands in ignorance. “I just put it out.”

Shouta sighed and looked back to Shoto. “I put everything on the stove and was getting ready to cook,” the kid explained. Shouta took a step forward to investigate.

“Shoto,” he could feel his headache getting worse. “We don’t set the ramen packet on the stove… just the pot we put the contents in. Why would you,” he stopped to think. Shoto had never cooked at their house. He occasionally helped with chopping something up or made salads or things like that, but no actual cooking. “Shoto, have you ever used a stove before?”

“No,” he said.

“What about an oven?”

“No,” he said.

“Shoto you’re not allowed to use the kitchen without supervision,” Shouta sighed. “Please clean this up. Now,” he turns to the rest of the class. “Who broke the chair in the other room hell spawn?”

“Kirishima and Bakugo decided to spar in the common space,” Jiro said from the doorway.

“Everyone in the common room, now,” Shouta orders. A few of the students ran off to find the handful that are missing and soon everyone is gathered.

“First,” he said. “Who here has never cooked before?” Shoto, Kaminari, Iida, and Yaoyorozu all raised their hands. “You four can only use the kitchen with another student present until you learn the basics of how to cook. We will not be setting the dorms on fire again.”

“Yes Aizawa-sensei,” the four agree.

“Next, Bakugo and Kirishima,” he glared at the two of them. “You will clean up the broken chair and replace it with one from the utility closet. You will both additionally be in charge of cleaning the common areas for a week. That includes vacuuming, sweeping, wiping down surfaces, taking out trash from the common areas and scrubbing showers and toilets in the boy’s area. I’ll send you both a list.”

Thankfully Bakugo knew better than to argue when Shouta was like

this and he quickly moved on.

“Third, the dorms are not a training space. You live on campus, there are gyms and training rooms available to you. If you’d like to reserve a space for extra training outside of normal heroics classes, that can be arranged. I will be limiting this to 2 days a week that this is allowed because a teacher will have to supervise.”

“Fourth and finally, while I do expect you all to clean up after yourselves, I believe it would be beneficial for you to have a chore schedule that will be created by your class reps with input from you all. This should include regular common space cleanings like the ones I just listed off to Bakugo and Kirishima as well as any other activities you as a class deem should be included: cooking, dishes, checking you have enough food and detergent are all examples of things you could add. Don’t worry about windows, with as many as this place has UA has a bot that takes care of them. You have one more day before classes start to settle in so I expect you to have a meeting to discuss this sometime tomorrow morning. I expect this schedule to take effect once Bakugo and Kirishima’s week is over unless there’s anything not included in their list that needs to start sooner. Does everyone understand?”

“Yes, Aizawa sensei,” the class chimed.

“Good,” he sighed, rubbing his forehead. “You’re dismissed.” The class began to disperse and Izuku was by his side, holding out two pills and a glass of water.

“Headache?” Izuku asked.

“Yeah kitten,” he took them and swallowed then collapsed onto the couch, setting the glass down on the table. “It’s been a really long two weeks and everything that I walked into today was chaos.”

Izuku sat next to him and cuddled into his side. “We can just stay like this for a while if you want.”

Shouta leaned his head to rest on Izuku, “That sounds nice kitten.” And they stayed leaned up against each other until both fell asleep.

***

The next morning while the students were having their own meeting about creating a chore schedule for the dorms and how that should work, Shouta found himself in a separate meeting at the main campus

with all the faculty.

“Nezu, what’s this meeting about?” Vlad King asked.

“We didn’t get any details,” Snipe noted.

“It is to discuss a soulmate bond,” Nezu stated.

“We’ve had more students than normal find bonds this year,” Thirteen stated. “Are any of them causing issues?”

“No, no, nothing like that,” Nezu smiled. “We simply wanted you up to date to Aizawa’s new soulmate bond and the situations surrounding it.”

Everyone turned and stared at Aizawa, some blankly, a couple knowingly, and Nem and Zashi with giant grins on their face. Only All Might, sitting in his small form at the other end of the table, had a grimace.

“My soulmate is Midoriya Izuku from my class,” Shouta shared. “The bond is romantic and we have decided to pursue dating.”

The room was quiet until Zashi finally cried out in an effort to break the silence, “I’m happy for you bro!” Then the questions started.

“Can you legally pursue a bond with a student?”

“What did his mother say?”

“Is Midoriya having to move classes?”

“If you will all calm down,” Shouta activated his quirk. “We will explain.”

“To answer about the legality, thought it has never occurred at UA before, it was codified into law that soulmate bonds in situations like this are protected and perfectly legal if both parties wish to pursue it and parental consent is given by the parent or guardian of the student. Both parties wanted the bond and Midoriya-san has already signed all the necessary paperwork to protect both Aizawa and Midoriya-kun as well as UA,” he explained. “Additionally, as Midoriya-kun is already a vital part of class 1-A, he will not be moved. Instead, I will randomly review his work to ensure there is no bias in grading.”

“So is he staying with 1-A or with Shouta?” Nem asked, a feral smile present.

“That’s entirely up to him,” Shouta stated, glaring at Nem. “He has his own dorm room with his own belongings, but as you know bonds dictate you need time together, so he is allowed into my spaces in both the 1-A and teacher dorms whenever he’d like.”

“Uhhh, Sho,” Zashi said looking at his phone. “Is this supposed to be a secret?”

“Aizawa and Midoriya-kun have already told class 1-A, and we are now telling you,” Nezu explained. “There will not be an announcement to the rest of the campus.”

“It’s not a secret, but we think a school wide announcement would cause more harm than good,” Shouta said. “We intend to try not to draw unwanted attention to it around campus.”

“Well, that’s already gone south,” Nem raised an eyebrow as she looked over at Zashi’s phone. “You two are in the background of a picture Ashido posted online, and while you’re not the focus, a couple students have already pointed out the two of you cuddling on the couch.”

Zashi slid his phone across the table and sure enough, while not the intention of the photo, there in the background was the two of them, curled up into each other as they slept yesterday. “Fuck,” he said as he scrolled to read the comments.

‘Wait is that Aizawa-Sensei and a student?’

‘That’s so gross man, they’re student and teacher!’

‘I think that’s Midoriya from his class, I remember him from the sports festival.’

‘Must be easy sailing when you’re that chummy with the teacher.’

Shouta felt ill. Nezu was looking over his shoulder, taking note of the students who said anything.

Shouta pulled out his phone and called Ashido. “Sensei?” she asked. “Why are you calling?”

“Ashido, take down your selfie from yesterday now,” he demanded.

“Why, what’s wrong with it?” she asked.

“Have you looked at the comments?”

“No, let me open it up on my computer,” he hears some typing followed by a gasp. “Oh shit! I’m so sorry Aizawa sensei, I didn’t realize you two were in the background! I’ll take it down now.” He could hear commotion in the background asking what was wrong.

“Ashido-chan, it you could take a screen shot of the photo and the comments first and send them to me, it would be appreciated,” Nezu stated.

“Yes, Nezu Sensei, I’m so sorry. I really didn’t realize,” She frantically explained.

“I understand,” Nezu said. “As it was an accident you will not be punished, however I would caution you to be better aware of your surroundings for future picture taking.”

“Ashido, I can hear the class. You can tell them what happened and that we’ll be figuring out next steps,” Shouta sighed. “If Izuku needs me, I’m in the Teacher’s conference room in the main building.”

“Yes Sensei!” she said. “Principal, I don’t have your email so I sent them to Aizawa-sensei and he should be able to forward them to you.”

“Thank you Ashido-chan,” Nezu said. “We’re going to return to our meeting now.” Shouta hung up the phone and sighed. So much for trying to keep a low profile on this. “Aizawa, how would you like us to proceed?”

***

“Izuku, I’m so sorry,” Mina turned to him as she hung up the phone. “I took a picture in the common room last night and posted it up and I didn’t realize you and Sensei were cuddling in the background.”

“I don’t see the problem,” Izuku was confused but Shouta had just called so something related to it was happening.

“People noticed and started commenting about it,” she looked really guilty. “They weren’t exactly nice comments.”

“What did the fuckers say,” growled Kacchan, little explosions popping from his hands.

“Um, some things about how it was gross and some things about the perks of being close to the teacher,” she admitted as Kacchan’s sparks got stronger. “I deleted the whole post. And I sent screen shots to

Sensei and Nezu-san so that they can talk with the students."

"They think that?" Izuku couldn't hide the hurt in his voice. Sure, they didn't know about the soulbond, but they didn't even bother to find out anything.

"Anyone who thinks Aizawa-sensei would give Midoriya perks as his student obviously doesn't know either of them," Momo said.

"If anything, Shou-kun will probably have higher expectations," Toshi looked angry. "I'm his brother and he doesn't give me any special treatment unless you count extra laps to run when I mouth off."

"It was just a few students," Mina assured them. "And I'm sure Aizawa and Nezu will talk to them right away about it, so it'll be fine."

But Izuku didn't feel like everything would be fine, he felt like everything was wrong. "I need to talk to Shouta," he said.

"He's in the conference room on the main campus," Mina shared. "He said you could go if you need to."

"I'll walk with you," Todo-kun offers. Shoji stands beside him with a nod. As they left he could vaguely hear Kacchan yelling something about what they're going to do moving forward.

Izuku doesn't remember walking across campus, he just remembers all his thoughts. After his classmates had made sure it was legal and something they both wanted, they seemed ok with the bond, but is this how other people would react to them? Was he making things difficult for Shouta? What were they going to do?"

"Sorry to interrupt," he heard Todo-kun say. "We brought Midoriya." Izuku looked up and began to sob as Shouta ran to him and wrapped him in a comforting embrace.

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "We should have gone somewhere else."

"I'm sorry," Izuku sobbed into his chest. "Being with me must be difficult."

"Kitten," Aizawa whispered in his ear as he was being slowly led somewhere, arms still wrapped around him. "Dealing with others may be difficult but that's always been true. Being with you isn't, not at all. So don't be illogical."

“I’m causing you so many problems,” he sniffed.

“You didn’t cause any of this,” Shouta promised him. “The teachers who have the students who commented are already going to talk to them and we’ll handle anything else that may come up. We decided not to keep it a secret, we knew this was a possibility. It just happened a little sooner than either of us thought.”

“Midoriya-kun,” Nezu spoke up and Izuku turned to look at the principal. “When I said your relationship was protected, I meant not just in the sense that you can legally be in a relationship. UA does not tolerate bullying or harassment of any form so if people start causing problems for you because of your soulmate relationship, please let us know and we will handle it accordingly.”

“Sure,” he smiled, but he couldn’t help but wonder if that would just make things worse.

Chapter End Notes

Things were going so well... we'll see what happens next time.

As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

I'll support you

Chapter Summary

Training and harassment

Chapter Notes

CW: Verbal Sexual Harassment/Bullying - It starts when they go to lunch so if you need to skip I will provide a summary in the end notes.

Hey yall - Update on the updates - No updates this weekend - I have family obligations, the nephew's birthday and an RPG.

I'm not sure what next week's update schedule is going to look like. I'm a little behind in the draft so I really need to get some writing done. I can say with certainty there will be no update next Wednesday because I have the nephew all day and that starting next Friday, my hiatus to visit Best Platonic Soulmate will begin and will probably last for a week. I'll have more details next week.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning, Izuku walked to school early, flanked by Kacchan and Toshi. Todo-kun and Shoji had gone ahead to make sure even early that no one was crowded around their classroom, having texted an all clear before they left. Apparently, this was part of the plan Kacchan and the others had come up with yesterday after Izuku left.

They thankfully ran into no one on the way there and the four of them surrounded his desk once Kirishima and Kaminari showed up an to stand guard at the door in case anyone came by. It sounded like a few people did, but they were sent on their way by them or other members of class 1-A as they arrived. Izuku was nervous but thankfully Shouta soon walked in.

“Alright, we don’t have time to play around, so everybody change into your hero costumes then meet me in Gym Gamma,” Shouta walks back out.

They arrive quickly at the gym where they find Shouta, Cementoss and Ectoplasm. “With the surge in villain activity, the school believes it be a good idea for you to get your provisional licenses now. This is

normally something that happens in your second year but getting it now would allow you to use your quirks legally in emergency situations. The next two weeks we'll continue to work on your quirks. This is what I'd planned to have you work on the second half of training camp, so instead we'll spend extra time now working on your ultimate moves."

The class excitedly starts chattering until Shouta silences them. "An Ultimate move is a move you use to make a big impact or turn the tides of a battle. Some of you already have these: Todoroki has his giant ice wall, he just needs to name it. Iida has Recipro Burst. Izuku can use his jaguar's jaw to crack bone. Work on moves like these, make them your own. They'll become something that defines you as a hero."

"Aizawa Sensei, what's your ultimate move?" Mina asked.

"It's called Binding Cloth. It's basically a unique fighting style that utilizes my capture weapon so it doesn't have to quirk related. One of Present Mic's is his DJ Punch which is a well-placed right hook," Shouta explains. "I can show you video footage of both in the classroom from the archives. For now, Cementoss is going to adjust the terrain and Ectoplasm is going to make clones. If you need something specific, let us know. I'll be moving around the room. Spread out and make sure you're in a spot that won't put anyone else in danger. Izuku hold back for a minute."

Izuku's classmates watched him as they all started to move around the room. "Something wrong Shouta?"

"No Problem Child," he says fondly. "You already have a lot of control over your jaguar form so instead I'd like for you to work on Weak Point. I meant to talk to you about this yesterday but, well, a lot was going on."

"Oh, how would you like me to do that?" Izuku asked.

"Start out with Hitoshi, Bakugo and Todoroki," Shouta told him. "Since all three have already let you analyze them, see if you can get an analysis on them while they're practicing their quirk. I'd like you to see if you can do it without them noticing and if you can shorten the time it takes. Also here," he pulls out a pair of black goggles similar to his own. "We can change the color later or even the design, but I figured with your tell, you'd need something to prevent people seeing your eyes."

Izuku grins and slides them into place, excited about the new piece of his costume, the one that connects him to Shouta in some way. “Thanks, Shouta,” he leans up and gives him a peck on the cheek. “I’ll get started right away.”

Trying to discreetly watch his three friends was more difficult than he thought it be. Todo-kun noticed him almost instantly. Toshi brainwashed him into leaving. Kacchan just glared. He needed to come up with a new option so he started considering everything he knew about Weak Point as well as his other quirks. “Hey Shouta?” Izuku called out.

“Izuku?” he asked, knowing it was way too early for him to be finished.

“Ok, you know how when I get injured, like cuts or burns, in my other forms it impacts my costume? So, I was wondering if it worked the other way around? If with the goggles on, when I transform, do you still see my eyes glow if I use Weak Point?” he says.

“That’s a good question,” he nods. “Let’s test it.”

Izuku transformed into the jaguar and then stared at Shouta, activating weak point. He stares at Shouta until he sees his dry eye, the weaker eye from the USJ injuries, and places he’s broken bones in the past that may be weak. He turns back and looks at Shouta.

“So, there was a light glow, but it wasn’t as much as normal. If I wasn’t looking for it, I would have guessed it was the light catching your eyes as a cat,” Shouta admits. “And it stayed consistent through the whole process.”

“Perfect!” he excitedly states and soon a small green cat races across the room. It was much easier to spy on them as cats and though he was caught once or twice, Baktugo had yelled after what he was doing, he did manage to use his skill on all three at least once before class ended.

It was time to head back, class 1-B was showing up to use the gym. A few of them watched Izuku with interest or annoyance but none of them said anything. “Don’t worry Midobro, I talked to Tetsutetsu yesterday afternoon and he talked to Kendo,” Kirishima said from next to him. “They said they’d shut down anything from their class and set records straight.”

That surprised Izuku, he hadn’t realized that was part of their plan.

“Thanks Kiri,” he smiled.

“Hey, we got your back bro,” Kirishima grinned, all sharp teeth and support.

“Yeah man,” Kaminari was there now. “Like, I’ll admit it was weird when I first found out but after watching you two at the café and then the last couple days, I get it, Mido.”

“Wait, at what café?” Kirishima asked. “Bro did you know before?”

“Kami ran into us at a café,” Izuku explained. “He was sworn to secrecy by Shouta, at least until we could tell you.”

“It was your place to tell people, not mine,” Kaminari assured him, “Though I’ll admit it was difficult.”

“Very manly, Kami,” Kirishima approved with a smile and nod.

The rest of the morning seemed to run smoothly: they showered and changed then went back to the classroom to review a few examples of various types of ultimate moves, studying the videos in the archives.

The bell rang for lunch soon though. “Izuku,” Shouta called out, “Do you want to go with your friends? You can always eat in the teacher’s lounge.”

“I think it’ll just make things worse if I avoid it,” Izuku sighed. “But if for some reason I need to escape I’ll come find you there.”

“Ok,” Shouta leans down and plants a kiss on his curls. “I just want you to be safe kitten.”

“I know, but you can’t protect me from this. They’re going to talk whether I’m there or not,” he sighed in resignation. “At least if I’m there, I’ll know what they’re saying.”

Shouta nodded and Izuku walked with Toshi and Kacchan to the cafeteria. He felt some eyes on him, saw some whispers, but no one approached him until a short boy he vaguely remembered from the entrance exams walked up. “So you’re the slut who stole my seat in the hero course?” Izuku froze and stared at the boy, in shock over the statement.

“What did you say?” Kacchan demanded with a gravelly yell. Toshi quickly pulled out his phone and was typing something and Todo-kun

and Shouji looked ready to fight.

“I wasn’t talk to you,” the kid sneered. “I should have been in the hero course with those hot babes but you got in because you’re fucking the teacher. Probably more than one, I heard about some others who called you out getting in trouble.”

“You want to take that back,” Todo-kun warned in an icy tone. “Izuku is more of a hero than someone who wants in for the girls would ever be.”

“Also, he placed second on the entrance exam,” Toshi glared, phone down.

“And if I recall,” Shoji eyed the boy. “I saw him pull you out of the way of one of the robots.”

“I didn’t need anyone to pull me out the way, he threw off doing that. And just because the results say he got second doesn’t mean they’re right. If he’s fucking that hobo, he could be fucking any of them to get his results changed.” Izuku shuddered at the insinuation. Is that what people thought? That he was using Shouta and possibly other teachers to become a hero?

“Are you really suggesting the student who took down The Hero Killer Stain fucked his way into UA?” Kacchan was yelling. “I was there when he was training his ass off before the entrance exam. Hell, Izu took down that zero pointer and rescued round cheeks while the rest of you ran. Don’t act like he didn’t earn a spot just because you’re salty you weren’t good enough.”

“I only didn’t get in because the cat was probably in heat. Not my fault he’ll spread his ass cheeks for anyone.” Izuku’s mind is reeling, his stomach churns and everyone around him is about to lunge when a grey scarf wraps around the kid, binding his arms to his side and covering his mouth.

“I’d appreciate it if you didn’t talk about Izuku that way,” Shouta growled before announcing to the cafeteria. “If anyone else has an issue with my soulmate’s entrance exam results, you can take it up with me in Nezu’s office. We can gladly show you the video footage of his exam as well as the documentation from the judges before we discuss if you should be expelled for harassment.” He turns to the table, eyes locked with a trembling, ill looking Izuku. “You four, take him to the teacher’s lounge. Midnight and Mic are waiting. I’ll be back soon.”

***

Shouta watches as Izuku, who seems to be in a state of shock and looks like he may throw up, is guided out of the cafeteria by Bakugo while Shoji grabs their lunches and Todoroki and Hitoshi follow behind. Tokoyami walks up to him at this point, Dark Shadow hovering behind him.

“Thank you for coming to get me,” he nods to the sentient quirk.

“We saw what was happening and that Hitoshi had his phone out, we assumed to text you, but we figured Dark Shadow may be faster,” Tokoyami explained. “I missed the beginning, but I did get most of it recorded if you need a copy.”

“Nezu probably has a copy but send it to me just in case,” Shouta nods to his student. “And thank you again.”

Shouta moves out of the cafeteria, all eyes on him as he drags the protesting grape behind him. “Shut up, kid,” he tightens the binding around him. “You’re only making this worse.”

When he arrived at Nezu’s office, he saw Zashi standing there. “Nezu called, it’s my student,” he sighed. “Midnight is waiting for the boys and Power Loader is there too.”

Shouta nodded and pushed Nezu’s door open. “I know you have a soulmate to comfort, so we’ll make this quick,” Nezu smiles, a feral grin that for once Shouta is glad to see. “Sexual harassment will not be tolerated at this school nor will unfounded accusations of cheating. It will be up to Aizawa and Midoriya-kun if they want to press legal charges for the harassment. In the meantime, Present Mic and I will begin filling out your expulsion paperwork, effective immediately, and I will be making sure this ends up on your school records for any other school you apply to.”

“Principal!” the grape started to protest.

“Mineta, I saw and heard everything,” Nezu stopped him. “There is no justification for your statements to any person and frankly you’d be expelled for making them to any student. You just happen to have choosen a pro-hero’s soulmate whose bond is protected under the law and subject to oversight to ensure any bias in his grading or classes does not occur, which makes your insinuations even less plausible. Additionally, their bond wasn’t even realized until a month ago so it’s impossible for it to have impacted Midoriya-kun’s entrance exam

results.” The grape boy was paling with every word from the principal sealing his fate. “Aizawa, you may go make sure Midoriya-kun is ok. If he needs to take the afternoon off, he will be excused. Also, I know we didn’t want to make a big deal out of it, but I think after today we should have teachers discuss it with their homerooms.”

“Whatever will keep Izuku from going through this again,” Shouta agreed before depositing the repugnant grape in one of the chairs and walking out of the room towards the teacher’s lounge. “Kitten?” he calls as soon as he pushes the door open. Izuku is sitting on the couch and Hitoshi moves to make space beside him for Shouta, which he quickly slides into. “Kitten?”

“Shouta?” he turns and then quickly nuzzles into his chest. “Shouta, do they all think that? That I used you and I cheated to get in?”

“Izuku, darling,” Shouta runs a hand through his curls. “Nezu is already taking steps to ensure that’s not what they think. I know we didn’t want to make a big announcement, but the teachers are going to talk to their homerooms and tell them what’s going on. They’re going to make sure they know our situation, which should stop rumors like that.”

“What if they don’t Shouta,” Izuku’s voice sounded on the verge of tears. “What if it just gets worse.”

“Kitten, you’ve got all of us on your side, and what happened today was inexcusable,” Shouta said. “In fact, if you wanted to press charges I’ll get Tsukuchi down here right now.”

“Charges?” Izuku looked up in confused.

“Izuku, that was sexual harassment. He’s being expelled from school and you have every right to press charges,” Shouta explained. “But if you want to is up to you.”

He watches as Izuku thinks for a minute then shakes his head. “It’ll just drag our relationship into the public if it goes to court or the media hears about it and they’ll pick everything apart. That’s already created problems here. So long as I don’t have to see him again, it’s fine.”

“Are you sure?” He asked. Shouta wants to press charges, wants to make sure the grape knows he can’t get away with this shit. But ultimately, he won’t force Izuku to do so.

“I’m not strong enough to go through them tearing everything apart,” he sighed.

“You’re plenty strong,” Shouta wraps his arms around, pulling him close. “No matter what you decide, you’re strong and I’ll support you.”

The bell for the end of lunch sounds but Izuku is still wrapped up in Shouta’s arms. “I can handle heroics for you this afternoon,” Nem told him. “Hound Dog said he could talk to him in about an hour if he needs it.”

“Thanks Nem,” he whispers as he continues to hold Izuku while everyone else leaves the room. Once alone, a distressed mewling sound comes from Izuku, one he’d probably been holding in, and it breaks Shouta’s heart. “I love you so much Izuku,” he reminds him. “You’re amazing and so loved.”

Chapter End Notes

> As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

> Harassment Summary - Mineta shows up at their lunch table and basically accuses Izuku of sleeping his way into the hero course. Izuku freezes up, wondering if this is what everyone thinks about him while Katsuki, Todoroki, Hitoshi, and Shoji are arguing with him and ready to fight. Dark Shadow get's Aizawa who arrives and wraps the purple menace in his capture weapon, announces Izuku is his soulmate, sends Izuku and his 4 friends to the teachers lounge then drags Mineta to Nezu's office where he's promptly told all the reasons he's wrong and expelled. Aizawa returns to comfort a very upset Izuku who opts not to press charges because he doesn't want their relationship picked apart more (I know, upsetting but a very real reaction). Aizawa does his best to comfort Izuku.

Two True Things

Chapter Summary

Izuku and Shouta attempt to move forward

Chapter Notes

CW - references to the bullying/harassment that took place

Sorry this is a little later than normal - rough start to the morning.

So UPDATE UPDATE
There will probably only be one other chapter post this week and it will be on Thursday - The next couple days are really busy, appts and I have the nephew all day and I'm trying to get ready to go out of town so I simply won't have time to write and edit along with everything else. Thursday I'll have an update for when you can expect me back after vacation. Thanks for all your support
<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku stayed In Shouta's arms until the bell rang again and Hound Dog entered the teacher's lounge.

"Hey Midoriya," he bent down into a crouch so he was eye level with his student. "I heard today was a little rough. I have some time if you want to talk about it." He nodded and disentangled himself from Shouta's arms.

"I'll be here waiting," the dark haired man said softly. "When you finish, we can go back to the dorms." Izuku nodded and followed Hound Dog into his office, sitting in the plush, comfy chair across from the hero teacher.

"Where do you want to start Midoriya?" Hound Dog asked.

"I, I just don't understand," tears began to form in his eyes. "I don't understand why they automatically assume the worst. Why they would think I was like that or Shouta was like that. I hate that they're look at us this way, that they're judging him because of me. But I don't know how to fix it."

“Midoriya, we can’t control what other people do, only how we react to them,” Hound Dog told him but it didn’t help. It didn’t change what people were saying and after a few minutes of silence, Hound Dog tried something new. “Midoriya, here’s what I want you to do,” he pulls out a sheet of paper and folds it in half, handing it to him. “On this half I want you to write down the things people are saying about your relationship with Aizawa.”

Izuku took the paper and started writing things he’d heard were written, whispers he’d heard, things that had been said to his face by the purple haired boy, even things implied initially by his supportive classmates. It’s gross, he’s using Aizawa to be in the hero course, he’s just a cat in heat, it was unethical, the implication that Shouta had forced him into the relationship.

Izuku looked up, still looking miserable and showed Hound Dog the paper. “Ok, now on the other side I want you to write at least two true things about your relationship to counter each of those things, either directly or just being able to see the good and the truth when if feels like the world is pushing these ideas on you.”

Izuku started with the easy ones. Shouta respects his boundaries in all aspects of their relationship. He trained hard with Shouta and made it into the hero course on his own merit. He and Shouta were doing everything openly and had the backing of the school and the law. Their love was soft and kind and gentle. It was protective and supportive. That it was accompanied by lazy evenings curled up on couches, Saturday afternoons in a cat café and passionate kisses in a hot spring. And it was the only romantic love either had ever had or would ever need.

With each counter to the accusations, he felt a little lighter. It didn’t fix everything, but the exercise helped shine a light into the darkness he’d been feeling. “Did that help?” Hound Dog asked.

“It did some,” Izuku gave a small smile. “It helps to see more good things than the bad things. Thanks.”

“I’m glad,” Hound Dog said. “Izuku, people are going to talk and whisper and say things about you and Aizawa because they don’t see what you get to see because they don’t know the two of you. And I’m going to be honest, it’s going to hurt when they do. But what I want you to do is take a breath, count to ten, and think of at least 2 good things about your relationship. Do you think you can do that?”

“I think so,” Izuku nodded.

“Excellent kid,” Hound Dog nodded. “Now, I also have that list of therapists we talked about. You and Aizawa can look through them and find someone who will work for you. They all specialize in teen clients with PTSD.” Hound Dog hands him a list out of a folder. “Take your time to look over them and remember kid, if one doesn’t work out you can always try another.”

“Thanks Hound Dog,” Izuku gave a half smile as he gathered his things.

“It’s no problem kid,” Hound Dog told him. “And I want you to know, just because I’m referring you out to someone who specializes in what you need, doesn’t mean my door isn’t open if you need me.”

“I’ll let you know if I need anything,” he promises before heading out the door and back into Shouta’s arms.

“Is that a smile?” he asks.

“Maybe a small one,” Izuku told him. “I love you.”

“I love you too Kitten,” he pulls him alongside as they leave the teacher’s lounge, the halls empty as classes were in session. “I thought we could order pizza tonight? Pick it up at the gate and bring it back to my dorm room.”

“Sounds good Shouta,” he agreed as he nuzzled into his soulmate’s side.

***

They spent the rest of the afternoon on the couch, watching a movie and were on their way back to the dorms from getting the pizza at the gate when a girl with long orange hair stepped in front of them and bowed. “As class representative for 1-C I wish to apologize to you both on behalf of our former classmate,” she said.

“You don’t have to apologize,” Izuku insisted. “It’s not your fault he said those things.”

She lifted her head. “No, but he’d started saying something between classes about it. I had intended to tell Mic-Sensei but I didn’t do so before lunch and because of that you had to hear his accusations.”

“The only person responsible for anyone having to hear what that student said was himself,” Shouta told her. “He’s the one who jumped to conclusions and then decided to accost Izuku with them. He’s the one at fault for his actions.”

She smiled at the two of them. “I overheard you in the cafeteria. You’re soulmates?”

“We are,” Izuku smiled. “Only realized the bond about a month ago.”

“I have an older soulmate too,” she said understandingly. “He’s 20 and in college. It took a lot of convincing with my father for him to allow us to date. It can be tough, but the right people will support you. If you ever need anything you can always come find me. My name is Hiroshi.” And with that she waved and turned back toward the main campus.

“She was nice,” Izuku noted.

“She was,” Shouta agreed. “It’s good to see more than just your class supporting you,” he places a gentle kiss on his forehead. “We should go before the pizza gets cold.”

Izuku nodded and they continued on their way to the teacher dorms, wanting to avoid Izuku’s classmates. He knows they care, but he’s not ready for the questions, the comfort they’ll try to give him. He just wants to spend the evening with Shouta, relaxing and enjoying each other’s company.

Unfortunately as soon as they entered the teacher’s lounge, Zashi was on them. “Hey Izuku, you doing alright?”

“I’m ok,” he gave an awkward half smile, unable to forget the fact that Shouta almost slept with him. “Thanks for asking.”

“Well, if you need anything little listener just let us know,” he told him. “All the homeroom teachers plan on talking with their classes tomorrow, though it seems after Sho’s little announcement earlier, word is already getting around that you’re soulmates.”

Izuku gulped. “How,” he pauses and takes a deep breath. “How are people reacting?”

Zashi hums, “Hard to say for certain. Some people will always talk, but I think the knowledge that a soulbond is involved has put some much needed perspective on it.”

“So, you think it’ll help?” Izuku looks between the two nervously.

“I don’t think it can hurt at this point,” Shouta sighed. “This got out of hand very quickly and we need to set the record straight.” Izuku just nodded. “Zashi, we’re going to go eat dinner and just relax. I know people are concerned but if you could let everyone know we just need time to ourselves, I’d appreciate it.”

“Of course, Sho,” Zashi grins. “You and Izuku have a good evening.” They walk through the common area toward the elevator, purposefully avoiding the other teachers, though Izuku can’t help but feel a pair of eyes on him.

He turns and notices All Might glaring at him. “Shouta, did I do something to All Might?”

“No,” Shouta sighed. “He’s just an asshole.” He balances the pizza box with one hand and takes Izuku’s with the other. “Seriously, ignore him. He’s got some stupid idea in his head and he won’t give it up.” Izuku just nodded and soon the two were alone in the elevator until they made it to the top floor. Shouta had been given enough space to accommodate himself as well as Hitoshi and Todoroki so his dorm was larger than the other teacher’s, taking up most of the floor and looking for more like a small apartment. The rooms themselves were cozy. Shouta had a dining room table next to a small kitchenette and two couches that sat near a coffee table with a TV mounted on the wall.

Shouta sat the pizza down on the coffee table before pulling Izuku into his lap on the couch. “Shouta,” Izuku squealed, but his soulmate just pressed his face into Izuku’s shoulder.

“I just, want to know you’re here, if that’s ok Kitten,” Shouta explained, not letting him go.

“That’s fine Shouta but weren’t you the one saying the pizza is getting cold?” he laughed.

As the laugh moved through the room, Shouta looked up at Izuku with a smile. “I guess you’re right. Pizza, then cuddles?”

“Pizza then cuddles,” Izuku nodded as he slid off Shouta’s lap and reached for the box, hungry now after never finishing his lunch.

***

Shouta walked next to Izuku on the way to class, holding his hand as

they went. After that initial laugh, the evening had gone well: Izuku had relaxed, was happy when it was just the two of them locked away in the dorm apartment. But as they stepped out into the world again, Izuku's nerves had increased. He was currently mumbling to himself and Shouta could catch pieces of it. "Respects me and my boundaries. It's kind, gentle, supportive. We love each other."

"What's that Kitten?" Shouta asked.

Izuku jumped then looked away, rubbing the back of his neck. "Um, Hound Dog suggested when people say things that aren't true about me or our relationship that I should tell myself things that are true about it. I was thinking about what people said yesterday so I thought I'd try it."

Shouta smiled softly, "And did it help?"

"A little bit," he nodded.

"That's good," he squeezed Izuku's hand. "You know you're amazing, right?"

"Shouta," Izuku flushed as he whined in protest.

"You are, and I'll keep telling you that too," Shouta grinned. "My amazing favorite hero."

"Stop it," he was turning redder and Shouta couldn't help but laugh.

"I already told you, I'll keep saying it until you believe me," Shouta said as they walked through the main doors. "Classroom or teacher's lounge?"

"Classroom," Izuku said. "It's early and Toshi and Kacchan are on their way."

"Ok," he nodded. "I need to meet with a few of the teachers," he leaned down and kissing Izuku's forehead before releasing his hand. "I'll see you in class."

Izuku nods and they walk their separate ways until Shouta reaches the teacher's lounge. The teachers with home rooms are already waiting for him.

"So Sho," Zashi spoke up. "What's the plan to protect the Green Bean?"

“I know Nezu already emailed you all that you’d be sharing the truth of our relationship with your classes,” Shouta stated. “Some things Izuku and I discussed and we want to be clear: We are soulmates and thus our relationship is protected by law. Additionally, it has been approved by Izuku’s mother and Nezu. Part of this protection is oversight to ensure no unfairness happens in his classes. The bond was not realized until a month ago, so it had no impact on Izuku’s admission, his performance at the sports festival, or any of the other countless ways he’s proved himself both here at school and during his internship as Midokone. Additional specifics of our relationship are not public information and bothering Izuku about these matters will result in detention, Class 1-A has been told this as well. Additionally, UA has a no tolerance policy for harassment and bullying against any student and such activities will result in immediate expulsion.”

“Anything else?” Snipe asked.

“Nothing that is anyone else’s business,” Shouta said.

“How’s the kitten doing this morning?” Nem questioned.

“He was doing well until the walk to school,” he sighed. “He’s nervous after yesterday, about what people think about him, about me, about us. He started mumbling to himself, listing off good things about our relationship to remind himself that they were wrong.”

“The poor kid,” Thirteen sighed.

“He’s got good people around him,” Cementoss said. “I’ve noticed how close his friend group is.”

“And the rest of the class is protective of him too,” Shouta noted. “They had a whole plan to keep him safe yesterday which I’m sure knowing Hitoshi and Bakugo has been revised.”

And sure enough, Shoji and Kirishima were guarding the door with Dark Shadow scouting the halls for anyone who may make trouble.

“Good job,” he nods to them. “But time for class.” He steps in and everyone takes their seat and looks up toward him. “Before we begin, I’m sure by now you all heard about what happened yesterday. The other classes are being told about the nature of mine and Izuku’s relationship right now. They will know we are bonded, we have been for a month, it is legal and with permission, there is oversight for his schooling, and that the school has a zero tolerance policy for bullying and harassment. If you see or hear any issues, I need you to come to

myself, another of your teachers, or go straight to Principal Nezu. Do you understand?”

“Yes Sensei,” the class nodded.

“Good,” he replied.

The rest of the day seemed to go smoothly. A few other students came up to Izuku, mostly to apologize, though his friends would put them through the ringer first. A couple more shared about their own soul bonds: One was bonded with his supervisor from his summer job, another had been bonded with a teacher at her middle school, though the bond was platonic. Other students still stared or whispered. One glared at Shouta as if he were the reason for her misfortune and Shouta vaguely recognized her as one of the girls interested in getting Izuku’s number after the Sports Festival. But there were no repeats of the last two days, no hostile words or crying sessions in the teacher’s lounge. Shouta considered it a good start.

Chapter End Notes

> As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Targets Painted on Our Backs

Chapter Summary

Licensing Exams - Part 1

Chapter Notes

CW: People not understand what no means (not noncon - just like aggressive unwanted flirting)

HEY - so here's the Update Plan, I'm going to be taking a full week off between the trip and some other things. So next chapter should be 10/25. After that I'll try to give you an idea of the new update schedule. I've got a few other projects I'm working on so it will probably not be daily anymore and closer to a couple times a week.

Once again thanks for yall's support <3 You seriously make me so excited to write and post this story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Izuku, time to get up,” Shouta shook him. “We’re here.” He grumbled but stretched and looked around, the bus stopped in front of a large gate. He grabbed his case that held his costume and bounded off the bus, landing beside Kacchan and Toshi as the class gathered, awaiting instructions from Shouta.

“Once inside, you’ll need to register and then change into your costumes,” Shouta tells them. “After that you’ll gather in the main arena for the opening from the Commission and instructions. Remember, you’re here to represent yourself and UA. So go beyond.”

“Plus Ultra,” the class cheers.

“Eraser!” a voice called out and Izuku saw the annoyance on Shouta’s face.

“Joke,” he turned and glared.

“Marry me!” the green haired woman asked. Izuku’s brows scrunched together.

“No,” he responded with a blank face.

“Come on Eraser, just imagine how full of laughter your life would be with me as a wife!” she pushes.

“I’d rather not,” he responded dryly.

“Come on, it be great!” she laughed.

“What the fuck?” Kacchan asked.

“Seriously he said no,” Hitoshi glared.

“Who even are you?” Todo-kun asked.

“Ms. Joke!” she responded. “Eraser and I met while we were working on a case as students and it was love at first sight!”

“No it wasn’t,” Shouta countered and Izuku couldn’t stand it anymore.

He pushed forward and stood next to Shouta. “I think he told you no, not just today but before,” he glares.

“Aw come on kid,” She looked at him. “Wouldn’t it be good to see this grump laughing and happy?”

“I already see that,” he hissed, wrapping his arms around Shouta’s waist and Ms. Joke stopped for a moment and watched in confusion.

“Joke, I don’t think you’ve had the chance to meet my soulmate,” Shouta put an arm around Izuku.

“Oh,” she looked in shock at the revelation. “I didn’t realize.”

“It shouldn’t matter,” Izuku glared, having been told about the date Zashi set up with them thinking Shouta was also bisexual. “He’s told you no before. Multiple times before.”

“That’s not very manly to keep asking,” Kiri looking disappointed.

“Yeah,” Kami added, “I think you owe Aizawa Sensei an apology.”

The hero looked startled as 20 hero students all glare at her. “I’m sorry Eraser,” she nervously replied. “I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable.”

“If you’re done now, I believe we were getting ready for the licensing exams,” Izuku glared at her.

“Right, I’ve got to get back to my own students,” she says awkwardly before turning away.

Izuku hears Mina huff behind him, “The nerve of some people.”

Kami’s voice is next, “Seriously, she’s been bothering you about it? She should have stopped after the first time.”

“You alright Izu?” Toru asked in concern, not use to seeing their classmate frustrated like that and knowing the last two weeks had been rough. The rumors and stares had mostly stopped, but that didn’t mean they hadn’t all seen the way the attention had gotten to their friend.

“I’m fine,” he nods, “I just didn’t like Shouta being uncomfortable.” He feels the arm tighten around him. Their love was protective and that went both ways.

“As much as I’d love to stay curled up with you Kitten, we really do need you all to get registered and changed,” Shouta started leading them in and Izuku observed those around them as they walked.

The number of people observing them concerned Izuku. He heard whispers of “UA’s class 1-A” and “That’s them.” Felt predatory eyes follow them. It sent a chill up his spine. “You feel that?” he asked Kacchan.

“Yeah,” he grunted. “Like we’re on display.” And that triggered a realization for Izuku.

“They know who we are and all our quirks,” Izuku sighed. “We’re targets in whatever happens today.” He turned to the class and eyed everyone with a serious look. “Register and change as quickly as possible then class huddle. We need to talk.” Everyone dispersed except Izuku, who lingered a moment.

“You figure it out Kitten?” Shouta asked him, trying to look nonchalant.

“They know who we are, know our quirks, because we literally advertise them to the public during the Sports Festival,” Izuku noted. “Traditionally the first event in the licensing exam is examinees against each other trying to prove themselves. We’ve all had targets painted on our backs.”

Shouta nodded. “So, what are you going to do about it?”

“You’ll have to wait and see,” he grinned, giving Shouta a quick peck on the cheek before running off to complete his own registration.

***

Shouta watches the screen from the stands in the auditorium. The same thing happens every year. UA advertises what their kids can do and their kids become targets. He lets it happen, it’s an aspect of being a pro hero they’ll have to deal with: Villains will know them when they may not know the villains. This is the first year he’s had them figure it out before they’re actually out there. Though it shouldn’t surprise him; Izuku was constantly surprising everyone.

The first round of the exam is announced and it’s a new version of the same test – essentially a game of tag using balls and light up sensors. If you get two people out you move on. The part that is new is only 100 people will move on. He takes in a deep breath and continues to listen. Additionally it seems the sensors were designed with Izuku’s quirk in mind so they’d stay visible if he transformed, which was good to know. He’d been concerned if they did something like that that Izuku would be limited and unable to transform. Shouta looked around the crowd and saw his class huddled together with Izuku at the center when Emi sat a few seats down. “Your class seems tight knit this year.”

“They are,” Shouta admits, thinking back over everything they’ve faced. “They’ve been through a lot together.”

“Your soulmate seems to be someone they look to for guidance,” She also points out.

“He’s also been through a lot,” Shouta sighed. “They trust him and his judgement. He’s their class representative and he’s proven himself over and over.”

“He sounds pretty amazing,” Emi notes.

“He really is,” Shouta smiled softly. “He’s my favorite hero.”

“Well in that case, I wanted to say I’m sorry again,” she said. “I really didn’t know. But I’m glad you seem happy.”

“I am happy,” he tells her. “You know Emi, I like this side of you a lot more. Not that dating would have ever worked out between us, but I think if you were more like this we could have maybe been friends.”

“Never too late to start?” She asks.

Shouta hummed. “I’ll consider it but Izuku and I are kind of a package deal now and he may not consider it. He’s typically nicer than me but he seemed very upset with you.”

Emi just nods and both turn back to watching the monitors as the examinees are released into the arena. At first, the class all stays together, then they’re surrounded by another school. And while he can’t hear what is being said, he sees Izuku scream something and the class splits off into 4 groups as the ground beneath them crumbles and ruptures.

“That’s a first,” Emi raises an eyebrow. “Did you actually tell them this year Eraser?”

“You know I don’t tell them Joke,” Shouta said. “Izuku figured it out. He’s really good at analyzing situations. After the USJ, he probably assumed that the smartest thing another school could do was separate them.” Shouta watched the groups they’d been split into. Each had a tank, someone who could attack from a distance, someone who did well with stealth, and a few other possibly helpful skills to match up with the others as best they could. And when Izuku gave whatever signal they’d determined, it seems the plan was to split off in those groups. The group that stayed in the middle was unsurprisingly Izuku, Bakugo, Hitoshi, Shoto and Shoji. Izuku was on Shoji’s shoulders as a green cat.

“Wait,” Emi looked with sharp eyes. “Is your soulmate Midokone?”

“Yeah,” Shouta smiles proudly. “Though he wishes everyone would forget him. He wants to go underground.”

“Damn,” she whistled. “I remember reading about him and the Stain case. I should have figured it out from the ears but I guess I was a little in shock.”

He just hummed an acknowledgement and watched as Shouto freezes some of the group around them in place then another few of them freeze with blank stares. Bakugo launches at their leader, explosions flying, while Izuku leaps into the air, shifting into a jaguar to pin another to the ground with Shoji following after to keep one from tagging Izuku. The five are the first of his students to pass the exam.

Once they were finished he looked to the other screens. Ojiro, Jiro, Tsu, Uraraka, and Iida were facing off against a group in another section of the destroyed earth and Shouta noted that he kid who made that happen had a very powerful quirk. Ojiro knocked someone out with his tail while Uraraka floated Iida so he wouldn't have to worry about running over the rough terrain. Tsu lashed out with her tongue to hit a sensor with the ball she was holding while Jiro used her quirk to keep others from overwhelming them.

Sato, Mina, Toru, Sero and Tokoyami were facing off against a student who wasn't even trying to tag the other students out, he was just turning them into what looked like giant, sentient meatballs. Sato had been one of his victims as he'd gotten in close to try to fight him. Shouta sighed in annoyance. If that were one of his students, he'd expel them for completely disregarding the point of an incredibly important exam. Dark Shadow though seemed to be keeping him occupied, as did Sero and Mina with some distance attacks, while barely visible Toru was sneaking up behind him. Once he was down, courtesy of a well-placed sneak attack from Toru, the meat balls all turned back and the group quickly got their tags.

He had one more group. Ahh, there. Kirishima, Kaminari, Koda, Momo and Aoyama. They seem to have walked into a trap set by a girl with a monocle drinking tea. Why was she making tea during the exam? Maybe something to do with her quirk? The trap was actually well plotted out, but it seems like they didn't account for bugs in the building or Momo making wires to allow Kaminari to shoot electricity underneath the door to shock them. So while they were distracted by the bugs, most of them were shocked. Then they pushed the doors open and Kirishima tackled the leader while Aoyama used his navel laser to destroy the equipment one of the girls has in her hand.

Soon all 20 of his students are back in the waiting room, gathered around each other and chatting, probably about their different experiences during the first part of the exam.

"Wow Eraser," Joke was actually impressed. "You've got a pretty solid group this year."

"Yeah," he agrees. "They've got a lot of potential." A smile like sunshine catches his eye and an enthusiastic wave from the floor. He smiles back at his soulmate. "They'll be great heroes one day."

Chapter End Notes

As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Promises of a Better Future

Chapter Summary

Licensing Exam part 2 and Sho and Izu spend time together.

Chapter Notes

CW: None that I can think of - if you notice something let me know

Update, um... update? haha

Moving forward this fic will update one to two times a week. I don't have set dates unfortunately, my schedule is just getting heavier so I won't have as much time to write as I did before. Additionally I have a few other projects in the works.

If you'd like to know when I update you can subscribe (We hit 1000 subs!!!! Which AHHHH) or join my discord. Thanks for all your support <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku watched as the arena they'd just been fighting in was decimated, blowing to pieces before their eyes as people began to emerge from the rubble. It was a rescue exercise.

He turned around and his whole class was looking at him, waiting expectantly. "Alright, first, Momo is it possible for us to get simple communication devices?" She nods and gets to work on them, little ear pieces coming out of her hands and being passed out as they go.

"Ok," Izuku continues once that's done and Momo is snacking on a meal bar from her bag. "We need to set up a spot to bring civilians and perform first aid. Momo, you're in charge of that. Tsu, you're in charge of any water rescue. Jiro, you're in charge of locating civilians and I want Tokoyami and Dark Shadow to assist, Ochaco and Shoji, your main job will be removing debris out of the way, I'll be with you looking for weak points so we don't accidentally collapse anything. Iida, you'll be helping transport civilians quickly out of the destruction area. Leaders, pick one or two others you think may be helpful. The rest of you will assist with general search and rescue, Todo-kun will coordinate you so when you've cleared an area contact him. Remember, this isn't a competition with the other schools anymore,

treat this like a real rescue working alongside heroes you don't know." Everyone nods and begins to separate into teams.

Everything is going well until the second wave of the attack hits. "Momo, Iida, I need you to gather anyone who isn't still rescuing and move the field hospital back. Jiro, Shoji, Tokoyami, continue to search for any remaining survivors. Todo-kun, Kacchan, I need you with me where Gang Orca just attacked."

Izuku activates Weak Point, watching the man and his side kicks approach. "Weak to fire and explosions, makes sense he's a whale." Izuku rushes forward once the other two arrive. "Todo-kun, I need you to put up a wall of fire in front of Gang Orca. Kacchan, hit him with an AP Shot. I'll go in after to pin him down."

The plan seems to be working until a larger boy from another school with a wind quirk comes in and starts antagonizing Todoroki. "You're just like your father," he glares.

"No he's not!" Kacchan yells. "Now you can actually help here or you can go help the others evacuate."

The boy stops and Izuku looks at him. "If you and Todo-kun work together you can make a tornado of fire." And soon Gang Orca is surrounded by a circle of fire while Izuku and Katsuki took out his side kicks.

An announcement that all civilians were all rescued and the area cleared declared the exam was over, immediately met with a stop to the explosions and fire. Izuku hurried over to the pro hero. "Gang Orca sir, are you ok?" He looked dried out and weak.

"I just need to hydrate and rest," he said with what Izuku assumed was a smile.

"Here, let me help," he offers as he holds out his hand and a soft green light flows towards the whale. "There," Izuku smiled as he noticed the hero looked less worn out. The light stopped and he popped an energy gummy in his mouth.

"Thank you," the hero looked at the cat boy questioningly. "What's your name?"

"Midoriya Izuku," Izuku smiled. "Code name Midokone. It was very nice to meet you sir, I have to go find Shouta now." He waved and ran off towards the others.

Gang Orca slipped into the arena where the students gathered and watched the student run up and hug Eraserhead. Ahhh, the whale hero smiled, remembering now where he knew the name from. That was the underground hero's soulmate he'd heard about at Kamino. He was certainly something. Midokone would be a hero to keep his eye on.

***

Izuku cuddled with Shouta on the couch as Class 1-A celebrated everyone passing the provisional licensing exam. "It was a close call with Kacchan, he apparently yelled at a civilian," Izuku rolled his eyes.

"I don't think I'd expect anything less of him," Shouta grumbled. "How are you two best friends?"

"Proximity," Izuku joked. "Believe it or not he's calmed down a lot. He could have been a lot worse."

"I shudder at the thought," Shouta said, voice completely deadpan and Izuku chuckled.

"Sensei, Izuku, do you want some curry?" Ochako bounced up to them.

"We can get up and get some in a minute Ochako," Izuku smiled at her.

"Ok," She nodded. "And Izuku, you were great today."

"Yeah Mido," Denki sunk into the couch next to him. "You really took charge. We probably would have been all over the place without you."

"Yeah Izu," Toshi said as he walked by to sit next to Kacchan. "You kept us organized which was really good."

"It was nothing you guys," Izuku protested, a blush rising to his cheeks. "I'm going to go get something to eat." He moved toward the kitchen to avoid everyone.

"Still ignoring the praise of others?" Shouta teased him from the doorway, apparently having followed him.

"It's just a lot," Izuku smiled at him as he filled a plate. "I know you

keep telling me I should get use to it but it's difficult."

"You want to escape to the room with me? The hell spawn are getting loud," Shouta asked.

"Yeah," Izuku grins. "That be really nice."

Shouta moves up next to him and fills a plate for himself then the two silently sneak off to his room sitting on the couch with a sigh. "Joke said she was sorry," Shouta told him. "She also was really impressed with you."

"That's nice," Izuku commented as he poked at his curry. "Doesn't change the fact that she doesn't understand how to take no for an answer."

Shouta chuckles. "I told her you may not be willing to forgive her when she asked if we could still be friends."

"I think it take a lot for that to happen," Izuku said. "She'd have to make a lot of changes."

"That's fair," Shouta said as he pulls Izuku to him. He held him close while they both ate, appreciating the time together after the busy month they've had. "I missed you," Shouta finally said.

"I didn't go anywhere Sho," he laughed.

"No, we've just both been busy. I miss the time we had with each other during the summer. We have tomorrow off, want to go on a date?" Shouta asked.

"The cat café?" Izuku asks and when Shouta nods Izuku smiles. "I like the cat café." The two cuddle up together and fall asleep, Tora curling up on top of them.

***

"Whoa Sensei!" Mina whistled when Shouta walks into the common room the next afternoon. "You look hot!"

"Ashido," Shouta glared at her as she bounced around him. "That's not appropriate," he says as he tries to straighten his sweater.

"Nah Aizawa, she's right," Denki told him. "You look real nice. You even shaved for Mido."

“Expelled, all of you,” Shouta grumbled as he glared at the students giggling and nodding in agreement.

“You can’t expel them Shouta,” Izuku laughs as he walks into the room himself, wearing jeans and a nice top. “Especially when they’re right, you look very handsome.” He leans up and kisses Shouta on the cheek which brings some cooing and awws from the group in the common room.

“Shut up Hell Spawn,” Shouta grabs Izuku’s hand. “Let’s go problem child.”

“Bye everyone!” Izuku waves with a giggle as they leave.

The walk to the café is quiet but comfortable, Izuku cuddled into Shouta’s side. Shouta orders their drinks, a couple of sandwiches and a slice of the strawberry cake and Izuku grins. “It feels like out first date,” he teases as they find a seat, multiple cats curling up around Izuku.

The date is nice, the sandwiches delicious, the discussion between Izuku and Shouta comfortable. “I’ve been working on a new painting,” Izuku tells him. “I’ll show you once it’s finished.”

“I can’t wait to see,” Shouta smiled. “You want to tell me what it’s of?”

“It’s actually of Tora,” Izuku blushed. “I don’t know if it’s any good but it just sounded fun to paint her.”

“I’m sure it’s lovely,” Shouta took his hand, rubbing small circles near his thumb. “I’m glad you’re enjoying your gift. If you need more paints, let me know.”

“Thanks Shouta,” he smiles. “I’m ok right now, but I’ll let you know.”

“I’m sorry for interrupting, sir,” a waitress handed Izuku another drink. “A gentleman bought this for you and asked me to hand you think note as well.”

“Which gentleman?” Shouta looks up glaring, wanting to know who was sending his soulmate drinks and notes in a cafe.

“He left after placing the order,” the waitress told him. “I didn’t get a name but he acted like he knew you. I’m sorry.”

“Well thank you,” Izuku nodded, staring blankly at the note in his hand.

“You’re welcome sweetheart,” she smiled. “If you need anything else just let us know.”

“What’s the note say?” Shouta asked and watched Izuku unfold it. As his love began to read it, Shouta watched his face turn increasingly pale. “Kitten, what’s wrong?”

A hand covers his mouth and Shouta can’t tell if he’s trying not to cry or scream. He passes the note to Shouta and he takes a look.

Son,
This is a lovely little café you and your soulmate like to frequent. I see you’re enjoying yourself after taking our gifts and running. Know that I’m waiting for you to join me. One day you’ll stand by my side in the underworld, taking your rightful place. Until then, I’ll be keeping an eye on you as you grow.
Love,
Dad

Shouta immediately had his arms around Izuku, trying to calm him. Once he had him calm enough, he placed a call to Tsukauchi. The detective arrived quickly, bagging the note for evidence as well as taking a statement from the waitress. “Is there anything we can do?” Shouta asked him.

“Let me know when Midoriya plans to leave campus,” he suggests. “We can have officers on stand by nearby.”

“They have work studies coming up,” Shouta tells him. “I don’t know if that’s always going to be possible.”

“Make sure he’s always with his hero or another hero student,” Tsukauchi suggests. “If that’s not possible he may have to sit out the work studies.”

“I can’t do that,” Izuku speaks up. “I need to learn more, to be better. I have to do a work study.”

Shouta sighs. “I’ll talk to Smoke and Phoenix and see what we can work out. We can also talk to Nedzu and Power Loader and see if there’s any additional safety precautions we can make.”

Izuku nods, “That’s fair, we can do that. Just please don’t make me

miss the work studies.”

“Ok, we’ll take care of that,” Shouta says. “Thanks Tsukauchi.” The detective nods and leaves the two.

“Shouta, can we go home?” Izuku asks, staring at the untouched cup of cocoa in front of him.

“Yeah Kitten,” he pulled him close and kissed his forehead. On there way out the waitress handed him a to go box with a couple pieces of the cake and an apologetic look. Shouta wanted to tell her it wasn’t her fault, but he was focused on his soulmate, trying to make sure he was ok.

Once back in Shouta’s room, the two curled back up on his couch. “You want to watch a movie? Or eat cake?”

“I just want to sit with you,” Izuku sighed. “He wanted nothing to do with me before, Shouta. I don’t understand why he’s so insistent on me joining him now.”

“I don’t know Kitten,” Shouta pulled him close. “But we won’t be like this forever. We’ll stop him.” And Izuku settled into Shouta and his promises of a better future.

Chapter End Notes

> As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Work Together

Chapter Summary

Discussion of Work Studies

Chapter Notes

I'm Back! Here with the next chapter!

Once again, updates will probably be once or twice a week moving forward with no set days so subscribing or joining my discord (link in the end notes) are the best ways to stay up to date on updates!

Thanks for all your support! Yall are truly amazing <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning, Shouta and Izuku meet with Nedzu and Power Loader to discuss what had happened the day before.

“As far as tracking and emergency alert, I think we’ve got the best option so far,” Power Loader explained as he thought. “Can’t really think of anything I could add to that aspect without actually implanting a chip in you. But I could have additional escape or capture tools created for you?”

“I worked with Smoke on my internship,” Izuku offered. “Her quirk is what helped me get away last time. It’s a smoke screen with special goggles she can give to allies to help them see through it. Would something like that be possible to make?”

“I can reach out to her about talking to her support staff,” Power Loader nodded. “If they were able to make goggles that can see through it, they probably have a break down of it too. If so, I can adjust your goggles to have that factor and create smoke bombs.”

“That be great, I was hoping to do my work study with her so honestly adding that to my goggles would be helpful either way,” Izuku said.

“I believe Shouto was planning to work with Phoenix again so I was going to talk to them about working together so Izuku would have two additional people around him. Also, if they could coordinate when their work studies are so they could travel back and forth

together," Shouta suggested.

"That's a great suggestion, Aizawa," Nedzu nodded. "I know you've been very busy lately, if you'd like I could have the conversation with them for you."

"I don't mind taking care of it," Shouta said. "I want to be sure of what Shouto is going to do before we make any plans. Plus, I've worked with both of them before."

"Very well," he smiled. "Is there anything else we can do?"

"I think that's most of it Nedzu-sensei," Izuku nodded to him. "Thank you."

***

A couple of days later, everyone was in class again. "Alright," Shouta stands in front of them. "Good job on everyone getting their provisional license. Remember, this is only a license to act in an emergency or under the supervision of a hero. No going out on patrols or looking for danger. Now, normally this doesn't happen until your second year, but it's been decided this year that you will participate in work studies as well."

"Alright!" Kirishima says excitedly.

"You can work with the hero you did your internship with or can reach out to other heroes," Shouta continued with a glare. "They are not mandatory this year, but I would highly recommend if you have the opportunity to take it. This is a chance for you to grow, to learn, to do real hero work alongside heroes. It's also a chance to make connections which will be helpful for future work studies and joining an agency once you graduate. If you have questions you can talk to me."

Izuku finds Todoroki once they're given free time. "Todo-kun," Izuku smiles at him. "Who are you doing your Work Study with?"

"Hi Midoriya," he looked up from the book he had in front of him, "I thought I'd go back to Phoenix. I was learning a lot from her and was disappointed our internship was cut short."

"Really! That's great, we'll probably end up seeing a lot of each other then," Izuku said. "With everything with my father they were hoping Smoke and Phoenix could work together so we could travel and work

together too."

"That be good," he nodded. "I'd like to work with you and Smoke too."

"Hey Izu," Hitoshi walked up, "Um, you think Shou-kun would let me do my work study with him?"

"I don't see why not," he shrugged. "He's your brother though, so you should be able to ask him."

"I just thought I'd ask your opinion," Toshi said. Just then Kacchan came up and wrapped an arm around his boyfriend. "Suki, you planning to go back to Best Jeanist?" he teased.

"Fuck no," he grumbled. "You think one of your people would take me on?"

"Why don't take a look at your internship offers and see if there's someone on there who may be a good match for you?" Izuku suggests. "I could help you look though it Kacchan and see if there'd be a good match for you. You could reach out and see if they'd still like to take you on."

"Alright Nerd, I've got the list in my binder," Kacchan grumbled. "We can look it over after class?"

"Yeah Kacchan," he smiled. "We'll find a good match for you that isn't just the highest ranked hero that offered."

That afternoon, Izuku sat on the couch in the common room while Kacchan pushed a large stack of paper into his hands. "Alright, I guess give me some good options?" he asked, putting a highlighter in his other hand. Izuku started flipping through page by page, occasionally highlighting a name of someone who would be a good match for Katsuki, humming to himself and enjoying considering how each different hero may help, assist, and mesh with his friend.

About two hours later he hands the list back to his friends. "I think these would be good matches for you. Just remember to be nice when you call?"

"Eh? I'm always nice!" Katsuki grumbled.

"Kacchan," Izuku looked at him with barely veiled skepticism. "You're always nice in a very Kacchan way. I'm asking you to be nice in a way

that other people recognize as nice too."

This had Toshi rolling in laughter next to his boyfriend. "Whatever nerd," the blonde grumbled.

"Pretty sure that's an example Suki," Toshi laughed.

"Fine I'll be nice!" he yelled. "I'm gonna go make some phone calls now!"

"I should go too," Izuku smiled. "Shouta and I planned to call Smoke this afternoon to talk about the work study." Izuku knocked on Shouta's door in the dorms moments later and greeted by a very tired looking man. "Shouta is everything ok?"

"I'll be fine, just a long meeting," he said. "Come cuddle."

Izuku was pulled into the room and onto the couch, laughing but not resisting as Shouta pulls him close and wraps an arm around his waist, nuzzling his face into his hair. "We still plan to call Smoke?"

"Yeah, just give me a few minutes," he mumbles. They stay like that for half an hour until he finally grumbles something about actually calling now and pulls out his phone.

"Eraser?" her voice came through the speaker a few moments later.

"Yeah Smoke, it's me and Midokone, I've got you on speaker," he said.

"Mido! How are you doing kiddo?" she asked.

"I'm alright Smoke," he smiles. "Just Work Studies are coming up."

"You still planning on joining me?" she asked in excitement.

"Well, I'd like to but that's kind of what we're calling about," Izuku said and he and Shouta launched into the full explanation of what was happening with Ifrit and their plans to help keep Izuku safe.

"We know it's a lot," Shouta says at the end. "And if you're not able to take Midokone on because of it we both understand and we'll figure something else out. But I thought we'd talk to you first before we talk to Phoenix. Zenko is planning to join her again if her offer still stands and if we could coordinate their work studies, they could travel together."

"Oh sorry, Phoenix actually just walked in," Smoke said. "Hey babe,

I've got Eraser and Mido on the phone. Has Zenko called you about Work Studies?"

"I actually just got off the phone with him," she said. "I'm planning to take him on as soon as they start up."

"Ok, so here's the deal," And Smoke launches into an abbreviated version of the issue and the plan. "What do you think?"

"I think we can work together on this," she said and Izuku could almost hear the smile in her voice.

"Alright, we're in Eraser," she says. "Let us know when they're set to start and we'll coordinate with each other on everything else."

"Thanks Smoke, Phoenix," Izuku grinned.

"Yeah thank you," Shouta said. "Izuku has been excited about going back and learning more so I'm glad we could work this out."

"Same Eraser," she told him. "Midokone was a great little intern and I'm excited to see him back for Work Studies. And don't worry, we'll have each other's backs out there."

"Thanks Smoke, Phoenix," Shouta said. "We'll let you get back to your evening."

With that they hung up and cuddled back into each other until there was a knock at the door. "Um, Sensei, there's someone outside who wants to talk to Midoriya," Momo said nervously.

The two looked at each other then got up, heading towards the front. "Tsukauchi?" Shouta furrowed his brows as the detective stood there with an annoyed looking Nezu. "What do you need Midoriya for?"

"I've already informed him this is preposterous," Nezu huffs. "But he insisted on talking to you about it."

"I'm sorry to ask this, but Midoriya is this your notebook?" he holds up one of the notebooks with notes on the class. "It is, I analyze the class's quirks for Shouta and Nezu."

"True," Tsukauchi looked like he hated himself right now. "I hate to ask you this Midoriya, particularly after the weekend you've had, but an accusation was made and I said I'd follow up on it. Are you feeding information on UA or class 1-A to your father or any other member of

the League of Villains?"

"What!" Shouta yells, throwing his scarf out to wrap around the detective as Izuku starred with his jaw open wide. "Why the fuck would you ask that?"

"Like I said, an accusation was made and I offered to follow up to make sure this was wrapped up quickly," Tsukauchi said. "With my quirk a simple answer from him will be enough to shut this down. So Midoriya, are you feeding information on UA or class 1-A to your father or any other member of the League of Villains?"

"Of course not," Izuku said, still slightly shocked at the question. "I'd never betray Shouta or my friends."

"True," Tsukauchi sighed. "I can file a report and close off this accusation."

"Who the fuck suggested such a thing?" Shouta asked.

"All Might," the detective shook his head is frustration over his friend. "He's been so focused on Midoriya's father and the new quirk thing that he's forgetting the kid didn't have any control over either of those things."

Shouta released Tsukauchi and stormed off toward the teacher dorms, Izuku, the detective and Nezu following behind. He threw the door open and yelled "Yagi!" before throwing his scarf out around the small hero. "I thought we discussed unfounded accusations! And where did you get that notebook? It was locked away in my desk!"

"I found it," he offered pathetically and Shouta couldn't resist. The hero went flying back, his nose bleeding and a giant bruise forming around his nose and eyes. "Aizawa!"

"That's the fourth time at least that you have baselessly degraded, allowed harm to come to, or made false accusations against my soulmate," Shouta said. "Those notebooks are a project Nezu designed to help me and Vlad with our classes. And if you'd bothered to ask rather than, I assume, breaking into my desk, you'd fucking know that!"

"You're obviously blinded by your bond," All Might argues, squirming against the restraints.

"Toshinori, that's enough," the detective calls out. "I interviewed him,

just now. The notebooks are what Aizawa says they are and Midoriya is not working with his father or the league. This is getting pathetic."

"I'm inclined to agree," Nedzu said, steel in his voice, all normal cheer absent. "And for the sake of the safety and well being of my students, I'd like for you to follow me Yagi. We are going to discuss your future employment."

The man balks and stutters but follows Nezu. Izuku leans into Shouta's side. "Are you ok Kitten?" Izuku nodded but didn't say anything.

"Once again I'm sorry," Tsukauchi apologizes. "I knew it was fairly far fetched but I was afraid if I didn't take care of it another officer would and it wouldn't go well. I'm going to go add this report to the file." Tsukauchi leaves and Izuku pulls Shouta to the elevator then into his room, where they stay cuddled together until morning.

Chapter End Notes

> As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

This evening was perfect

Chapter Summary

Izuku has a good day

Chapter Notes

CW: NONE ITS FLUFF

I'm back with a new chapter!

Also BIG NEWS

New Aideku fic I'm cowriting with a friend coming soon! The first chapter of Into Darkness should be out tomorrow so hit up my discord for a link, subscribe to me as a user or Look for it using the ship tag.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning the school was buzzing with talk of All Might's leaving. "I heard he was fired," one girl Izuku thought he recognized from the support course said in the halls.

"Why would they fire All Might?" a boy standing next to her responded, confusion evident in his voice. "He's the number one hero, who better to learn from?"

"I don't know," the girl responded with a thoughtful look on her face, as if trying to figure out a puzzle. "I head he already wasn't allowed to teach 1-A. Maybe it's got something to do with them?"

Izuku walked faster toward his classroom. He's glad to no longer be the biggest gossip topic in the school, but he hopes no one finds out his connection to the fired hero.

He took his seat and Kacchan turned and looked at him, "You hear?"

"Yeah," Izuku sighed, setting his head on his desk, wanting to just turn into a cat and sleep, but knowing that wouldn't keep Kacchan from his questions.

"You know why?" Kacchan asked, knowing he might simply because Shouta was his soulmate so Izuku may be privy to information the rest

of them were not. He took a deep breath and looked around, no one way paying attention to them and Jiro and Shoji weren't there yet.

"He stole my analysis journal out of Shouta's desk and went to the police accusing me of being a traitor," Izuku whispered.

"He did what!" Kacchan yelled, little pops coming from his hands. Izuku hurriedly tried to hush him.

"The detective with the lie detector quirk talked to me, proved me innocent," Izuku assured him. "Shouta punched him and Nedzu took him to his office. I'm guessing this was the last straw cause next thing I heard he was fired."

"Well fuckin good," Kacchan grumbled. "Good riddance."

The rest of 1-A seemed to hold Katsuki's opinion about the hero being gone, even without all the details. None of them were particularly fond of All Might and weren't sad to see him gone even if the rest of the school seemed confused by the occurrence.

"Izuku," Shouta called his name during a break, inviting him up to his desk. He smiled and walked up to the man, curious as to what he wanted to share. "Hey Kitten, how you doing?" he asked, reaching out and running his fingers through green curls.

A noise escaped his lips that sounded somewhere between a sigh and a purr as her leaned into it, "Been worse," he admitted, "But been better. I just hope the rest of the school doesn't draw a connection between me and all this. I don't want to be the center of attention again."

"Nedzu and the other teachers have promised to keep details to a minimum," Shouta promised, continuing to play in Izuku's hair, scratching gently behind a green pointed ear. "So nothing should happen. And if it does, I'm here for you. We're all here for you."

"Thanks, Shouta," he whispered, leaning into his chest.

"Izuku what are you doing tomorrow after school?" he asked, wrapping an arm around his soulmate.

"I didn't have any plans, why?" Izuku asked, pulling his head back to look up at the man.

"Go on a date with me?" Shouta smiled. He saw Izuku start to protest

and quickly added. “We’ll stay on campus, so you don’t need to worry about Ifrit. But it’ll still be a date, not just you and me spending time together in the dorms.”

Izuku smiles softly at his soulmate, appreciating how sweet he was. “Ok, that sounds nice,” he replies before burying his head back in Shouta’s chest.

That day after school, Shouta was busy with a meeting then getting things ready for tomorrow he said, so Izuku spent time in the common room working on school work with Kacchan, Toshi, Todo-kun and Shoji.

“Why is English such a difficult language,” Toshi grumbled, throwing his pen down in frustration. “How would you translate this, Shouto?” He asks, sliding his page over toward their friend who takes a look and provides an answer, Toshi quickly picking his pen back up to jot down the answer.

“Midoriya,” Shoji calls, looking up from his own work, “I’m trying to pick a topic still. What are you doing your essay on for heroics?”

“The importance of impartiality when dealing with civilians,” he grumbled, thinking of All Might. “I’m showing documented examples of heroes letting their own biases impact their interactions with the public and the consequences of those interactions. I’m concluding with a suggestion for the inclusion of sensitivity and antidiscrimination training being added not only to hero courses but also as a regular requirement for heroes to maintain their licenses.”

“That’s actually a really good idea,” Todo-kun nodded. “I’m not sure it would have helped someone like my father but his focus on quirks was dangerous.”

“Yeah, not sure it would have helped All Might either, asshole,” Kat growled, the knuckles on his hand turning white.

“He’s gone now and he’s not a hero anymore, not really,” Izuku sighed. “I’d rather not talk about it. How’s math going Kacchan?”

“It’s fine nerd,” he huffed and the five moved on, complaining about homework, classes, and talking about plans for the weekend and internships. For the first time in a while, Izuku felt like a normal teenage boy.

***

The next day after class, Izuku hurried back to his dorm and quickly showered and changed into jeans and a nice top before heading downstairs to the common rooms. “Ohhh, Mido you look nice,” Mina cooed. “Got a date with class dad?”

Izuku laughed shaking his head, “I do, but don’t let Shouta hear you call him that. He would hate it.”

“He is kind of like a dad,” Tsu noted with a finger to her chin from her spot on the couches, “Or a big brother?”

“Well he is Hitoshi’s big brother,” Iida pointed out. “And Hitoshi lives with him. It’s to be expected after years of having a brother our age he would behave that way toward us.”

Hitoshi poked his head up in confusion. “Shou-kun’s only had me a little over a year. I’m adopted.”

“You’re adopted!” Denki shouted in surprise. “How? You look just like him but purple!”

“Just because we both have floaty hair and I don’t sleep enough doesn’t mean we look alike,” Hitoshi raises an eyebrow and Izuku laughs because he does look like Shouta when he does that.

“What’s so funny?” Shouta asked as he walked in, wearing jeans with a shirt and jacket and carrying a blanket and a basket.

“The class just realized Toshi is adopted,” Izuku chuckled as he skipped up next to him, eyeing the basket excitedly. “Are we going on a picnic?”

“Yeah kitten,” he laughed, holding up the picnic basket. “You ready to go?”

“Yeah Shouta,” he takes his free hand and Shouta leads him out the door, ignoring the calls and teasing whistles from his classmates.

Shouta leads him out of the area they’re in and soon he sees the large fence and the gate. “Grounds Omega?” Izuku asked.

“Yeah,” he smiles as they walk, lightly squeezing Izuku’s hand, “There’s a clearing just a little way in and I talked with Nedzu, no one is using the grounds for training this evening.” He leads Izuku through the gate and not even 100 feet in there’s a small clearing devoid of rocks where Shouta lays down the blanket he’s carrying.

“I never realized how nice this place really is,” Izuku laughed as he softly curled up on the blanket. “We’re always here for training.”

“It’s pretty when there’s not 20 to 40 hellions running around,” Shouta agreed as he sat down on the blanket next to Izuku. “I brought a few different things,” he said, pulling out meats, cheese, nuts, little crostini, grapes, and a few other things. “I hope this is ok?”

“It looks wonderful Shouta,” Izuku smiled, shifting to settle against his side. Shouta places some meat and cheese on the crostini and passed it to Izuku. “Thank you,” he smiled as he took a bite. They continued their picnic, Shouta passing him bites of food or feeding him grapes.

As Shouta held another grape out, Izuku carefully taking it from his fingers with his lips, the older man smiled contently. Izuku had been through so much lately, it was nice to spend moments like this together, moments that reminded him of cooking together in his house or road trips to the hot springs or watching the news with nothing else to worry about. Here there was no school and work, no father hunting him down, no All Might making false accusations. It was just two souls in love. Shouta leans over and gently kisses the curls on the top of his head before running fingers through them. “I love you Izuku,” he said softly, sweetly.

Green eyes shone as his love smiled back up at him. “I love you too,” he shared before wrapping an arm around his soulmate, content to cuddle into chest and breath in the scent of coffee and cinnamon that seemed to constantly cling to Shouta.

The sun was beginning to set when Shouta lifted Izuku chin, looking to him with a question, “Would you like to dance, Kitten?”

Izuku laughed, there was no band, no music, yet Shouta pulled him to his feet and held him close, hands on his hip while his own arm wrapped around the taller man’s neck. Shouta hummed an old tune, long forgotten to most of creation, as they swayed, lost in the moment and each other’s presence, nothing more needed. And when shinning emeralds melt molten silver in the last rays of sunlight, Izuku couldn’t help pushing up on his toes and brushing his lips against the ones belonging to the only man he’d ever love.

He pulled away only for Shouta to follow, pressing warm lips back against Izuku’s, deepening the soft, gentle kiss he’d provided, love and heat swelling in his body as firm hands gripped his hips, holding him close but loose enough to let him pull away if he wanted to. He never

wanted to, didn't think he ever would. Instead, he remembered what Shouta had done to him so many times before and poked his tongue out, tentatively running it along the hero's lip seam until Shouta's lips parted, Izuku pulling him closer as their tongues met in a tangled dance.

Shouta pulls away, panting lightly as he catches his breath, resting his forehead against Izuku's before pulling him down onto the blanket, holding him close and peppering kissing over Izuku's nose, cheeks, jawline in an effort to kiss every freckle in the starry sky that covered his body. Those kisses trailed lower, and he gasped as teeth grazed his neck. "Shouta," he moaned out and the man pulled away, placing another kiss to his lips before being content to merely hold Izuku close.

They lay there, breathing in each other, taking in the sounds of rustling leaves in wind and the harmless creatures of the woods moving about as the stars began to twinkle into appearance above them. "They're beautiful," Izuku whispered in awe.

"They are," he smiled, looking up at the view above them. "Next trip we take we should go to the mountains. Somewhere far away from any cities. The stars are really pretty out there."

Izuku smiled excitedly, "Maybe over winter break? Christmas in the mountains? We could invite Mom, Toshi, Kacchan, Todo-kun?"

"A little family get away?" Shouta asks him with a hum and Izuku grinned excitedly at him with a nod because they are a family. It's no longer just him and Mom. Somewhere along the way Kacchan had become his brother and the others had become just as close, their own little family. "That actually sounds really nice," Shouta whispered as they continued to stare up the stars.

Izuku lets out a little yawn and Shouta smiles sleepily himself before starting to clean up the picnic. He helps Izuku up, shakes off the blanket, then wraps it around Izuku's shoulders in the cool night air. "Come on, Kitten," he smiles fondly, "Let's go home."

Izuku's fingers easily find Shouta's and he leans against him as they walk back across school grounds to the teacher dorms. There's no whispers about them as they pass the few lingering students still out and about, no harsh looks as they enter the teacher dorms, just the two of them and peace for once settling around them. And as Shouta climbs into bed next to Izuku, pressing a soft kiss to his lips, Izuku

smiles with happiness. This evening was perfect.

Chapter End Notes

As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Never Will

Chapter Summary

Work Studies!

Chapter Notes

CW: brief mention of death/grief (Not a known character)

UPDATE: So - for those not in America next week is Thanksgiving and I have family coming into town! That means minimal writing time and no updates. Sorry yall. I'll be back in 2 weeks

UPDATE 2 - NEW STORY OUT
I have a new story out - it's cowritten with a friend. It is Aideku and some major hurt/comfort but if that's you're jam, you can find it over here: Into Darkness
As always read the tags and please take care of yourself. Next chapter should be out this week (fingers crossed)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“We have our Work Studies, Todo-kun,” Izuku smiles happily on the train, Zashi next to them since Nedzu decided last minute it would be best for a hero to escort them to meet Smoke and Phoenix. Shouta had wanted to be the one to bring them, but it was during heroics class that the two were leaving and he couldn’t find another teacher willing to take on 1-A. Zashi however could ride with them to Hosu and make it back in time for his last class of the day.

“We do. I’m excited to see what else I can learn about the fire part of my quirk and controlling it from Phoenix,” Todoroki gave a small smile.

“I’m excited to really patrol this time,” Izuku grinned, practically vibrating in his seat, tail twitching back and forth.

“You two ready?” Zashi asked with a grin, “We’re pulling into the station in just a minute.” The two grabbed their bags and their costume cases and when the train pulls to stop at the right station, they move onto the platform then out onto the street where the two women are waiting for them.

“Hey Mic, Midokone, Zenko,” Smoke waves, wearing the cargo pants

and tank top Izuku remembers from her costume. “Thanks for escorting them Mic.”

“No Problem,” he smiled. “Thanks for taking on the little listeners. Eraser said he’d meet you at the station in 2 days to take them back to campus.”

“Thanks Mic,” Phoenix smiles at him. “We got them from here, I know you have a pretty quick turn around.”

“Sure do! Got to get back for a 3rd year English class,” Mic waves and heads back inside to catch the next train home.

“Well,” Phoenix smiles at the two students, “We’re actually heading over to Smoke’s place to do a little training before we all go out on patrol later.”

“Zenko, just you wait, you’re going to love the warehouse,” Izuku grins as they walk toward that section of town. Once inside, Izuku grins as Shouto’s eyes go wide when the lights turn, illuminating the training area. “Pretty awesome, right?”

“Yeah,” he nods, looking around at the different set ups, “Endeavor had a gym at this ageny, but it was more standard, this is really cool.”

“Thanks, Shouto,” Smoke ruffles his hair. “You two go change into workout clothes, Izuku you can show him where to go.” The two returned a few minutes later to spy Phoenix and Smoke both running the obstacle course, teasing and calling to each other as they climb over a wall then zig zag around different poles set up at odd angles. Phoenix flies over a chest high hurdle while Smoke slides underneath it, laughing in excitement. They high five as they both cross the finish line, panting a little bit as their two mentees approach the heroes. “Alright,” Smoke grabs her water bottle, taking a big swig before turning to look at Izuku and Shouto, “Your turn.”

“Ready Todo-kun?” Izuku asks as they both line up at the start.

“Yeah Midoriya,” he nods, staring straight ahead at the tightrope over the foam pit. Smoke signals for them to go and they’re taking off, Shouto using ice to skate across it while Izuku takes his housecat form to run across. They continue around the other obstacles, reaching the end around the same time with a laugh.

They continue to train for about an hour, Phoenix working with Shouto on his quirk use, controlling the amount and direction of his

flames. Meanwhile, Izuku was showing Smoke his new quirks.

“Alright,” she says as they walk onto the sparing mat. “I want you to see if you can use Weak Point while fighting. Eraser said you were usually reading people in about 40 seconds now. I won’t use my quirk and I don’t expect you to do it successfully today, but we should start trying so you can learn to use it in the middle of fight.” Smoke was right, after around 30 minutes of sparring sessions with breaks in between to rest Izuku’s eyes, he had yet to successfully use weak point on her. When he sighed in frustration, Smoke put a hand on his shoulder. “Kid, remember what I said at the beginning? I didn’t expect you to do this today. But we’re working on it, building it up. I’m hoping you’ll be able to do it eventually.”

Izuku took a deep breath and nodded. “I know. I just felt like I was getting worse at it by the end.”

“Your eyes are drying out kid,” she ruffled his hair. “That’s why we’re taking a break. In fact, with patrol tonight why don’t we take the rest of the afternoon off? Go shower, use those eye drops more so you don’t end up looking like Eraser, and I’ll figure out what’s for dinner later, kay?”

He nods before disappearing upstairs to shower then checks his phone, smiling at the text from Shouta and the picture of Tora playing with the new toy he’d ordered her. He shoots a text back, letting him know how the afternoon is going and that they’re going out on patrol tonight. He received a text back that read, “Stay out of the hospital please” and he had to laugh. He messaged back he’d do his best followed up by a love you.

“Love you too, Kitten,” Shouta responded.

Izuku moved downstairs towards the kitchen, grabbing an apple for a snack while Smoke looked through the fridge. “I’m thinking burgers for dinner,” she mused, pleased when he nodded in agreement. “Should be easy enough for all four of us and I’ve got some chips we can have on the side. Want to cut onion and tomato for me later?”

“Sure,” he smiles as Smoke cuts on a little TV, setting it to a movie. Shouto and Phoenix join them soon and the four relax until time to make dinner, Smoke making burgers while Izuku cuts up a few onion and tomato slices and toasts the buns, Shouto and Phoenix planning to wash dishes after they eat.

When they sit down with plates in hand, Phoenix smiles at them. “So,”

she starts, “The plan tonight is for us to go on two separate patrols but to stay near each other incase you run into any trouble. Smoke and I were added to your tracking system if something happens and we get separated.”

“Not that we anticipate anything happening,” Smoke cut in. “But we talked about it with Eraser just to make sure we’d be able to find you if something did since we’re the closest to you.”

“No, I appreciate you two being prepared with that,” Izuku’s smile to them was a half-smile, still worried about his father, particularly after the note he left during his and Shouta’s date. “Ifrit has shown up unexpectedly before and we don’t know when he may show up again.”

“We’re going to do our best to keep you safe,” Phoenix told him gently, “But we want you to have the Work Study experience you need and deserve.”

“I won’t coddle you out there if that’s what you’re worried about,” Smoke added between bites of her burger, “But I won’t hesitate to pull you out of there if your father or anyone else from the League shows up. Outside that, you have a license now, you can fight alongside me and I expect you to. They get the goggle update done for you?”

“Yes,” he perked up excitedly. The aesthetic was still similar to Shouta’s own goggles, which he liked, but they now had the same coating at the goggles Smoke carried and they worked with the smoke bombs he’d been provided. “I’m excited to try them in the field.”

“Perfect,” Smoke grinned, passing a pair to Shouto. “Here’s a pair for you incase we run into each other. Phoenix has her own pair.”

“Thank you,” he said, holding on to them to wear with his hero costume later.

After dinner they all changed and headed out, Smoke and Midokone heading south while Phoenix and Zenko went North. The night was fairly quiet, Izuku did assist with stopping a mugging and they helped a lost kid find their mom. Most of it they spent jumping from roof top to roof top or resting in one spot, listening to the night. “Most nights are busier than this,” Smoke told him, “But considering how busy your first night out was, this is a much better introduction to patrols.”

“It was a good night,” Izuku agreed, loving the feel of the night breeze on his face from up here, “And I promised Shouta I wouldn’t end up in the hospital so, so far so good.”

Smoke laughed loudly at the that. “That soulmate of yours cares a lot. That’s good. I always wondered if mine would have cared like that.”

“You haven’t met your soulmate?” Izuku asked, knowing not everyone did.

“Nope,” Smoke smiled, though there was a hint of sadness behind it, as she lifted up her shirt a little, “Never will.” He looked at the outline, not colored in, of a bird surrounded by whisps of smoke but it was cracked, broken, like his mothers. “They died before I got the chance to meet them.”

“I’m sorry,” Izuku said sadly, thinking about how different his world would be if he’d never met Shouta, if something had happened to his soulmate before they’d bonded.

“It’s alright Kid,” she nudges him playfully. “It was weird when it happened. I was 15 and it hurt, physically and emotionally. I was grieving for someone I’d never met; someone I didn’t even know who was. But the pain didn’t last long, not like a normal broken bond. And then I met Phoenix a few years ago and I figure if she’s willing to put up with my ass she’s got to be as good as any soulmate.” She smiled fondly at the mention of the other hero and Izuku couldn’t help but mirror her smile.

“Shouta’s brother’s bond was broken in middle school by the girl when they met,” Izuku shared. “But he’s with my best friend now and they’re really happy. My mom always says it’s the bonds we make and nurture that really matter.”

“Your mom,” Smoke smiled. “Is a strong and amazing lady. You’re lucky to have her.” Izuku couldn’t help but agree. They both stared off into the night a bit longer, considering the people in their lives who mattered. “Well, I think it’s time we head back to the warehouse,” she said after a bit, standing up and stretching. “Let’s go kid.”

The next day was similar. The boys did some homework they were given in the morning, training in the afternoon, then patrolled at night. The next morning, Smoke and Phoenix walked them to the train station where Izuku ran into Shouta’s arms the moment he saw him standing there. “I missed you kitten,” he whispered as he wrapped his arms around the boy.

“I missed you too Shouta,” he leaned up and kissed his cheek.

“Awwww you two are too cute,” Smoke teased, a little smirk on her

face, causing Izuku to blush.

“Stop it,” Phoenix nudged her with a fond glare. “Just because you don’t like emotional reunions doesn’t mean you get to ruin them for others.”

“I can greet you like that if you want,” Smoke offered as if the observation were a challenge.

“I’d like to see if next time I’m gone on assignment without you and come back,” Phoenix laughed before turning to the others. “Thanks for meeting them here, Eraser. Zenko, Midokone, it was really great having you two with us the past few days. We’ll see you next week? We do have a meeting we’ll have to travel for next time.”

“What kind of meeting?” Shouto asked curiously.

“It’s about a case,” Smoke said. “Nighteye is a little,” she paused searching for a word, “Particular about who hears the details right now. So, you two may patrol a bit on your own while we meet. The area around there doesn’t have a lot of crime so you should be fine. We’ll ask his Work Study to keep an eye on you, kid is third year.”

“Sounds good,” Izuku grinned. “Thanks for everything Smoke.”

“Thanks you two, for everything” Shouta told them before taking Izuku’s hand and smiling at him and Shouto. “Let’s get you two back to school.” They boarded the train and Izuku cuddled up into Shouta’s side while they told him about their week and what they’d worked on, Shouta smiling and running fingers through Izuku’s hair, reminding the boy once again of how happy he was to have found him.

Chapter End Notes

Once again NEW STORY here: Into Darkness
As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

A Little Trinket

Chapter Summary

Izuku and Shouto go on patrol while Smoke and Phoenix meet with Sir Nighteye

Chapter Notes

CW: Referenced/implied child abuse

I'm back! Sorry I was gone two weeks. After the holidays I got a little sick and it took some time to finish this chapter.

Honestly with it hitting the holiday season here posts may not be a consistent as they were. I always try to let you know if I'm going to miss a week in the discord. Thanks for sticking with me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The following Thursday, Izuku found himself walking into the lobby of a very professional looking hero agency in a nice part of Hosu alongside Smoke, Phoenix and Shouto just behind them. It was such a far cry from Shouto's office with just a secretary or Smoke's warehouse. "Hello," the insect looking hero greeted them. "Lemillion will be down in a minute to take Midokone and Zenko on a short patrol while you two meet with Sir Nighteye."

"Thanks Centipeder," Smoke nodded before turning to Izuku. "You run into any trouble, that's bigger than something Lemillion can take care of, you activate your emergency bracelet, got it."

"I've got the emergency bracelet and a secondary tracker that Power Loader got me," Izuku smiled, pointing to the necklace he had on, a simple locket that had a little picture of him and Sho inside it covering the panel to the tracker.

"Good Kid," she reached up and ruffled his hair. "Meeting shouldn't be longer than about half an hour so you won't go far from here, he's planning to have you back around when we wrap."

"You two stick together and listen to Lemillion," Phoenix reminds them in a kind voice. "You all have provisional licenses, but he's the one with experience compared to you two and knows best when they should or shouldn't be used."

“Yes Phoenix,” Shouto nodded. “We’ll stick together, be careful and listen to him.”

She smiles softly at them. “We don’t expect you’ll run in to anything, but we just want to be sure you’re safe out there.”

“Yeah,” Smoke laughed. “Eraser would kill us if we let you go without us for 30 minutes and something happened to you.”

“I’ll make sure nothing happens,” a smiling blonde with bright blue eyes and a costume with a cape and ‘1,000,000’ written across the front walked out. He grinned and had an energy about him that reminded him of what Izuku thought of All Might back before he’d met the man. “Hey, I’m Lemillion. You must be Midokone and Zenko,”

“We are,” Shouto nods, “Thank you for looking after us.”

“It’s no problem,” he smiled brightly, looking between the two hero students. “If you two are ready we can go.”

Lemillion walked them through the part of the city they were in, pointing out different things, waving and smiling at people, stopping once to help a civilian with carrying something to their car. “Being a limelight hero is really different than being underground,” Izuku noted about 10 minutes into their walk.

“I’ve never done any underground work,” the blonde notes with his response, “But I know a big part of what I do on my patrols is simply be a presence in the city. By being around, being seen, you sort of act as crime deterrent. Of course, there’s plenty of villains and criminals and saving people too but that’s one of the points of our patrols out where people can see us.”

“Whereas with Smoke, we pretty solidly patrol in the shadows, looking for crime,” Izuku points out. “And I think that’s what Eraserhead does as well from what he’s told me about patrols.”

“With Phoenix it’s something in between,” Shouto noted. “Sometimes we’re interacting with civilians a bit more like this but other times we stick the shadows and rooftops.”

Izuku opens his mouth to ask a question when he feels something run into his legs. He stops and sees the little white-haired girl, the small horn sticking out of it, fallen back on the floor trembling. He immediately kneels down, reaching a hand toward the girl’s shoulder as she pulls back, terrified red eyes look up at him. She’s in what looks

like a white gown, arms and legs are bandaged and Izuku knows the look of someone who's being abused, the same look he had years ago before his mother left his father. "Are you ok? Can I help you up?" He goes to lift her up instead as Lemillion and Shouto are standing nearby, observing.

Then a man walks out of the alley behind her, dressed in black pants, a tie, green jacket with a fluffy purple hood pulled down. The thing that sticks out most is his mask, red and yellow, long and pointed, looking like a plague mask. "You should be careful," he says, voice even. "We don't want to cause trouble for the heroes. Let's go home Eri."

Izuku observes the way the little girl who he assumes is Eri freezes and the man puts on a pleasant voice. "I hope you'll forgive my daughter, hero, I don't know what to do with her. Always playing rough, bumping into things." And Izuku knows, he knows those excuses, those stories parents would tell. Lemillion takes a step closer and initially Izuku thinks it's for support.

"I'm so sorry about that. It was our fault too," he says and Izuku is confused as to why he's saying that. However he waits, he observes the man, eyes on him while looking like he's focused on Eri, and he knows if his goggles were on top of his head, everyone would be able to see his eyes glowing. He just needs enough time to get a read. Lemillion continues to hold a conversation with the man, discussing how they're new in the area and mentioning something about a group the man was a part of. "Now on your feet partner, can't do much heroing down there."

"So what agency do you three belong to?" he asked. Mirio started on about them only being students and not claiming association with an agency, meanwhile, Izuku is still trying to get a read, the little girl still trembling in his grip. He finally finished getting a read on the man just as Lemillion says they need to go. Izuku started to stand up but the little girl clung to his jumpsuit and he can't, he can't leave her.

"Please, please don't go," she whispered.

"Excuse me," he said. "I'm sorry but your daughter seems scared."

The man's eyes narrowed, "A reaction to being scolded." Lemillion agrees while Shouto frowns, seeing what Izuku is seeing.

"And all these bandages, they're just from playing rough?" Izuku asked, wrapping an arm around the girl's back as she starts to cry. The

man tried to state she's just clumsy but her whole body was shaking in fear.

Izuku glanced up, noticing the fear in Lemillion's eyes at their interaction, like there was something Izuku didn't know. He noticed the man play with the edge of his glove and the way Eri gasped at the sound it made, trying to move away but Izuku held her for a moment. The man uses his quirk on her, Izuku knew it, because the gloves were stopping a five point activated quirk. Removing fingers was a weakness. "Come on, we should really let him get his daughter home," Lemillion insisted. He had no clue what he's missing but it's obviously something big.

"Oh course," Izuku says before turning to the little girl. "I saw you admiring my locket," he smiled gently at her. "Would you like it?" She looked confused, still terrified, but she nodded.

"You don't have to give her anything," the man said, trying to hide annoyance at how long this is taking.

"Oh it's nothing, just a little trinket," he shrugged it off. "I can get another, and she really seems to like it." He pulled it off from around his neck and moved to gently place it around the little girl's, leaning down to softly whisper in her ear as he closed the clasp behind her neck. "Hang on to this. I'll come for you." Then he sit back ad bit and flipped the locket open, "See, you can put a little picture in it. This is me and my boyfriend, but you can put a different picture in it."

"Eri," he pulled at his glove again. "Thank the nice hero and let's go." The little girl jumped, offering a quick thank you before she hurried to grab his hand. Izuku's heart clenched because he knew that man was hurting that little girl and he couldn't do anything to protect her right now. There was something more going on here obviously, but as they disappeared down the alley, Izuku turned to glare at the older hero student.

"You better have a really good reason for insisting we leave that scared little girl," Izuku practically hissed at him, tail twitching in annoyance as he pulled out his eyedrops from his belt.

"He's the case they're meeting about right now," Lemillion said quietly but firmly. "If we'd pushed, we would have spooked him and his quirk is really dangerous. He would have killed us and disappeared with her. We need to get back to the office, now."

Izuku huffed but he and Shouto hurried alongside him back to the

agency where Lemillion knocked on the door to an office. A strict looking man with glasses answered the door. “Lemillion, we weren’t done with our meeting, this better be important.”

“We have some information on Overhaul. We just ran into him,” Lemillion stated and the man moved aside and let them in.

“Did you just say you ran into Overhaul?” Smoke stood up, quickly checking over Izuku. “God, Eraser is going to kill me.”

“Why would Eraserhead kill you over this?” Sir Nighteye asked, moving back to his seat at the desk.

“Because Midokone is his soulmate and already has a villain after him,” Smoke growled. “What happened?”

“We were walking down the road, just doing a basic patrol, when this little girl ran out of an alley and right into Midokone,” Lemillion rehashed what happened. “And Overhaul came out and said she was his daughter and then Midokone started asking questions.”

“He’s abusing her,” Izuku glared at the other hero student, Shouto nodding in agreement with Izuku’s assessment. “Her name was Eri and she was terrified. Arms and legs wrapped in bandages, wasn’t wearing any shoes. She clung to me and asked me not to leave but someone kept insisting we go.”

“So that you wouldn’t ruin our investigation,” Nighteye glared at him. “He’s involved in the creation of quirk destroying bullets. The part of this that doesn’t make sense in the little girl. Kai Chisaki doesn’t have a daughter.”

“Quirk destroying bullets?” Shouto asked in concern. “Is that even possible?”

“So far the ones we’ve found have only stopped quirk factors temporarily, but based on what we do know, the little girl may be related somehow,” Phoenix looked at Sir Nighteye with concern on that last one, leaving a detail out for the students. “We also don’t know if they’re working on or have created something more permanent.”

“You didn’t keep pushing did you?” Sir Nighteye asked in annoyance. “If he disappears we will have to start over. We don’t actually know where he’s keeping his operation, he has a few properties, but we believe it has to be somewhere near here.”

“He stopped pressing,” Lemillion stated in an almost relieved voice.

“But he gave the little girl his locket,” Shouto added with a small smile.

“Wait,” Smoke’s concern across her face turned to a grin. “You gave her your locket? Kid you’re brilliant!”

“Why is giving away a locket brilliant?” Sir Nighteye sighed, not following the conversation.

“Because, remember how I said he’s already got a villain after him? Well after he was almost kidnapped the first time, Eraser and Nedzu had Power Loader make him a couple of trackers. And that locket is the newest one of them,” Smoke grinned in excitement.

“So now we can find out where he’s keeping her and if it’s the same place as the operation like Phoenix suspects,” Sir Nighteye started, trailing off in his own mind.

“Then we now know where she’s being held, and where their operation would be” Phoenix smiled, something softer than Phoenix’s but nonetheless excited.

“I’ll contact Nedzu or Power Loader for the tracking details. Is it discrete looking? Can you tell it’s a tracker from looking at it?” Sir Nighteye asked.

“It looks like a normal locket,” Izuku shared. “Even has a picture of Eraser and I in it to block the small panel that opens up to the tracking device. And it’s waterproof and would take a very hard hit to break.”

“Hopefully he lets her keep it,” he nods, pushing his glasses up his nose. “We’ll follow it and see what kind of movement there is. You may have just unknowingly created a major break in this case.”

“So we’re going in to get her?” Izuku asked, hating that he left her, especially if she’s being used to somehow create bullets.

“We’re going to watch the tracker information and put together a meeting,” Sir Nighteye stated. “We are going to need a number of heroes.”

“We’ll be there,” Shouto and Izuku stated.

“Assuming Phoenix and Smoke are part of that team,” Izuku added. He’d save Eri. He’d protect her. He wouldn’t leave her again.

“They are,” Sir Nighteye stated, pulling out a file of information. “And given Overhaul’s quirk we’ll probably invite your soulmate too.”

“Speaking of Overhaul’s quirk,” Izuku stated looking around the room. “I used Weak Point on him while Lemillion was talking with him.”

“Kid,” Smoke grinned, slapping a hand down on his back. “Tell us everything.”

Chapter End Notes

As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

We'll Bring Her Home

Chapter Summary

The crew meets about the upcoming Raid

Chapter Notes

CW: Implied/referenced child abuse, mentions of canon experimentation on a child

And a new chapter! As we get closer to the holidays I'll probably get one more chapter out between now and the new year. And that chapter will be the long awaited smut! I hope it turns out alright. I'll be posting it as a separate story connected to this one and it's not required for the story to make sense so you can read it or not :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouta was curled against Izuku in their dorm, holding him close. He'd been off ever since he'd met him at the train station to bring him and Shouto back from their internship. "Kitten," he softly asked. "What's wrong."

Izuku sighed, thinking to himself. "I'm not supposed to talk about it but they're inviting you on to the case so I guess it be fine," he said. "You know the meeting this morning between Smoke, Phoenix and Sir Nighteye? Well Shouto and I went on patrol with Lemillion."

Shouta nodded. "I know him, he's one of the big three, was in my class a couple years ago. Got crazy strong last year seemingly out of nowhere."

"Yeah, well, we ran into this little girl who was obviously being abused and he made me leave her because it would possibly ruin this investigation they're doing on this Yakuza group and this Overhaul guy who claimed to be her dad," Izuku sighed in frustration. "I'm just, she was begging for help and I let her go back with him."

"Oh, Kitten," Shouta pulled him close, running fingers through his hair. "Is there anything we can do?"

"I gave her my locket," he sighed with a resigned feeling. "And we're rescuing her I hope. He said he'd be calling a meeting with a bunch of

heroes in a few days. He wants to get the tracking details and make sure it looks like she got to keep the locket."

Shouta pressed a gentle kiss to his forehead, "You did good. But you're still worried about her?"

"She was terrified of him Sho," he shook his head, looking off into the distance. "And she trusted me to help. I won't let her go again when we find her."

"Are we about to take in another kid?" he asked with a soft sigh, fondness underlaying the words.

"Can we?" Izuku asks with wide eyes. "If she doesn't have somewhere else to go? It sounded like she wasn't actually his kid so she may have parents out there. But if not, she'll need somewhere to go."

"We'll figure it out, Izuku," he pulled him close. "Either way we'll help her, Love." Izuku nodded, curling in closer to Shouta with a little purr.

Sunday afternoon they get the call inviting them to a meeting in Hosu and telling them to pack for overnight. "What do I wear to the meeting?" Izuku furrowed his brows. "My hero costume?"

"You and any other students there will just wear your school uniform. But bring your hero costume. I'm pretty sure the meeting is about what we discussed last time and I'm not sure how quickly we'll be acting on that info," Smoke told him over the phone. "Phoenix should be telling Zenko the same thing right now. You're both welcome to stay with us but I know Eraser is going so if you want to stay somewhere with him, you can."

"We'll figure it out," Izuku replied, glad Smoke couldn't see the little blush on his face. "We don't even know for sure what he's planning or when it'll be, but we'll be prepared either way."

"Hey Kid," Smoke said, a serious tone to her voice. "You already did good. I know you're worried about the girl, but I need you to keep that good head on your shoulders. Kay?"

"I know Smoke," Izuku replied, still unable to shake his frustration at having to leave her. "I can't save her if I let my emotions take over. I'll keep a clear head and I'm pretty sure Eraser will be there with me too."

"Yeah, Nighteye is still planning to invite him," Smoke shared.

Izuku nodded, glad Shouta would be there, “Well I doubt he’ll say no.”

“He won’t,” Smoke laughed at that. “If he let you go without him he’d just spend the whole day pacing the floor wondering if you were ok.”

Izuku finally let out a laugh at that image. “I’ll meet you at the train station then?”

“Yeah, Phoenix and I will still meet you at the station. Just text me your arrival details,” she told him before hanging up.

Izuku curled into Shouta shortly thereafter, appreciating the warmth and comfort of the man he loves. “You got called to the meeting too?” Izuku asked softly.

“Yeah,” Shouta started to run fingers through his curls, sometimes stopping to scratch gently behind his ears. “If we end up having to stay the night, I know a hotel we can stay in. I appreciate Smoke’s place but I’d rather not try to squeeze into a twin bed with you and be well enough rested the next morning to fight villains and save a little girl. Plus we have Hitoshi so we’d need an extra room either way.”

Izuku nodded, “Smoke already warned me about keeping a good head on my shoulders through this. So yeah, that sounds nice.”

Shouta pulled him close, holding him tight and the next morning he was on a train with Izuku, Shouto, Hitoshi, Kirishima, Uraraka, and Asui as well as a few third years headed to Hosu. “I was not expecting this many Hell Spawn,” Shouta grumbled.

“I didn’t know there’d be this many of us either,” Izuku said quietly. “Are they all heading to the meeting?”

They soon found out they were. They sat in a large conference room in Nighteye Agency at a table full of pro heroes and students sitting next to the heroes they were working with. The atmosphere was tense with anticipation when the agency owner himself stood before them, ready to start the meeting. “As I believe most of you are aware, we’ve been investigating some goings on around the Shie Hassaikai. They are a Yakuza group whose Boss has not been seen for the last couple years and the group now seems to answer to their second in command, Kai Chisaki, code name Overhaul.” The screen behind him shows the man Izuku had met that day.

With every new bit of information the meeting provided, everything became more difficult for Izuku to stomach. It was believed they were

producing bullets that would temporarily cancel out quirks, that much Izuku knew. He didn't know a third year on work study with Fat Gum and Kirishima had been hit with one, though it had worn off and he had his quirk back now. Or that they'd found more of the bullets on the criminals.

He especially didn't know that they'd found human DNA to be a critical component in the production of the serum in them.

The memory of Eri trembling, terrified in his arms, her own arms and legs completely bandaged, hit him and he hated himself even more for letting her go. "He's using human DNA?" one of the heroes at the table frowned.

"Yes, and we believe it may be the DNA of a little girl that three of UA's work studies ran into last Thursday," Sir Nighteye stated.

Lemillion stood up at this point. "I was out on a short patrol with Midokone and Zenko while our hero mentors were in a private meeting when a little girl ran into Midokone. Her name is Eri and she was terrified. She didn't seem to want to go back with Overhaul when he insisted that he was her father."

"After some research, I believe she is the granddaughter of the boss no one has seen," Nighteye shared. "She seems to have been left in his care after her quirk came in. I found a report. It's called rewind and she accidentally rewound him until he didn't exist anymore. Her grandfather apparently cared deeply for her but like I said, hasn't been seen in a couple years, and neither had she until the other day."

Izuku felt his stomach churn. She had been through so much. He would keep her safe this time. "And you let her go?" Rock Lock asked with an annoyed look.

"Eri returned on her own," Lemillion stated.

Izuku stood up at this. "She left after she jumped in terror when he snapped the gloves on his hand. He has a five point activation quirk and I theorize based on her reaction that he's been using it on her and possibly on people around her. She was terrified of him."

"Yes," Sir Nighteye leveled him with a look for interrupting but Izuku didn't care. "Thank you Midokone."

"But you still let her go?" Rocklock asked, frustration and annoyance in his voice.

“We couldn’t risk blowing the investigation,” Lemillion stated. “If we insisted, if he got too suspicious, we would have lost them both. So yes, I encouraged Midokone and Zenko to leave.”

“Not before Midokone gave her his locket,” Shouto stood up, adding the important details.

“Why would him giving a little girl his locket matter?” Fat Gum asked, his voice full of curiosity.

“Because,” Shouta stood up, his own annoyance in his voice as he shot Nighteye a glare of his own, “Midokone is my soulmate and has been targeted by villains before. His locket is a tracker so if he is targeted again, we can ideally find him.”

“And using this information,” Sir Nighteye continued, ignoring the glare from the other hero “We were able to get a solid idea of where they are keeping her.” A map pops up. “It seems they have a series of underground tunnels. The locket regularly moves between two spaces there. I assume, when they found nothing immediately concerning about it, that they let her keep it. If they are using her to create these bullets, it’s probably moving between where she stays and where they do their experiments.”

“So what’s the plan?” Rock Lock asked.

“We go in,” he stated, pushing his glasses up his nose. “We surprise them, follow the tracker. Our primary objective is rescuing the girl. Secondary is taking down Overhaul and then securing any remnants of the lab and any product they may have produced.”

“And how exactly do we do that?” Ryukyu spoke up from alongside her three work studies. “What’s the exact plan Nighteye?”

“We gather and enter through the front,” Sir Nighteye shared. “We keep all these details under wraps. Leading the charge to find the girl will be myself, Eraserhead, Smoke, Phoenix, Fat Gum and Rock Lock. Ryukyu, your team will primarily be taking care of anyone who comes to the outside, rounding up those there since you won’t be able to use your quirk well in the tunnels. You will have the Hosu Police Department for back up.”

He looked around the room, “The plan is for Midokone, Zenko and Lemillion, who Eri has met, to retrieve her and get her out. Thanks to Midokone and additional research we’ve done, we know we can’t have anyone get close to Overhaul, his quirk is five point activated.

Additionally, one of his weaknesses is mental, he views quirks as a disease. We may be able to exploit that. It may also tip him over an edge which may be bad. So, we need to be careful with our choices around that. The main thing will be disabling his quirk. I believe our best options for this involve Eraserhead and his hero student Siren. Both have emitter quirks that can be used from a distance. Eraserhead as you all know can disrupt his quirk. Siren has a brainwashing quirk. If we can get both of them to Overhaul, we should be able to stop him from utilizing his quirk and if Siren can get him talking, which based on what we learned from Midokone, Zenko and Lemillion shouldn't be an issue, then he should be able to take control of him long enough for us to get quirk suppressant cuffs on him which you all will be carrying. Any questions?"

"And if it don't go according to plan?" Rock Lock asked with a raised brow. "A lot of this seems to be hinging on four teenagers and there's a bunch of other children who are here."

"We only have one shot at this. If he gets away we have no clue where he'll go or when our next chance will be. So, if it doesn't go according to plan, we will do what we do as heroes and we will adjust. The students will follow directives from their heroes or another hero," Sir Nighteye states.

"The children you refer to have survived two major villain attacks on their class, one has survived 2 kidnappings and two helped capture Stain," Smoke glared at the man. "I trust these heroes in training to do their best in there."

The hero didn't look totally satisfied and Izuku stood up. "Rock Lock, sir. I let her go once. I don't intend to do that again. We'll be careful because if we're not we can't save Eri."

Shouta gave his love a small smile and Smoke patted his shoulder before pulling him back down into his chair. "What they are saying is they're more experienced than they look. And we'll all do what we can to make sure Eri and everyone else makes it out of there," Phoenix adds in a gentle voice.

"I have a meeting with the precinct who will be providing back up tomorrow," Nighteye stated, retaking recontrol of the conversation. "We'll be going in early Wednesday morning. Please be prepared. I will send you all a time and location once I've confirmed with the station. I don't think I need to say this is sensitive and once again, if any word of this leaves this room, they may run and we'll lose them."

“We know,” Fat Gum assured him. “Our lips on this are sealed.” The other heroes agreed then Izuku was leaving with his classmates, Shouta holding his hand with Smoke and Phoenix accompanying them as well.

“Kitten,” Shouta said softly. “You alright?”

He nodded, resolve on his face. “We’ll save her and then we’ll bring her home.”

Chapter End Notes

> If you're interested in the promised smut it takes place between this chapter and the next. You can read The Bonds We've Made which is part 2 of this series :)
>
> As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Hope for the Future

Chapter Summary

Eri hopes her hero is coming to save her

Chapter Notes

CW: canon typical violence, implied/referenced child abuse

Ok 1 - if you were looking forward to the smut and haven't read it yet, it takes place between last chapter and this chapter and can be read as the next work in this series "The Bonds We've Made"

2 - Yall, I tried writing 3 other drafts of this and I hated all of them. I felt like I was just rehashing things you already knew with minor changes and I just didn't like reading it. So this is how the raid ended up being written. I apologize if it's not the excitement you were hoping for but it's the version I'm happiest with.

3 - The holiday season is over but I start a new job soon so I'll be adjusting to that too. I still plan to post regularly and am not abandoning this story - I have the rest of the plot mapped out, but please be bear with me if updates become more erratic. Thanks for your continuing support.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku took a deep breath as he stood outside the gate to the large, traditional home that served as the base for the Shie Hassaikai. He'd finally gotten some sleep last night instead of just worrying thanks to Shouta, though the memories of it still made him blush. However, since waking up he'd starting going through every concern in his mind again. But now they were here and it was time to stop thinking and to act, focused on his purpose here today.

Other heroes and police were standing around as well and waiting for the signal that it was time to move. Shouta and Smoke were both by his side, looking the most casual of the professional heroes while still watching carefully as others gathered around, always on high alert, ever the picture of underground heroics. Toshi was on Shouta's other side, looking determined, knowing it was his chance to prove himself. Izuku knew he was worried about how much of the plan sat on his shoulders: he had to make it to Overhaul then get the man to trigger his quirk. Shouta and Izuku had both encouraged him, but it didn't

change his nerves. Kiri was talking to Fat Gum and a third year he didn't know while Shouto was nearby with Phoenix. Uraraka and Tsu were with a third year and their hero, Ryukyu, and Lemillion was standing by Sir Nighteye. Other heroes were preparing, police gathering into their strike groups.

Everyone looked anxious, but they knew where Eri was and Izuku's sole focus was getting her out. The signal was called by Sir Nighteye at the same moment the gate crashed open and a large beast like man barreled toward them. The Shie Hassaikai knew they were here.

Izuku ran forward, keeping pace with Shouta and Smoke as they ran past the yakuza members racing forward to clash with heroes and officers. They had a goal. They couldn't get distracted.

Izuku had a promise to keep.

***

Inside her room, Eri was curled in her bed. She was surrounded by toys, the new caretaker not understanding why she didn't want to play with the things he was buying her. He said he was supposed to keep her happy but nothing about this place was happy. It had been five days since she'd seen the nice man with the cat ears, five days since he'd given her the locket. Five days since he'd promised to rescue her.

Five days since she had hope for the first time in over a year.

Chisaki had confiscated the locket when they first arrived but after a quick glance over it, had given it back as is, seeing nothing immediately off about it. She was glad. The hero had told her to hang on to it and she intended to do that. If this locket would help, she'd never let it go.

The locket was open right now, and she was staring at the picture in it, the picture that helped her hold on to the hope she'd been given even when she was taken back to the room, the room she hated because of what it meant, what they'd put her through there. But in that locket, the hero with the cat ears was smiling at her and a man with long black hair was smiling beside him, his boyfriend he'd said. They seemed happy, nice, and she found herself daydreaming about living with the two happy, nice men in the locket. She dreamed that they'd be her new family and they'd love and care for her. She placed all her hope for the future in the two men in the picture and the words of one of them. And she looked at them to remind herself of that hope in all her spare minutes.

When the door flew open and Chisaki and Chrono were there, she quickly closed the locket and looked up at them, worried this meant more experiments. The experiments hurt: the cuts to her skin, the wearing down of her body until she couldn't take any more. The way Chisaki used his quirk on her, tearing her apart and putting her back together: resetting her he called it. He also called her quirk a curse and that hurts too, knowing all she ever does is hurt people.

"Come on Eri," Chisaki called to her. "We're going." Chrono picked her up and they started down the hall and she had to keep from crying. They didn't like when she cried. But she couldn't help but wonder where her hero was? When was he coming to save her?

Noises from other hallways reached her ears and she poked her head up, wondering if that was them, wondering if they were taking her away from her hero who promised to come for her and there was nothing she could do about it. If she tried to fight, Chisaki would just hurt her, or worse, hurt them.

When the wall behind them broke down in a smatter of concrete and dust, Eri gasped in surprise. The first man through was the blonde hero from when she'd met her hero and excitement coursed through her. They had come for her. Right behind him was the man with green hair and the kitten ears, a man with long black hair who may be the man from the locket, she wasn't sure, and a man with floaty purple hair. "Hero," she said softly at the sight of him even as Chisaki and Chrono hissed in frustration. He'd come for her. He'd kept his promise.

She watched as they fought Chisaki and Chrono, the black haired man's hair floating as her hero ran forward, swiping at Chrono at the same time that the blonde hero punched him too. The cat man reached for her, pulling her into his arms and Eri felt safe again, finally in the arms of her hero, until she saw Chisaki reach for him. She screamed in terror, knowing what he'd do to him, but when he touched her hero, nothing happened.

Then the purple haired man stepped forward and called out to her tormentor. "How's it feel to not have your quirk, Chisaki?" he asked with a smirk and her eyes went wide in fear that someone talked to him like that. He'd tear them all apart like he'd done with the man who accidentally lost her.

"That's a very interesting quirk," Chisaki stared at the purple haired man and black haired man as if trying to decide something before his

body went slack, his eyes hazy as if he could do nothing and Eri held her breath, wondering what happened and if they were safe.

“Put your hands together behind your back,” the purple haired man ordered and to Eri’s surprise, Chisaki followed directions.

“Hurry,” the dark haired one called as a lady ran forward and grabbed Chisaki’s wrists, quickly cuffing them together as whatever had happened before seemed to wear off. Chrono lay on the ground, knocked out from the blonde man’s punch, he must be very strong she thought, and Eri wrapped her arms around her hero’s neck.

“You came for me,” she said softly, tears running down her eyes.

“I promised I would,” he smiled softly, shifting her into a better position in his arms. “And we’ll keep you safe Eri.”

“Eri!” Chisaki yelled at her, even handcuffed still trying to reach her, to turn this. “You want to be here, don’t you? You’re a curse. All you do is hurt people. Here you can help people. These people are stealing you from me.”

She wondered if it was true. She’d heard it so long that it tore at her heart. But the man holding her pulled her closer to him. “You’re not a curse and you don’t hurt people,” he said softly, running a hand through her hair. “You’re wonderful.”

“I want to go with my hero,” she cries out, feeling the comforting weight of the locket around her neck, the promise he’d made was now her hope now holding her in his arms. This was who she wanted. This was the bond she wanted, not the one Chisaki had made.

“Let’s go get you checked out sweetheart,” he said softly. The kitten hero never let her go. Not as they walked the halls. Not as they climbed out of the compound. The dark haired man was by his side the whole way. “Eri,” her hero said softly. “My name’s Izuku and this is Shouta.” The man took off his goggles and she smiles, recognizing the man from the locket for sure: the little scar below tired eyes. “And we’re really happy to have you here with us, sweetheart,” her hero, Izuku continued.

Shouta watched as Izuku gently held the little girl, staying by her side, offering soft and comforting words, and holding her hand as paramedics looked her over. He watched as others came out and also saw paramedics. Kirishima and Fatgum had both been injured when fighting though it seems the yakuza member they fought also patched

them up which was a strange development. He almost didn't recognize Fatgum, the normally round hero having converted all his fat and energy he absorbed into offensive muscle. Amajiki was also injured in his fight but all three would be ok. Shouto looked tired, little bits of frost on his skin, though now that he was outside he was using the other half of his quirk to warm his body back up. He probably didn't want to use his fire in close quarters, Shouta thought. Uraraka and Tsu both looked ok, tired but otherwise unharmed.

Once the paramedics cleared Eri, Izuku walked her over to where Detective Tsukauchi was waiting and he talked to all three of them. Eri told them about the experiments Chisaki was running on her. Though in the terms of a 6 year old they were still horrific. He heard Phoenix had removed the bullets when she searched Chisaki's body and that another hero had found the lab.

"What about family? Do you have a mom or a dad?" the detective asked her.

She shook her head and looked down, sadly. "I hurt daddy with my quirk on accident and he disappeared and mom was really sad so she gave me to grandpa. But then Grandpa got sick and there was just Chisaki."

"So you don't have anywhere to go?" Tsukauchi asked her and she shook her head again.

"Can I go with Izuku?" she asked, big pleading eyes that melted Shouta's heart. "I want to go with my hero."

Izuku also looked at him with soft, pleading kitten eyes and Shouta smiled softly with a little nod. They'd already discussed it, and Shouta knew this was Izuku's moment to move ahead with the request he'd made.

"Eri," Izuku smiled softly, running a hand through her hair again. "Would you like to live with Shouta and me? We live at a school right now, though we do have a home. And we have some cats and we could give you your own room. And most importantly we'd love you and take care of you."

"So you'd be like my new Daddy?" she asked with big hopeful eyes.

"If that's what you want me to be," he said softly. "And Shouta would be there too. Remember me telling you I had a soulmate?"

She nods and looks up at the dark haired man, who kneels down and smiles at her. “You’re the man from the locket. You look nice and happy and I want to be in a place that’s nice and happy.”

“Well sweetheart,” Shouta brushes a lock of hair behind her ear. “Izuku and I would love to be nice and try to all be happy together.”

The little girl still had one arm wrapped around Izuku and threw the other arm around Shouta, pulling them both close for a hug and Shouta felt something in him he hadn’t felt before. It was different than when he’d taken in Toshi, who felt more like a brother than a child. Eri was little, would need help and guidance for many years. And Shouta and Izuku would provide that. They would be her family.

Shouta Aizawa was realizing he and Izuku now had a daughter and he would do anything to keep his little family happy.

Chapter End Notes

> As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Full of Surprises

Chapter Summary

Inko meets the newest member of her family

Chapter Notes

CW: implied/referenced child abuse

Hi! Sorry these posts have gotten more sporadic but the new job is going well. Please enjoy this little bit of fluff and I will update as I can.

In addition to the stories I already have going, I am working on a new Aizawa X Izuku story with a friend of mine - more details to come. For info and eventual sneak peaks - you can find more details on my discord.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Inko Midoriya should have learned many years ago that her son was full of surprises. She should have stopped expecting the ordinary from him when his quirk came in at the age of seven, when he randomly found a pro hero, when that pro turned out to be his soulmate, when it took them a year to realize. Izuku had always been surprising. But today when her son called her asking her to come meet her granddaughter, Inko was truly shocked.

She raced over to UA, where Katsuki and Hitoshi met her at the gate. “Sorry, Eri won’t leave Izuku’s side and they didn’t want to bring her down to the gate,” Katsuki shrugged, leaning into his boyfriend, a tired looking Hitoshi still in his hero costume.

“It’s ok,” she promises them as they lead her to the teacher dorms, walking quickly alongside the two boys, talking about how they were. She was glad they were doing well, particularly after the appearance of their soul marks, but her mind was on the news. She had so many questions but she really needed to hear the rest of the story from her son or Shouta.

Katsuki pushed the door the common room of the teacher’s lounge open and there was Shouta, sitting on the couch, Izuku next to him, tail flicking in the air, and there in her son’s lap was a little girl, maybe 6 years old with long silver hair that Izuku is brushing. He

glances up and smiles softly at her. “Eri, sweetheart, did you want to meet my mother? Your grandma?”

Eri looks up at Izuku and Inko sees bright red eyes, full of trust as she holds a stuffed kitten to her chest. “Your mom?” she asks softly, looking past him to spy the green haired woman.

“Yeah,” Izuku smiles, tilting his head back to call to her, “Mom come meet Eri.”

Inko steps forward and sits down next to her son, smiling softly at the little girl. “Hi sweetheart,” she said softly. “I’m Inko, but you can call me Grandma or Granny. I’m this guy’s mom.”

She looks at her questioningly, holding tight to the stuffed animal and leaning into Izuku. “We’ve had a really big day and have met a lot of people,” Izuku told his mother and Inko nods. She hadn’t got the full story but her son is wearing his hero jumpsuit as was Hitoshi still, so she assumed the little girl had come out of some hero work. She also noticed how the little girl looked at her son, like the boy in question use to look at heroes like All Might when he was younger.

“Well I understand how meeting lots of people can be very tiring or just a lot to take in,” Inko told her. “But I hope you know I’m very happy to meet you, Eri.”

She nods gently before burying her face into Izuku’s chest and Inko holds back a chuckle. It’s adorable how sweet the little girl is and how attached she is to her son.

“We were waiting down here for you, but why don’t we go show Eri the dorm apartment so Shouta and I can change clothes,” Izuku smiles at his mother and he’s young, too young to be a parent, but she can’t help the happiness she feels at how well he’s doing with his new daughter and just nod in agreement.

The four of them head to the elevator, Kat and Hitoshi hanging back for now to not overwhelm the little girl, Izuku carrying his daughter who clung to him, and Shouta addresses Inko’s unanswered questions. “We had a raid this morning, Izuku played a big part in it. He’d found Eri previously and was the reason we were able to save her this morning. She doesn’t have any parents and the two of us decided to take her in. I hope to adopt her like I did with Hitoshi. I’m still having Nedzu look into if Izuku can go ahead and adopt her too given our soul mate status, or if he’ll have to wait until we get married.”

Inko decided now wasn't the time to push Shouta on the idea of them getting married, instead keeping her focus on Eri. She'd file it away for later. "What did you have to save her from?" Inko asked softly as they stepped off the elevator and Izuku and Eri went ahead of them.

"A Yakuza group," Shouta shared in a hushed whisper. "They were doing experiments on her. Izuku gave her the locket with us in it. And he promised he'd come back for her. I think that's why she's so attached to him. It's honestly kind of adorable. She called him Dad earlier."

She smiles softly, "You'll make good parents. He's young but I know you'll figure it out."

"Honestly it was Izuku's idea," Shouta admitted with a shake of his head. "He's brought all my family too me: He got Hitoshi to join us in training, he introduced Hitoshi to Katsuki. He brought me to you. He brought Shouto to us. And he asked me about taking in Eri if she didn't have a family before we even went to the raid. He's a very caring person, and I have you to thank for that."

"He's always been a kind and caring person," Inko tells him, pleased the man saw these things in her son, pleased his soulmate was also a kind and good man. "And so are you."

Shouta shakes his head. "I think Izuku brings that out in me," he says. "Most people prior to me meeting him would have disagreed with that."

"I think the boy who saw a distressed boy and a kitten in a park and the man who approached a sobbing teen in a trash heap are both much kinder people than they seem to think they are," Inko told him, a motherly chiding to her voice that made Shouta snort. They followed the two into the apartment and watched as Izuku was showing her around.

"This is the living room," he told her. "And that's the kitchen. I can make you something to eat in a minute. And that's going to be mine and your papa's room. That's your uncle Toshi's room. And your uncle Shouto said you could have his room," he pushes the door open, the room fairly basic with most of Shouto's things being either in his dorm or his room at the house. "I know it's a little bare right now, but we'll get some things to make it yours."

"This is my room?" she asked softly. "And I can have things I pick in it?"

“Yes sweetheart,” Inko listens to Izuku promise her. “We’ll go to the store and you can pick your own toys and decorations. How’s that sound?”

“Thank you, Dad,” she smiled up at him and Inko felt her heart melt.

“Well, Papa is going to buy the things for you,” Izuku chuckled, looking over at Shouta. “He’s the one who makes the money, I still go to school.”

Inko watches as Eri looks over at the other man, places a hand on her locket, then walks over to Shouta. “Thank you Papa,” she said softly.

“Anything for you sweetheart,” he promised. “Do you want to meet Tora while Dad changes clothes? He’s the cat that we told you about.” The little girl nods her head excitedly and when Izuku moves to his and Shouta’s room, the cat bolts out of the room, curling around Izuku’s feet then running to Shouta’s feet, curling around them and pawing at his ankles.

He picks up the kitten and one of the toys that was laying on the floor. “Let’s go sit on the couch,” he suggests softly. “That way you can hold him in your lap.” She nods, looking with wide eyes at the cat in the man’s arms and hurries to the couch. “If you want to sit next to her, she’ll warm up to you,” Shouta told her. “Izuku is going to be a minute showering and changing so now is your chance before she attaches to him again.”

Inko laughed but followed his advice, sitting down on the couch near the little girl but not so close to make her uncomfortable, and Shouta sits down on Eri’s other side and places the kitten in her lap. The little girl gently reaches a hand out to pet the kitten, who purrs in response, pushing into the pets. “Do you like kittens, Eri?” Inko asks softly.

“I do,” she answers, though she doesn’t lift her eyes from the cat, enthralled by the existence of the pet in her life. “Dad is a cat hero and he’s good. So is Tora.”

“Tora is a very good cat,” Shouta agreed. “And he’s being very good right now. You know, I found him years ago on a hero patrol.”

“And you kept him?” Eri blinked, looking up at him.

“I did,” he nodded.

“Like you’re keeping me?” Eri asked hopefully.

Shouta smiled softly, reaching out to ruffle her hair. “Like we’re keeping you, sweetheart.” She smiled, at the hero the first one Inko had seen that wasn’t directed at Izuku, before she returned back to the cat.

Inko heard a door open and glanced up to see her son smiling from the doorway at the picture they painted, obvious love in his eyes, and she smiled back to him before he moved into the kitchen, quietly trying to start something for their dinner that evening and letting them continue to spend time with the girl without her focused on him.

Inko asks a few more questions and Shouta talks to her a little bit. When red eyes turn up to look at her and Eri says, “Grandma?” Inko can’t help but feel her own protectiveness for the little girl.

“Yes sweetheart?” she smiled openly at the little girl, wanting her to know she was also a kind person the girl could rely on.

“Are you having dinner with us? Or going shopping with us for my room?” the little girl asked with curiosity.

Inko is a bit surprised by the question, hoping it’s because the girl wants her there. “I can do both if you want me to,” she promised her, leaving it up to the girl.

Eri just nods. “I do please,” she looked down as if afraid she’d be in trouble for asking for something. “I had a grandpa before Chisaki hurt him, but I never had a grandma before.”

She held back a frown, wondering how the man she mentioned had hurt her grandfather but not wanting to ask. “Well I’m very excited to be able to be your grandma,” Inko promised her. “And we can do all sorts of things like play games or read books or bake cookies.”

He eyes go wide at the last one. “Cookies?” she asks in awe.

“Yes, do you like cookies?” she asked, smiling at the little glint in the girl’s eyes.

“I haven’t had cookies in a very long time,” she tells her honestly, excitement in her voice. “But I’d like to try to bake some. I think I’d like them. I also like apples.”

“Well we can also make something with apples,” She reaches out and ruffles the girl’s hair.

“I have dinner ready,” Izuku calls from the kitchen, having made something simple and using left over rice from the other night. They all sat down to dinner, Eri taking the seat next to Izuku who laughed at Shouta’s little pout over his seat being usurped. They ate dinner then Izuku talked Eri into taking a bath and getting ready for bed, using some clothes Nemuri and Hizashi had picked up for her until they family could go shopping.

Once she was tucked in and had fallen asleep, Izuku gently closed the door most of the way, leaving it just cracked a bit. He smiled at his mother before leaning into Shouta’s side. “I know this was unexpected but I couldn’t imagine sending her somewhere else,” he said softly.

Inko tilted her head to the side. “She’s adorable and I hope you know I plan to absolutely spoil her,” she told her son who seemed to breathe a sigh of relief.

“I’m glad you’re ready to welcome her to the family,” Izuku moved forward, wrapping his mother in a hug. Inko’s arms wrapped around him, pulling him closer. Her world was constantly growing because of Izuku, because of the son she chose over her so called soul mate. It was a choice she’d never regret, and today even without a bond, her heart was overflowing with joy for the family she had and the family she was making.

Chapter End Notes

> As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Part of a Family

Chapter Summary

Eri's first day at school with her Dad and Papa

Chapter Notes

CW: Referenced child abuse

HEY!!!
I have a new story out with my friend Fox - It's Aideku, quirkless AU - you can check it out here Strong Enough

Also - we're going to be hitting the final major arc of this story soon! It's been an amazing journey creating this and I'm excited for what's coming. The next bits are a divergence from canon so bear with me as there's a little more plotting involved.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Eri loved her Dad and her Papa. She sat on the couch, Dad braiding her hair while Papa got them ready to go to class. She was excited, she'd never been to class. "Now Eri, sweetheart, you know this is a class for me and Uncle Toshi and Shouto and Kacchan, right?" Dad asked her.

She nodded. "But I get to sit there and color and stay with you," she says excitedly.

"For homeroom yes," Dad smiled softly. "But then you'll go with Papa and he and Nedzu-sensei are going to work on school things for you."

"I still don't know how I feel about her learning from Nedzu," Papa frowned as he walked in.

"I know but we talked about this," Dad gave her Papa a look she didn't quite understand as he let go of her hair, the braid finished.

"I know," Papa sighed. "It's the best option for everyone involved."

"One day things will be different," Dad said. "And you'll be able to come home with us and go to school with other kids. But for now, Sweetheart."

“I’m taking classes with Nedzu-sensei,” she nodded seriously. She’d never taken classes before and she was excited to see what they were like. It sounded fun and learning things sounded good too.

“Yup,” Dad grinned. “And Papa is going to help you learn how to use your quirk.”

She looked down at that, fingers fidgeting. “But my quirk hurts people,” she said softly.

“Oh sweetheart,” Dad lifted her chin so she was looking at him. “Your quirk is beautiful. It’s just no one taught you how to use it. Papa wants to help you learn it. And if you start to hurt someone on accident he can stop it.”

“It’ll be fine, Princess,” Papa leans down in front of her. “I promise you’ll be safe and so will everyone around you. And if at any point you want to stop, we can. But we at least want you to try, ok?” She nods. She knows Dad and Papa had explained she doesn’t have to be scared of her quirk, but she was. It had hurt her father. Chisaki had called it a curse. Called her a curse.

“I know what you’re thinking sweetheart,” Dad said softly. “He was wrong. You are a blessing.” She leaned into her Dad as he hugged her and nodded. Dad was kind, Dad was smart. And she wanted Dad to be right.

“Ok,” she said softly. “I’ll try.”

“That’s all we ask, Princess,” Papa smiles at her. The two men stood up, helping her put her little backpack on before each taking one of her hands and they walked out of the apartment toward the elevator. Once they were in the big room with the couches and the TV, two people started walking their way and she waved shyly.

“Hi Auntie Nem, Uncle Zashi,” Eri said softly.

“Hey Little Listener,” Uncle Zashi grinned her, looking funny with his hero costume and his hair sticking up in the air.

“Hi Sweetpea,” Auntie Nem leaned down. “Your hair looks very nice today. Did your Dad do that for you?”

“He did,” she gave a small smile. “Look he put a flower in it,” she pointed to where the red flower was that went with her dress.

“He did,” her auntie smiled. “And it looks really nice. Are you ready to go to school with all of us?”

“Yes,” she squeezed the hands of her Dad and Papa. “I want to see Dad and Papa’s class.”

“Then let’s go sweetheart,” Dad said, turning them toward the door, the other heroes her Papa worked with waving at them as they left, some heading the same direction. As they got closer to the big school building, they saw other people who were dressed like her Dad.

“Are they in your class?” she asked curiously.

“Some of them are,” he told her, some turning to look at the little grouping of people, curious as to why there was a little girl on campus. “But most of them are in other classes at the school. They have a lot of classes.”

She nodded. The school was very big, Papa had brought her a couple days ago to meet Nedzu-sensei. The mouse man was curious, but he liked Dad and Papa, so she decided he was good. Dad had said he was talking to his friends from class while Papa and her were talking to Nedzu-sensei. She wondered what they talked about, but he promised her it wasn’t anything to worry about.

They walked up the front steps to the school and Dad led them to his classroom. Eri marveled once again at how big the door was, but Papa slid it open, and they walked in. “Here’s your desk,” Dad smiled. “Papa had them move the desks around so you could be next to me and near Uncle Kacchan and Uncle Toshi.”

She nodded excitedly as she settled into the little desk next to her dad’s bigger desk. She watched him pull out his notebook and pens, so she pulled out her backpack and set her coloring book, crayons and little cat plushy on her desk like him and looked up at him for approval. “Good job Sweetheart,” he smiled at her, and she couldn’t help but smile back up at her Dad, her hero. She never dreamed she’d be this cared for.

Eri watched with wide eyes as different people started to walk into the class. There were her uncles, who she waved to and greeted with little smiles and hellos. There was a girl who was pink and a boy with six arms. There was another boy with a head like a bird. Her Dad’s school friends were quiet, polite. A girl with long green hair knelt in front of her and smiled. “Good morning Eri-chan,” she said softly. “I’m Tsu. I’ve very glad to see you here.”

She looked at the lady then at her Dad. “Tsu is my friend,” Dad smiled. “And she was one of the heroes who helped save you.”

“Really?” she asked in surprise.

“Yes, kero,” the woman said, her tongue flicking out a little bit. “My soulmate and I were outside helping. Her name is Ochako.” She gestured to the brown-haired girl who smiled brightly and waved at her. Eri waved back nervously.

“Thank you,” she said softly. “For helping Dad and Papa save me.”

“We were happy to,” Tsu responded. “That’s what heroes do.”

“Alright,” she glanced up and saw Papa at the front of the classroom again getting everyone’s attention. “Everyone sit down. As you can see Eri is here today. She’ll be here sometimes. I appreciate you being calm with her until she gets use to you. She’ll be here with Izuku sometimes and with me other times. If for some reason you ever see her without one of us, please help her to find us.” He looks directly at the little girl. “Princess everyone here is safe. You can trust them to help you if you need it.”

She looks around the room at her dad’s friends. They were safe. She was safe. She nodded to her Papa to show she understood before turning back to her coloring book. Papa started talking about something she didn’t understand, laws and things they should be doing. He’d already told her before that it was ok to not worry about it, it was all something she’d learn when she was older if she decided she wanted to be a hero. So, she focused on her coloring book, full of fairy tale stories.

“Eri,” Dad’s voice called to her a little while later and she looked up at him. “Papa is done teaching for now. Can you pack up your backpack so you can go with him to see Nedzu-sensei?”

“Yes Dad,” she smiled, quickly putting her coloring book in her bag with her crayons but leaving her cat out. It reminded her of Dad, and if made her feel like he was there when he had to be somewhere else.

Dad helped her put her backpack on and then pulled her into a hug. She liked hugs from Dad. “Papa will be with you the whole time. And if you want to come sit back down with me later, you just need to let him know, ok. Your desk will always be here.”

“Thanks Dad,” she smiled up at him before running off to take her

Papa's hand, still clinging to the cat with her other hand. "Let's go Papa," she smiled at him.

"Of course, Princess," he squeezed her hand and they walked through the hallway, avoiding the other people roaming the halls, some stopping to look at them. She pulled her kitten to her chest and held Papa's hand tighter until they reached a door and it opened, the little mouse man standing there with a bright smile.

"Hello Aizawa, Eri-chan," he greeted them. "Come on in." They follow him in, and Papa lifted her up into the chair. Last time they were here they'd just talked to Nedzu-sensei but he said today they'd do more than talk. "Eri-chan I have a game for us to play. There will be some drawing and some writing, some math. If you need help with anything, please don't be afraid to ask."

The game was fun, she'd answer questions with drawing or trying to write words as they worked their way around a board, trying to add together numbers on their way around. She had to ask Papa for help sometime, but he was gentle and good at helping her.

A knock on the door made her jump and look that way, but when it opened and she saw green ears and a flicking tail she slid out of her seat. "Dad," she cried as she ran forward into his arms. He lifted her up and smiled. "Dad, Nedzu-sensei and Papa and me are playing a game."

"That sounds fun," Dad grinned, looking back toward Papa and the mouse man.

"Eri-chan is very bright," Nedzu smiled. "And I think we'll be able to get her caught up easily. I'll begin putting together some lesson plans."

"That's good to hear," he smiled at his daughter. "I just wanted to come by and get my reading for our lessons today. And see how Eri was doing." Eri leaned into her dad as he got a book with some papers poking out of a couple pages from Nedzu-sensei then turned back to her. "I think Papa and I are going to the teacher's lounge so I can read, and he can work. Can you tell Nedzu-sensei thank you?"

"Thank you, Nedzu-sensei," she said quietly to the mouse man.

He just smiled at her. "You're welcome Eri-chan," he said. "I'm very excited to help you learn."

Dad set her down so she could get her backpack and her cat stuffed animal then she ran back to grab his hand. She looked at her two full hands and looked up at her Papa. “Papa can you hold this so I can hold your hand too?” she asked holding the cat up to him. His face softened and he smiled at her.

“Of course, Princess,” he said as he pulled the cat to his chest and took her other hand.

They walked like that to the teacher’s lounge like that, Eri happily swinging her parent’s hands as they went through the halls. When they reached the teachers lounge, Papa looked at her gently. “Princess, are you ready to work on using your quirk while Dad reads?” he asked her.

She nibbled the edge of her lip but nodded. “I know you’re nervous but we’re going to practice on small things. Remember what the specialist said? It works on living things. So, we’ll start with this.” He walks to the corner of the room and picks up a plant, setting it in front of her. “If we rewind the plant all the way it’s ok. It won’t hurt anybody.”

“But what if someone gets too close to me? Or it gets out of control?” Eri asked nervously.

“Then I’ll stop it, remember,” he told her softly. “I’m going to help you. So, all you have to worry about is trying to rewind the plant.”

She nodded and watched as her Papa took a step back. Eri took a deep breath and concentrated on the plant, feeling the strange, tingly gold sparks start to form around the horn on her head and watched as the plant became smaller, leaves disappearing along with stems until it was just a stem sinking back into a pot. Her breath picked up and she started to panic, not sure how to stop it when suddenly she felt her power disappear.

She quickly glanced up and there was Papa, hair floating in the air, eyes red. “Take a deep breath Eri. When you’re ready let me know and I’ll release my quirk.”

She nodded, trying to match Papa’s deep breaths until she felt calm again. “Ok,” she said, watching as Papa’s eyes turned back to silver and his hair fell around his shoulders and held his arms out for her. She ran forward into his arms where he wrapped her in a hug.

“You did very good Eri,” he said softly. “I’m proud of you for trying.”

She nodded, feeling safe in her Papa’s arms. Eri loved her papa and her dad.

She loved being part of a family.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to check out the new story:

Strong Enough

As always you can find me over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Veins of Silver

Chapter Summary

Shouto meets his mother's soulmate

Chapter Notes

CW: implied/referenced forced (quirk) marriage, implied/ referenced prior abuse

I'm back! With another chapter!

Thanks all for your patience with the random updates. The new job and adjusting to a new schedule have been difficult but I am very excited to continue working on this story when I can. Anyway, enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouto stood outside the little two-story home and took a deep breath. A hand reached out and squeezed his and he turned to glance at Momo. “If you’re not ready for this your mom will understand,” she said softly, supportive of whatever choice he made.

“No,” he shook his head. “I’m ready for this, just anxious.” He had spent time with his mom since she left the hospital, mostly just the two of them or her and his siblings either getting dinner or at her small two-bedroom apartment, the one he may move into. She had saving she could live off, as well as a settlement from her recently finalized divorce, the one that wasn’t fought by his father for fear of further bad press. She’d also found a part time job as a secretary and was looking at going to nursing school. She was getting her life back and he was happy for her; her soulmark was even gaining more color, the cracks filling in with silver. It was beautiful, in a way: The damage was being healed.

But when she’d asked him to join her at the Tsunotori home for dinner, to finally meet the man she’d loved and been bonded to before his father had gotten involved, he had agreed despite feeling nervous about the prospect. He was thankful Momo had agreed to come with him. Midoriya had offered to come too, but Shouto had told him he should spend his afternoon off with Aizawa and Eri. “It’s going to be ok,” Momo promises him with an encouraging smile.

Shouto nodded and they moved up the walkway, knocking on the door. It opened a moment later, revealing a girl their age with blonde hair hanging down her back, horns growing upward from her head, curved in something resembling the shape of a lyre, and hooves on her feet. “Hi,” she smiled at them, an American accent underlying the Japanese. “You must me Shouto and Momo. Rei is in the kitchen with Dad making dinner. Come on in.”

She stepped to the side, Shouto surprised by the familiarity of the greetings but supposing it may be an American thing. He noted as they moved inside that she looked familiar, and he wondered if he’d seen her around campus. “Oh, you’re in class 1-B,” Momo smiled at her, releasing Shouto’s hand to shake hers. “I remember you from the joint training. You were really great!”

“Thanks,” she smiled, head tilted to the side too. “So were both of you.” She looked at Shouto, “I wanted to introduce myself then, but I wasn’t really sure how. Like what do you say? Hey, I think our parents are soulmates?”

“It’s ok,” Shouto told her, “I wouldn’t have known what to say either.”

She nodded, seemingly happy with the understanding, then led them into the kitchen where his mom stood, a smile on her face as she chopped veggies while a man with sandy brown hair and similarly curved legs and hooves as Pony, though he had no horns, possibly a trait from her mother.

His mom looked up and smiled. “Shouto, Momo,” she set the knife down and moved over to them, pressing a kiss to Shouto’s cheek and pulling Momo into a hug. “Haru, this is my youngest son, Shouto, and his platonic soulmate, Momo. Kids, this is Tsunotori Haru.”

The man moved away from the stove, a gentle smile on his own face, so different from his father. “Hi, Shouto, Momo. It’s so nice to finally meet you both.” A soulmark matching his mother’s was displayed on his outstretched arm and Shouto could see the thin veins of silver where the cracks had once been.

“It’s nice to meet you too Tsunotori-san,” Shouto said, face stoic.

The man gave a jovial laugh. “Call my Haru. And you can call my daughter Pony. After all these years in America, I’ve grown use to not using honorifics and Pony is only just learning them.”

Shouto’s brows furrowed a bit, but he nodded. Midoriya wasn’t a fan

of formal honorifics either, though he did still tend to add kun or chan to shortened versions of their names. It was something he was slowly adjusting to. “Haru then,” he said. “Is there anything we can do to help?”

“Do you want to help your mom chop veggies for the side dish and a salad?” Haru asked.

“That be great. Shouto has been living with his teacher while I adjust to life outside the hospital,” Rei explained. “And his friend Izuku has been helping him learn to cook both at Aizawa-sensei’s and in the dorms.”

“Oh, is Izuku also under your teacher’s care?” Haru asked, moving back to the stove.

“Dad, they’re the ones I told you about,” Pony said quietly. “The teacher and the student who are soulmates!”

“Oh! The poor kid who had the other boy say those horrible things in the cafeteria,” Haru looked sad at the thought. “I’m glad it seems to have worked out. Soulmates shouldn’t have to hide their bond.”

“They recently took in a little girl we saved on a mission,” Shouto shared, picking up a knife and carefully following the chopping motions that Izuku had taught him.

“Eri,” Momo added with a grin. “She’s so sweet. And bright! I’ve been helping her some with her homework from Nedzu.”

“She’s so cute,” Pony shared. “We see her walking the halls with them. Her little green cat plush reminds me of Izuku. She carries it everywhere, Dad. It’s adorable.”

“That sounds really sweet,” he smiled softly at his daughter, reaching up to ruffle her hair.

“How are Izuku and Aizawa adjusting to having Eri?” Mom asked curiously. She’d gone over to have dinner with them at Aizawa’s home once to meet Midoriya-san and talk to her about being a nurse as she was applying for school. She wanted to talk to someone in the field to make sure it was the right line of work for her.

“They’re doing well,” Shouto shared, focusing intently on the cuts he was making with the knife to make sure he got them right.

“Eri seems particularly attached to Izuku, calls him Dad and says he’s her hero,” Momo added some details. “And you can tell they’re both a little tired but she’s 6 so she’s not really little, which is nice. And she loves her uncles,” Momo teased.

“Her uncles? I knew Aizawa had Hitoshi but I didn’t realize Izuku had brothers,” Mom said softly.

“She calls Bakugo Uncle Kacchan and Shouto Uncle Shoucchan,” Momo giggled. “She looks at Shouto with bright awe filled eyes too. Because he’s also a hero who helped save her.”

“Awww that’s so cute, sweetheart,” Mom smiled brightly at him. “I hope I can meet her one day.”

“I can talk to Midoriya and see if we can do that,” he nodded. “They’re keeping her on campus for now, but I think they’re planning a dinner with Midoriya-san at Aizawa’s house. I’ll ask if you can come too.”

“If it’s ok,” she smiled. “If it’s a family dinner or she’s not ready to meet more people yet, I completely understand. It can take time to adjust to new people.”

“I’ll ask and let you know,” Shouto told her, “But I think Momo and I are going and so are Hitoshi, Bakugo and Mezo. So, it probably be ok to add one more.”

“Mezo?” his mom asked curiously.

Momo smiled knowingly at her friend who just blushed just the faintest shade of pink. “Shoji Mezo,” she shared. “He’s a boy in our class and friends with Shouto.”

“Oh?” Mom smiled, obviously noting that Shouto used his given name instead of his surname, something he normally only did for family or Momo. Or in this case Pony and Haru at their request.

Shouto had often wondered if there was someone for him. His soulmark was platonic. He’d never really felt something romantic for anyone. Perhaps having a platonic bond meant he wasn’t meant to have romantic love? But then he looked at people at Bakugo and Hitoshi, who found each other outside a soulbond and realized it was possible. He could be Momo’s soulmate and love someone else. The real question was, did he want to?

Then there came Mezo. Shouto honestly wasn't sure what he and Mezo were, and until the summer he wasn't sure he'd ever really thought about Mezo that way. But now, he liked spending time with him, just being with him. He was a calming and gentle presence and he'd felt his heart flutter a bit on more than one occasion when Mezo had been sitting near him. But he also knew Mezo was still grappling with the idea that his soulmate had become a villain, still dealing, albeit mostly silently, with the breaking of his bond. So, he wasn't going to broach anything until Mezo seemed ready, and in the meantime, he'd simply be there for his friend either way.

"He's nice," is what Shouto landed on saying. Thankfully she didn't ask more questions about him and Momo didn't press the subject.

"That's nice dear," was all Mom told him. "I'd love to meet your friend sometime."

"Dad, I'm going to go pick some flowers for the table," Pony chimed in.

"Oh, I love flowers," Momo smiled standing up from her spot. "I'll go with you."

"So," Haru said after the two girls headed into the back yard. "Rei says you're in the hero program at UA. Pony is too."

"She's in the other class," he nodded. "We did a joint exercise the other day, but I didn't make the connection between the two of you."

"With just Haru's name that's completely understandable," Mom ran a gentle hand through his hair, pushing it out of his face a little bit. He smiled softly up at her.

"You look happy," he observed aloud.

She gave him her own soft smile. "I am," she said. "And I'll never regret you and your siblings. I love you all more than I can say. And I know Haru feels the same about Pony and his wife. But I'm glad to finally have what was taken from us. And I'm glad you can be a part of that too, Shouto."

"I'm glad you're getting your life back, Mom," he told her,

"She meant what she said. You're part of that life," Haru leaned against the counter looking over at the two Todorokis. "And I know we don't know each other well, but I hope over time we'll think of

each other as family."

Shouto considered that. His personal experiences with a father were bad. His father hadn't been kind or caring, more focused on how he could use Shouto. But he thought about his time with Aizawa. He wasn't his father, and he didn't expect his teacher to be his father. But he thought of his slightly parental relationship with Hitoshi and him as the adult who watched over them. He thought of Aizawa and Midoriya, raising Eri, showing her love and affection. The way Aizawa was helping her with her quirk, not forcefully pushing her to master it.

He didn't know Haru, but he knew his mom, knew she cared for him. And watching Aizawa and his friend Midoriya as they learned how to raise their daughter gave him hope that maybe a father figure in his life could one day be a good thing. He wasn't ready to call Haru Dad, didn't know if he ever would be. But he was ready to try to give him a place in his life. "Yeah," he said. "That be nice one day."

Pony and Momo walked back in then, each holding a handful of little blue flowers. "You grow rindou?" Shouto asked, recognizing the flowers.

Haru smiled. "They were always Rei's favorite flower and Pony suggested we plant some after we moved in. They're naturally in bloom now."

His mother smiled, "You also planted some roses, I believe."

"They were mom's favorite," Pony smiled sadly, and it was then that Shouto witnessed the small, sad look on his face, the way his mother squeezed his hand in support. His wife hadn't been his soulmate, but just that simple look made it very obvious he loved the woman he married, just like he loves Mom.

"Do you want some of them too for the table?" Shouto asked curiously. "The roses?"

"They aren't in bloom right now," Haru offered softly. "But thank you for the thought. It was very kind."

He nodded as they finished putting together the salad to go with the dinner they sat down for shortly. It wasn't loud like the meals at Aizawa's tended to be, but it wasn't stiflingly like dinners with his father had been. It was comfortable, familial. And Shouto thought just maybe, they could all be a family.

Chapter End Notes

As always you can find my with posts about updates and more over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Happy

Chapter Summary

Some of our characters contemplate where they are now and where they may go

Chapter Notes

CW: None really - mentions of bond breaking?

Hey! Thanks for bearing with me on the more scattered updates. We're starting to enter the final major arc that will be followed by some wrap up. I'm not sure exactly how many chapters are left but once I have a solid idea I'll update that. This last arc is a complete canon divergence so be prepared for that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The common room was quiet that evening as Mezo took a deep breath from his spot on the couch where he was relaxing.

The last few months had been difficult. Growing up in a town where he was looked down on for his quirk, his features, he always assumed that if he ever met his soulmate, they'd reject him: run away crying like the little girl so many years ago, the reason he wears a mask covering his face. He never imagined his soulmate would be a villain.

It still hurt, thinking about Toga, about the broken bond. He constantly wondered if he'd found her earlier if things could have turned out differently. But the grey and cracked mark he now bore told him that this was the way things were.

The month following the breaking of the bond had been difficult, but at least he'd had his family. Having gone back home, he had support, love, people around him. And slowly, the sinking weight lifted, didn't feel like it was going to drown him. Though now it was replaced with another weight, one he wasn't sure how to handle.

If his face terrified people, if he had a broken soul bond, who would even be interested in him? Mezo had never been one to think too much about things like love and the future, move focused on moving forward, with attaining his goal of being a hero and just trying to be kind even in the face of adversity. But now, for some reason now the idea seemed to permeate his thoughts. Perhaps it was because he was

around couples who were happy. He'd begun spending more like with Izuku who had Aizawa and Hitoshi and Bakugo. They seemed happy, even Hitoshi who also had a broken bond. Izuku and Aizawa had even recently started a small family by adding Eri to their numbers. Maybe he was wondering if he'd ever have that one day.

Or maybe he was wondering why his heart picked up a little when Shouto Todoroki sat down next to him in the empty common room.

Momo had waved and headed up stairs as the two had come home and now they were sitting in comfortable silence, a strange occurrence for the 1-A dorms. Prior to going over to Aizawa's to meet Midoriya-san, Mezo hadn't interacted with Shouto much. He'd been nothing more than a person in his class: someone who was there but who he didn't interact much with.

Their first real interaction beyond training had been when Shouto had accused Aizawa of cheating on Izuku. While wildly unfounded, his loyalty to his friend and quickness to apologize once he realized had been a strangely bright spot after a difficult morning. Ever since arriving back at UA, Mezo found himself spending more time with Izuku and his friends, including Shouto. And Mezo found himself liking being around Shouto. He didn't feel the need to fill the space with talk. He was blunt, but not rude and even the bluntness was starting to mellow some. He was sometimes, for Mezo, like a calm retreat in the storm surrounding them.

And this all would be great if he didn't find himself worrying about what Shouto would do if he found out Mezo had a crush on him. He didn't want to lose that retreat even as he wondered if it could be more.

"So how was dinner?" Mezo asked, breaking the silence, doing his best to get out of his own head.

"Good," Shouto nodded. "Haru seems nice. My mom looks happy."

"That's good," Mezo responded with his own nod. "I'm glad she's happy after everything."

The silence fell upon them again, wrapping around them like a warm blanket until Shouto spoke first this time. "Maybe you'd like to come with me next time? My mom mentioned wanting to meet you since she hasn't." he asked, voice flat as always though Mezo could see something he didn't quite understand in the boy's eyes.

“If you want me to be there,” Mezo responded, once again trying to ignore the pounding of his heart, the flutter in his stomach. Shouto had mentioned him to his mother and she wanted to meet him.

“I’ll let you know when,” Shouto nodded, a small almost imperceptible smile on his face.

They settled back into silence, Mezo eventually turning on a movie. It was comfortable, it was nice. And Mezo was excited to one day soon meet Shouto’s family.

***

Hitoshi curled into his boyfriend’s side, tired but happy. The colorless marks were visible on both of them, a sight and feeling they’d adjusted to, the knowledge there was someone else out there for them, someone who would complete their family one day, who was waiting for them. “You know,” he said sleepily, “Winter break is almost here. Izu and Shou-nii were talking about renting a cabin in the mountains for all of us to get away for Christmas.”

“Yeah, the nerd mentioned it,” Suki grumbled, also sleepy, it being around the time he normally went to sleep. Hitoshi liked teasing him about his early bedtime. “Did you want to go?”

“I’ve never seen the mountains,” Hitoshi said softly, looking away for a moment. He’d bounced around from home to home in the prefecture but the first trip he’d ever been on had been the Summer Training Camp. “Not outside the cliffs at camp. I’ve never seen real mountains.”

“Then we should go,” Suki kissed his forehead. “Cause it sounds like you want to go.”

“Yeah,” Hitoshi smiled. “I just wasn’t sure if your family had plans.”

“Nope,” Suki curls in closer to him, “Family always just stays home. It be nice to spend it with you.”

Hitoshi smiled, kissing his boyfriend’s jaw then turned slightly, reaching for his phone. “I’ll let Shou-nii know we’re planning to go with them then.” Last year had been his first Christmas with his brother. It had been quiet. They’d gone over to Izu’s for a little while and had dinner the night before with his brother’s old foster parents. This year promised to be fun. Between presents for Eri and the mountains and hopefully snow, they had a lot to look forward to.

***

Izuku smiled as he closed the door to Eri's room, having read her a story until she'd finally fallen asleep. He moved over to the couch where Shouta was grading papers and curled up next to him, nuzzling into his side a little bit. Shouta smiled softly and pressed a kiss to Izuku's cheek before returning to his work.

They sat there like that, Izuku doing some reading for Nedzu and Shouta finishing his papers until Shouta set the papers down. "I think that's it for now at least," he said with a little yawn. "What did you want to do tonight, Kitten?"

"Just spend time together," he said softly, closing the book he was holding. "I feel like we've both been really busy lately." He loved Eri and he'd never regret taking her in, but their relationship was still new and adding a 6-year-old to it had been a strain. They had to work harder to make time for each other, to foster their own relationship. Sure, they had the bond, but the bond alone wasn't enough to maintain a relationship. So he loved the time with Eri and being a hero, but he also loved these quiet moments, when they were just two soulmates who loved each other.

"That sounds nice," Shouta smiled with a little stretch. "How was today?"

"It was good," Izuku hummed, "Busy. Classes then playing with Eri and working on things. What about you?"

"Same," he presses another kiss to Izuku's cheek, wrapping his arms around him and pulling him to his chest. "Well same in it was good. But teaching and working with Eri. She's a lot more comfortable with her quirk now."

"That's really good," Izuku hummed, a slight rumble of a purr to it.

"Hioshi texted, he said they want to go with us for Christmas break," Shouta shared.

"Mom wants to come too," Izuku added with a small smile. "She's excited to spoil Eri."

"I'll go ahead and book something then," Shouta offered. "Shouto stated he plans to spend the break with his mom and siblings as well as Momo. So, he'll be staying here."

“I’m glad they’re getting along so well. Eri will miss her Uncle Shoucchan but I’m still excited to give her a good Christmas,” he said softly. “We need to start figuring out what to get her.”

Shouta chuckled. “We have time,” he reminded him. “It’s still a month away. And I know somewhere we can go. Someone who sometimes rents out their own cabin. I’ll see if it’s still available.”

Izuku nodded. Everything was amazing. He was happy, their little family was happy. As he settled sleepily into Shouta’s arms, he hoped more moments could be like this one.

***

The run-down house was dark except for the single light in the room. A rat skittered across the floorboards and a dark-haired man paced, flames licking at his lips.

The League was scattered at this point, though he wasn’t concerned about them anymore. He’d never really answered to them, just to their Master who wasn’t around. His son didn’t appear to want to join him and he rarely left UA nowadays, not without a hero by his side at least. He didn’t understand, particularly with All for One locked away right now. He and Izuku, they could fill the void in the underworld. Izuku could be his heir. They could start something beautiful and terrifying of their own, be the ones society and heroes feared.

But his son was busy with his stupid school and playing house with the damn hero and his new daughter. He was his kid; he should be learning to rule the underworld with him; to bring fear to the people around them. But instead, he was adopting a child. A child he’d rescued from the raid on the yakuza group.

The yakuza group. What had they been up to again? Making quirk erasing bullets? Why would they need a little girl? Why would they orchestrate a whole raid just to save a little girl?

She must be something important, maybe a quirk that was dangerous or had a lot of power? Possibly something related to the bullets or something even bigger? Maybe, she’d be useful. And maybe, she could be the gateway to renewing a relationship with Izuku? Or even Inko. Sure, his soulmate had left him, but it had been for their son. If his son returned to him, joined him, maybe Inko would be with him again?

Yes, perfect, he grinned as he thought to himself. He’d just have to

find a time to meet the little girl, his granddaughter, to bring her over to his side. And she would bring her new father too and Inko would follow. Together they'd build a crime dynasty. The future was looking bright.

Chapter End Notes

As always you can find my with posts about updates and more over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Such A Good Father

Chapter Summary

Izuku, Shouta and their little family go on a trip

Chapter Notes

CW: Mostly fluff - kidnapping

Hey! Sorry it's been so long. I've had some things going on in my personal life and then on top of that I think I've just felt the stress to make sure I get this last arc right. I hope you enjoy and I hope it won't be this long until the next chapter.

The rest of the semester went by quickly and Shouta found himself, Izuku, Eri, Hitoshi, Katsuki and Ko-chan all heading up to the mountain cabin that he'd rented for the week to spend Christmas all together. They were thankfully piled into two different cars with Shouta driving his soulmate and Eri while Inko brought up the other two boys.

Eri had fallen asleep halfway there and Shouta just smiled as they drove, listening as Izuku shared about what he'd been working on, some new quirk he'd seen, and other things, adding input as he wanted to but perfectly content just listening to his soulmate. "You know, I love you," Shouta spoke up during a brief moment of silence, Izuku staring out the window at the trees and the good dusting of snow increasing as they climbed up into the mountains.

He turned back, a bright smile and shining green eyes. "I know," he told him. "And I love you too. And I'm very excited we're doing this. I liked it before but now that we have Eri, I think it'll be a good moment of normal for her. It's got to be difficult going from where she was to growing up in a hero school."

"I'm sure it is but she's doing so well," Shouta smiled softly, glancing at their daughter in the rearview mirror. Nedzu's research had shown that despite Izuku being a minor, their soulmate status still allowed them to adopt Eri together, once again with permission from Inko and the judge. Izuku had been so excited when they'd found out and Inko had agreed, though they decided to wait until the break between school years in a few months to officially start the process when they had more time for everything.

When they pulled up to the cabin, Inko's car pulling in behind them, Izuku smiled brightly. The cabin was surrounded by trees and he could just make out another cabins beyond them, not close but still within view over the treeline. There was plenty of snow on the ground and Shouta smiled as he pulled Eri from her car seat. "There should be more snow tomorrow, Princess," he told the girl who was looking around with wide eyes.

"More snow?" she asked softly, trying to take in everything around them.

"Yeah," Izuku grinned. "We can build a snowman and maybe we can go sledding or something." He was pretty sure he remembered the email Shouta sent him mentioning sleds in the shed out back.

"I've never done any of those things that I remember," she said softly. Shouta's heart ached and he was once again glad they did this. Their daughter deserved the best first Christmas together they could provide.

"Well, we'll get to try all those things and see what you like," Shouta smiled. "And I think Dad and Sobo are going to make cookies with you that we can decorate. I know you've been wanting to make cookies again."

She smiles brightly at that, "Making cookies was fun last time," she cheered. Shouta chuckled with a shake of his head, remembering his soulmate and their daughter covered in flour in the kitchen after a mishap with the mixer.

"I just hope this time is a little, cleaner," Shouta points out.

"Oh, it will be," Inko laughed, having received the photos Shouta took. "Some of us have enough experience to know better than to just hand a 6-year-old a hand mixer."

"I thought she had it," Izuku pouted, taking Eri from Shouta and setting her down before picking up a large suitcase they'd packed for Eri. "Come on princess, lets go figure out which room you'll be staying in."

"Will if be with you and Papa?" she asked.

"Right down the hall," he promised as they walked into the warmly furnished cabin, Kacchan and Toshi already putting things away in the little kitchen they'd brought with them. Izuku moved with Eri up the

stairs and pointed out a couple of the rooms. “So, Papa and I are going to stay in this room,” he pointed to one of the larger rooms that had a queen bed. “And just like at home if you need us you can knock on our door and come in. And your room while we’re here is over here.”

This was the first time Eri had stayed anywhere that wasn’t the dorms. They’d been to the house a few times for meals with Izuku’s mother and with others like Rei Todoroki the other week. But they’d always gone back to campus to stay the night, both feeling it was safer. So, when she saw the little room with the small bed, all wood and cozy with the little balcony that connected their rooms, the soft little floral touches that made it welcoming, she looked at Izuku. “This is my room?” she asked with wide eyes, reminding Izuku they should finish storing Shoucchan’s things and making the room more her own. It was a strange combination right now.

“Just for while we’re here,” he said softly, setting down the little suitcase. “But yes. Now Eri dear, I want you to be careful with the balcony, ok? You should ask one of us if you’re going to go our there.”

“Yes Dad,” she promises as she starts to explore the little room.

“I’m going to go help your Papa and the others unpack, princess,” Izuku smiled at her. “Your clothes and the toys we packed are right here, so feel free to pull out things you want.”

“Ok Dad!” she smiles, reaching for the bag.

“Once we get everything out of the car we can try to make a snowman or something if you want,” Izuku promised, smiling at the excited little reply before heading back down the stairs.

“I suppose that car behind us must have been going to another cabin up here,” Izuku overheard his mother say to Kacchan.

“Weird someone else from Mustafu came out here,” Toshi noted with a shrug. “But I guess it’s not that far a drive if someone was looking to get out of town.”

“The cabins up here are all privately owned,” Shouta shared as he set a box with presents in it in the closet. “But maybe someone else who rents theirs out or someone from the city who owns one of them?”

“Probably,” Kacchan shrugged. “Lots of people head to the mountains this time of year. Auntie you want me to set out things for cookies?”

Inko gave Izuku a questioning look, clearly wanting to know if cookies were for today. “I told Eri we would build a snowman,” Izuku shared, “So maybe tomorrow?”

“I was thinking tomorrow morning I’d try to find a tree so we could decorate it,” Shouta said. “You know, popcorn on a string and some of those ornaments the two of you made. I packed them in a box with the presents. Maybe while I’m getting the tree tomorrow you can bake cookies and then we can decorate the tree and cookies in the afternoon?”

“I think that sounds like a lovely idea,” Mom smiled brightly. “It will be nice to celebrate with everyone this year.”

Kacchan just pulled Toshi close and grinned. “I’m excited to celebrate with you this year,” he kissed his cheek, making the purple haired boy blushed. Christmas was often considered a holiday for couples, to celebrate it more like a western family would be fun. Shouta had explained it was how Hizashi’s family celebrates and he’d spent a number of Christmases with his best friends and enjoyed the traditions.

It was about half an hour later that Izuku had Eri all bundled up in snow clothes, looking like a little pink bunny in the jacket. “You ready to play in the snow?” he asked with a grin.

“Yes Dad!” she cheered as he led her back outside. Izuku knew Shouta said more snow was coming, the kind he hoped would be good for sledding later in the week. For now, he smiled at where his mate was already holding some sticks and a few other objects for creating their snowman. “Papa!” Eri cheered as she moved through the snow toward him.

“Hey Sweetheart,” he smiled at her, such a good father.

Izuku watched with a smile as Shouta started to show her the basics of making her own little snowman, helping her start to roll up and pack a ball of snow for the base. She looked up, “Dad, join us,” she said with adorable pleading eyes that Izuku knew he couldn’t say no to.

“I didn’t want to get in your way,” he said, tail flicking behind him, “But I’m happy to help if you need me.” He helped Eri and Shouta with the next circle, opting for a snowman made with just 2 balls of snow. “I think we get to give him arms and a face now!” he explained.

Eri did just that then she whispered something to Shouta who

laughed. Izuku watched as he broke two small twigs then lifted Eri up just a little so she could place them on the head of the snowman, making him look like he had little cat ears. Izuku blushed a little when Eri turned and grinned. “Look Dad! He’s a snow cat dad now!”

“He is,” Izuku scooped her up into his arms. “And I love it so much. It was very clever of you to come up with that!” Eri giggled as Izuku tickled her slightly.

“You should come in and get warm before the next snow fall comes,” Mom called from the door. “Katsuki is making hot cocoa.”

“You hear that?” Izuku said. “Uncle Kacchan is making hot cocoa! Let’s dust all this snow off and get inside.”

The sun was starting to set and Izuku helped Eri out of her snow clothes so she could drink hot cocoa in front of the little fire Toshi had set up. He watched as she curled up onto his mother’s lap, a cup of cocoa in her hands. Eri loved her Sobo and he was so glad that his mother had welcomed the girl with open arms. He didn’t really doubt she would, but he knew she’d be nervous about him taking this on. Thankfully she’d been nothing but supportive.

Izuku felt an arm snake around his own waist and pull him down on the couch. Shouta grinned from beside him, pressing a kiss to his cheek. “Your mom offered to watch Eri tonight and get her ready for bed if we wanted some time to just us,” he said with a smile.

“It’s been a while since we’ve had that,” Izuku nuzzled into Shouta’s side with a little purr.

“A storm is coming so we can’t go into town but I was thinking maybe we could eat dinner and watch a movie in our room? Like a little date?” Shouta suggested. “I brought my laptop for the movie.”

“That sounds really nice,” Izuku told him. So it was with a soft hug and a kiss on the forehead that Izuku told Eri that Sobo was going to watch her tonight but that if she needed anything important they’d be in the room he showed her earlier. Meanwhile Shouta was putting together two plates of the yakisoba Katsuki had cooked for dinner before giving Eri his own goodnight and leading his mate upstairs.

They both grinned as they settled on the bed, talking, laughing and eating their meals before Shouta started a film, the laptop resting on his stomach while Izuku curled into his side. It was their second movie and late in the evening when Shouta heard the little kitten snores

coming from his soulmate.

Shouta chuckled, turning the movie off and set his laptop aside before curling into Izuku's side, deciding it was time to settle into sleep himself.

It was a little after midnight when he woke to a small sound next door. Shouta yawned, untangling himself from around Izuku before crawling out of bed to check on their daughter, worried perhaps she'd had another nightmare.

He pushed the bedroom door open and his blood immediately ran cold. The room was empty, the sheets where Eri should have been shoved aside, just her little green kitten plush laying there. Snow swirled into the room from the balcony door as the storm raged outside and Shouta immediately moved that way to see if Eri was outside, to bring her back in where it was warm.

There was no one, just footsteps too large to be hers on the balcony, slowly being covered by the snow. "Eri!" he called out nervously. "Eri!"

"Shouta?" a sleepy voice called from the other door leading to the balcony. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know, Eri isn't in bed and the balcony door was open," he said. Izuku quickly turned to walk into Eri's room but stopped. Shouta turned to look at what he was seeing and his heart stopped. There, taped to the door so they could only see it from this angle was a note.

Looking forward to getting to know my granddaughter. Excited to be a family again.

Love – Your Father

Internal Battle

Chapter Summary

Shouta and Izuku both deal with realizing Eri's been taken

Chapter Notes

CW: Kidnapping, referenced child abuse

2 weeks in a row with chapters :o I'm on a roll
I thank you for all your support of this story

Also if you missed it I put out an aideku one shot called Spring Reminds me of You

I'll link it at the bottom too :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku couldn't breathe, couldn't think. The only thing tethering him to any form of reality in this very moment was Shouta standing beside him.

His father had been here. And he had taken Eri.

"We'll find her," Shouta said softly. Izuku looked at him, focused on him, and nodded. "It's too dark and snowy for us to try to track him right now," Shouta added. "I'm going to call the police and Nedzu to see if we can get some back up. You make sure everyone else is ok. If he was here, we don't know if this is the only room he came to."

Izuku nodded, still not fully sure he was comprehending everything just yet, just knowing he had to find Eri. He'd promised to keep her safe, to be there. But he'd sort that out in a moment, for now he quickly left to check on his mom and his friends.

Shouta took a deep breath. This ended now. Ifrit had already taken so much from his soulmate: his sense of peace, his freedom. He refused to let him keep stealing from their lives. "Eraser?" Tsukauchi's tired voice called. "What's going on?"

"I know we're out of your jurisdiction but related on going case so I'm calling you before I call local," Shouta said. "Ifrit just took Eri."

“Fuck,” the detective cursed. “Did she have her tracker on?”

“It’s a little anklet, she never takes it off and I don’t see it on the ground so I assume so,” Shouta said. “I haven’t checked the location yet. The snow is coming down hard here though so he’s got to be holing up somewhere nearby.”

“I’ll get a group together,” Tsukauchi said quickly, Shouta hearing a shuffle of papers and the click of a keyboard in the background. “Some heroes who were already involved in the last case with him.”

“Call Smoke and Phoenix if they’re free,” Shouta insisted, knowing Hosu was a little closer to them. “They’re invested. As are Mic and Midnight. I’m going to call Nedzu. Izuku is checking on the rest of the family. I’ll send you our location.”

“I’ll get there as soon as I can,” Tsukauchi sighed. “I’m not sure how quick that’ll be with the weather but I’ll do my best. May come with the other heroes so it’ll take a few to round them up. Whatever you do, do not go after Ifrit alone. Or with just your students.”

“I know how dangerous he is Tsuka,” Shouta huffed. “But he has my daughter. So, you better be fast.”

“I’m going to be as fast as I can Eraser,” the detective gritted out. “And you waiting for us to get there with backup is going to be best.”

Shouta could hear the panicked commotion from Ko-san down the hall and knew Izuku had found his mother. He ended the call with Tsukauchi and proceeded to call Nedzu, not caring that it was after midnight and the rat would complain about how interrupting his beauty sleep would deter the growth of a glossy coat. “Aizawa-kun,” Nedzu said with tired curiousity. “It’s quite late and you’re on vacation. I hope this is.”

Shouta didn’t let him finish. “Ifrit took Eri,” he quickly informed him. “I need you to get as many teachers as you can from the school and send them our way as soon as possible. Tsukauchi is putting together a team too but I want people who care about Eri, who’ll make sure she comes home.”

“I’ll send them to you,” Nedzu stated, no more chiding in his voice. “We’ll make sure the little mouse makes it home.”

He took a deep breath and finished his conversation with Nedzu. He sent both men their location so they’d have it then pulled open his

tracking app. He saw the little green and red blips for Ko-san and Izuku nearby. The little purple dot for Eri was further way, a couple of miles but it seemed to have stopped moving further than just a few feet at a time. Shouta pulled up a map of the area and looked up the coordinates. It was a small cottage, off any roads, so at least his daughter wasn't out in this weather. He hated the idea of leaving her there, of her spending one moment more than she had to with that monster, but he also knew he couldn't go up against Ifrit alone. And while he had 3 hero students with him, they were just that: students. And students without any of their gear at that. While Izuku's gear was less vital to his quirks, Katsuki and Hitoshi both had important support gear.

He groaned, pocketing his cellphone before he stepped out in the hall to see Hitoshi walking his way, looking determined. "We're going to get her, right? Right?"

"Toshi, it's dark, it's snowing and we can't go up against Ifrit on our own. Nedzu is sending back up and Tsuka is on his way. They will be here as quickly as they can," Shouta said.

"We can't just leave her with him!" Hitoshi yelled at his brother, real anger in his voice.

"You think I don't know that!" Shouta yelled back. "It's like when I lost Izuku all over again, Toshi except she's 6, she has no clue how to protect herself. But it's storming, none of you have your gear, and I can't take him on alone!"

"So, what if we don't have our gear," Katsuki growled from further down the hall, "And so what if it's storming. We're heroes, this is what we do."

"You're students," Shouta reminded them. "Ifrit has taken out full-fledged heroes before, veterans in the field. Back up is on their way and we will rescue her as soon as they're here."

"I don't understand," Hitoshi hissed. "Why can't we just go?"

"Because I'm not losing one of you too!" He said softly, obvious worry in his voice. "I'm watching where she in on the monitor. She's in a building, she's still moving around. I know this is painful, but I don't think he means to hurt her, not based on the note he left."

"Shouta," Izuku said, voice sounding broken. "That note means nothing. Granddaughter, family, father. His sense of all that is warped

beyond recognition. He's not going to treat her like Mom treats her."

"We have to hope," Shouta started but Izuku interrupted, yelling at him for the first time in their relationship.

"I can't hope Shouta!" he said, tears coming to his eyes. "I still have the scars from what he did to me! From what he thought being a good father meant! She's been though enough; I can't let her go through more because of him." Shouta could all but actually hear the unspoken 'because of me'.

An internal battle raged within Shouta. Izuku was right about his so-called father, but he also knew they were out matched and fighting in the snow would put then at a disadvantage against someone who could use fire. "And if she has to watch something happen to one of us because we go in unprepared," he asked, trying to keep his voice calm, leaning into the logic he himself was barely holding onto. "Or worse, she gets caught in some kind of crossfire? What then Izuku? I understand your concern but we need to wait for back up. I'll call Tsuka and Nedzu back and get an ETA. I was hoping to have people here within the hour."

Izuku huffed and moved out of the room, tears in his eyes. The sight about broke Shouta for the second time that night, watching Izuku retreat into their room. He understood where his mate was coming from: he'd endured mistreatment and would never want Izuku or Eri to be in the hands of his own father. But his father wasn't a high rank villain. Rushing into this, going in as they were, it could be disastrous.

He pulled out his phone, calling back Tsukauchi to start with. "I have a group gathering at the station, Nedzu is sending some too, and I plan for us to be on our way in the next ten minutes," the detective informed him. "Please don't do anything stupid."

"I'm not," Shouta huffed. "But like I said before you need to hurry."

"We're doing our best Eraser," Tsukauchi gritted. "I know this is important to you but we don't have the ability to just teleport there. We'll see you soon."

Shouta leaned against the wall after the call, eyes closed. This was supposed to be a fun get away, not whatever it was turning out to be. Soft footsteps moving his way made him open his eyes, green eyes staring back at him but not the ones he hoped for. "What's happening, Shouta?" she asked firmly, tears running down her own face.

He sighed, pushing back his hair a bit. “The other heroes are on their way and I have 3 teenagers who are very angry with me right now, including your son,” he ran a hand down his face. “I understand their worry, I do but.”

“But Hizashi is dangerous,” Ko-chan nodded in understanding. “Shouta, I know what it’s like to be worried for the safely of a child, to see a child I love hurt by his hands. Please don’t make my son go through the same thing. Please bring her home.”

“I’m trying my best, Ko-chan,” he promised. “I’m trying to make sure Eri and all of us come home safe.” She laid a gentle hand on his forearm and gave him a sad half smile.

“You should talk to Izuku,” Inko said. “I know he’s worried, and this brings up a lot of memories for him. Hizashi has done so much harm. I know you can’t give him what he wants, to go right now, but at least give him understanding?”

Shouta drew a shaky breath. “I can give him that. The side of me that’s her father is waring with the hero that knows we can’t face it alone. I understand what he wants to do so much,” he said.

“Then go tell him that,” Inko said. “He needs support. He needs you.”

Shouta pulled her into a hug. “Thanks Ko-chan. I’ll talk to him. And I’ll bring them all home safe.”

“I know,” she rubbed his back in a motherly way, one he had longed for so much growing up. “Now go.”

Shouta pulled away and nodded before taking a few steps down the hall, watching the woman retreat, it seemed in search of the other boys. Inko Midoriya truly was an amazing woman. He pulled his thoughts back to the task at had, stopped in front of his bedroom door, taking a deep breath before knocking lightly and pushing the door open. “Kitten?” he called softly but there was no answer. The room was empty. He hadn’t seen Izuku leave though so he moved toward the balcony, wondering if he was out there. He pushed the doors open, but once again nothing except the slowing fall of snow and a fresh set of footprints.

A set of footprints that shifted into paw prints, leading to a section of balcony railing devoid of snow, like something had climbed over there. His heart stopped in his chest as he moved back into the room. He couldn’t, he wouldn’t.

But he could. Izuku was Nedzu's student. Hacking the alert system wouldn't be difficult for him. He pulled out his phone, already dialing as he yelled for Katsuki and Hitoshi to put on snow gear, grabbing his own scarf out of his luggage. "Eraser?" Tsukauchi's voice came through the line. "What are you calling for?"

"Change of plans, follow the coordinates for Eri's alert," Shouta instructed.

"Eraser, you can't go," the detective started.

"Izuku already left to go get her," Shouta stated, panic in his voice as he heard the detective curse. Izuku had been what the man wanted all along, he couldn't let this happen. "I'm not losing both of them. I'll see you there."

He hung up and stepped outside the room, his brother and Katsuki were soon standing in front of him, dressed in snow gear. "What's going on?" Hitoshi asked.

"Get in the car now," he ordered, knowing they'd never catch up to a snow leopard on foot, he'd have to get as close by road as possible. "We're going to give Izuku back up and bring Eri home."

Chapter End Notes

As always you can find my with posts about updates and more over here No One of Consequence's Discord

And new one Shot -

Spring Reminds me of You

Family

Chapter Summary

Everyone prepares for a fight

Chapter Notes

CW: Kidnapping, referenced implied child abuse, references to violence

I'm back! With a new chapter!

Also - I'm constantly blown away by the support from all of you! This story has over 1600 subscribers which just blows my mind. To celebrate I'll be doing something special (I'll be posting a poll in my discord once I come up with a few ideas - I'm not sure when it'll be out though as it'll take time to come up with ideas, poll and then create) and I'll let you know when that's ready to go. You're all amazing!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been so easy to take his granddaughter from her bed. She hadn't even woken up until they were almost to the cottage he was using. He wanted to stay close, wanted his son to find him. It didn't make sense to do anything else, not if this was all to bring his family back together.

Family.

Family was an interesting thing. Hisashi could remember his own family: the pressure from his father to follow in his footsteps, to achieve something great in the underworld. The training, the practice, all the things that made him into who he was. He'd only wanted that for his son too. If Izuku's quirk had just manifested when he'd tried to help him then they could have had that.

Inko must have known somehow. She must have realized that his quirk would show up on its own if he just gave them time. His soulmate was so smart, so clever. Though why she had to break their bond in the process he still didn't understand. He could win her back though; his father had always won back his mother. They could repair the bond and all be a happy family again.

Which brought him back to the little girl, looking down, trembling slightly. “Where’s Dad and Papa?” she asked. “Who are you?”

“I’m your Sofu,” he grinned, knowing she’d be so happy to finally meet him.

“I don’t have a Sofu anymore,” the little girl said softly, looking terrified. She must be talking about that old man from the yakuza group. See, she wouldn’t even know she had a grandfather if he hadn’t shown back up.

“You do,” he grinned, little puffs of smoke coming from his lips in the cold air. “I’m your dad’s father.”

Eri shook her head. “Dad never mentioned his dad,” she said softly. “I want to go home to Dad and Papa.”

Papa. That damned hero again. He’d stolen his son when he was working on bringing him over, after he’d asked the boss to give him a gift and everything. Then he’d been around too much, keeping his family from him. Eraserhead was the reason his family couldn’t be together and he wouldn’t let the man continue to stand in his way. “I’m sure that you, me and your Dad can be a family,” he huffed, pushing open the door to the tiny, broke down cabin and setting the little girl down, silently trying to remember her name again.

Eri. Right. His granddaughter Eri.

She was still trembling slightly, backing away into a corner of the room as Hisashi dusted snow off his boots. Well, he sighed as he thought, at least she was well behaved from what he’d observed so far. Izuku had been well behaved too, unlike his best friend who was always a mouthy little shit even when they were little. Well, behaved ideally meant more pliable, and from what he understood she had a fairly powerful quirk.

She could be a great successor after Izuku. With All for One captured, he could easily win over other members of the league: Shigaraki was too impulsive, too wild to truly lead them. He could build a dynasty from their ashes and have his family set to benefit from it all.

Just a few more pieces he needed to fall into place. His plan was simple really. Retrieve his granddaughter, then his son who he knew would follow. After that he could work on winning his wife back, on reminding Inko they were two sides of the same coin just like his parents had been.

He didn't know how long it would take, but he hoped they would come soon. Or at least that Izuku would come soon. If they waited too long, he'd have to move. He knew that hero would want to bring back up, it was what a hero would do. He could only hope that his son would want to act, would want to move.

The girl was moving around a bit in one side of the room, mostly sniffing to herself and looking like she was missing something. Maybe he should have grabbed the stupid stuffed animal that was in her bed? Didn't Izuku always like stuffed animals? Or things along those lines. Well, it didn't matter now. He tried to talk to her but she mostly cowered, kept her head down. Just nods and yes sirs, no sirs.

He thankfully didn't have to wait long. There was a little growl outside and Hisashi felt a grin come to his face. The prodigal son returning home. And based on the movement he could hear from here, he had come alone.

***

Izuku raced through the woods on four paws in the direction the tracker had shown. It had been easy to hack the system, it wasn't the first time he'd done it, having first learned how when he was waiting to rescue Eri. It helped, watching her move around on the little screen, knowing she still carried it with her. He had never hoped to use the skill again, yet here he was.

The snow had accumulated nicely but with his form, moving through it wasn't an issue and he was so glad that he'd practiced his snow leopard form as often as he had with Shoucchan. The use of it now was helpful, his other forms couldn't have moved through the wintery terrain this quickly.

A part of him felt bad. He knew Shouta was going to be mad, worried when he found out. But Shouta hadn't lived under his father, hadn't dealt with the pain of him trying to force manifest his quirk. He hadn't been kidnapped and tortured by Ifrit. But Izuku had, and he couldn't let Eri go through what he'd been through, not when the only reason that man had even taken her was because of him. Ifrit wouldn't have bothered with Eri if she had been with anyone else. If Izuku had found her another home instead of insisting he could be her hero, her dad, then she'd probably be safe right now.

He picked up on the smell first. Something like cinders and charcoal mixed with Eri's scent like her apple shampoo. Following it, kicking

up snow, when he cleared the tree line and the cabin came into view, he couldn't help the little growl that came from him. He'd roar if he could in this form but that wasn't possible.

Apparently, his little growl hadn't been little enough. He began to shift back as the door to the cabin opened, as the man who claimed to be his father stepped out. The last two times he'd faced him he'd been terrified and, if he was being honest, he still was. But this time he had more at stake. It wasn't just him trying to escape, trying to live his life. The man had taken Eri. And he'd protect her at any cost.

Without his gear, his own pair of goggles, Izuku couldn't hide the glow his eyes took on as he tried to find a weakness. But his father apparently wasn't having that, flame bursting forth from him, lighting a branch on fire. The small inferno, the heat and haze that rose from it, obscured Izuku's view and the smoke made it difficult for him to hold his gaze.

"I know what gifts Sensei gave you, son," his father scoffed. "I don't think that's how he intended you to use them though."

"I don't care what he wants. Where is she?" Izuku asked, the growl still evident in his voice as he heard the door to the cabin close.

"She's safe," Ifrit insisted. "You think I'd hurt my own granddaughter?"

"You hurt me," Izuku hissed, the burns on his back an everlasting reminder while the memories of pain shooting through his chained-up body were still fresh in his mind.

"I was making you stronger, Izuku," his father said. "I was helping you. So you could join me. So we could create an empire together."

"You burned me!" Izuku yelled. "You tortured me! You made my life hell! Why would I ever join you?" He couldn't help the anger, the frustrated tears streaming from his eyes. "Just give me my daughter back so I can take her home."

"You're both home now," Ifrit looked at him, Izuku's words not seeming to compute as he continued to argue. "You're finally where you belong. By my side."

Izuku had always known his father was twisted, demented. But the level to which he was now seeing that was true was completely unbelievable. "My home is with Shouta. Your delusion ends tonight,"

Izuku stated.

“Son, I’m offering you a chance at greatness,” his father commanded. “At something my father only dreamed of. We could rule the underworld together.”

“That’s not my dream,” Izuku shifted into a defensive stance. “It never was. Just like you were never a father to me. Not really.”

Those words seemed to set something lose in the man, and Izuku saw the wings of flame sprout from his back, saw the fire between them jump to the tree line, and now, with an uninhibited view, Izuku could see the madness in the villain’s eyes, barely visible in the flame and shadow surrounding him. “You’ll join me one way or another Izuku,” his voice was cold, sending a shiver down Izuku’s back. “We’ll be a family and you’ll forget all about these other stupid dreams. I’ll help you to become what you’re destined for.”

As the flames rose and the door to the cabin opened again, revealing terrified red eyes that accompanied a scream of “Dad!”, Izuku had only two goals in mind: save his daughter and return to his soulmate.

***

Shouta wasn’t sure he could think, he could breathe. But he was keeping himself together and he and the two boys moved towards the car. “Wait!” he heard a voice call. He turned to see Ko-san racing behind them. “I’m coming too.”

“You can’t,” Shouta told her. “It’s dangerous, he’s.”

“I know exactly what he is Shouta,” the woman leveled a hard look at him. “I’ve stood up to him before and if need be, I’ll do it again. He’s not hurting my son more than he already has.”

Shouta wanted to argue, wanted to explain that it was dangerous, that the man was obviously more unhinged than he’d been all those years ago. But the determination in the woman’s eyes was evident and he didn’t have time to argue; Izuku was already getting close to the dot that represented Eri and unlike Izuku, they’d have to try to move through the streets. He nodded and watched as she moved around to the other side of the car, climbing into the driver’s seat himself.

He set the coordinate in his GPS, sending up silent prayers that Ifrit didn’t have the man with the warp gate quirk assisting him, and began to drive, thankful he’d already prepared the car to drive in snow. Ko-

san slid into the passenger seat as the two boys waited anxiously in the back. Shouta could hear Katsuki mutter something about hating the cold but he didn't have time to process it. He was putting the car in drive and trying to follow the directions as best he could. It seemed the roads could get them within a quarter mile of the cabin, but from there they'd have to walk.

Ko-san reached over and cranked the heat up at one point, it was so warm he was sweating. "Thanks Auntie," Katsuki grumbled from the back seat, Shouta glancing back to see Hitoshi trying to warm his boyfriend's hands.

Sweat. Fuck. Katsuki's quirk was dependent on his sweat. And it was freezing outside. They were at a bigger disadvantage than he'd realized. "Please let them be ok," he mumbled to himself as he pulled to the side of the road, the closest the GPS could get them.

That's when he saw the orange light in the distance, the smoke rising in the air, and his heart stopped in his chest. The trees were on fire, the fight had already begun. "Hurry," he jumped out of the car. He didn't have time for a plan, for recon. This wasn't like when they rescued Eri before. They were going in blind and would have to make something work, anything work.

Shouta refused to leave without his family.

Chapter End Notes

> As always you can find my with posts about updates and more over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Still Terrifying

Chapter Summary

The final face off against Ifrit

Chapter Notes

CW - Violence, referenced child abuse and abusive relationships

Hey all! Sorry this chapter took so long - I'm really bad at writing fight scenes. Thanks for hanging in there. 2 things:

1) The poll in my discord resulted in a one shot Bonds Wedding! So I'll be writing that once the story wraps up. To keep up with when that or other works of mine post, you can subscribe to me or join my discord (link in the end notes)

2) Speaking of other works, I have a new aideku one shot out! Link is in the end notes if you haven't read it yet!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Taking a deep breath as she trudged through the snow, Inko pulled her coat tight and steeled herself. It had been over 10 years since she'd seen Hisashi, since she'd broken her bond. And while she knew it was the right choice, that she and her son, that their new family, were better without him, the idea of facing him again was still terrifying.

He'd always known how to pull her strings in ways others hadn't, to manipulate her into things and keep her in his web. The trigger to pull her out had been Izuku. And as her breath turned to fog that December evening, she thought of her son, her granddaughter, all the people she couldn't let Hisashi take: the ones she couldn't let him destroy like he'd once tried to destroy her, slowly from the inside out. She didn't know what she could do, but she'd do her best.

Shouta was agitated, with obvious reason, as he moved ahead of her through the snow. He was everything she could have hoped for in a soulmate for her son: he was everything Hisashi wasn't. Kind, understanding, patient and someone who helped bring out the best in Izuku, helped him realize his own dreams rather than trying to force him into a place in his. It was such a loving and supportive relationship. Even in his frustration right now, everything he was

doing was to bring Izuku and Eri home, to keep them safe.

He turned back to her as they neared the flames rising through the trees in the forest. “Ko-san, if it gets too dangerous, I need you to try to get Eri and leave,” he insisted, looking at her pleadingly. “And if something happens to us, please take care of her.”

“You’re not allowed to talk like that Shouta,” Inko looked at him harshly. “You know I will if it comes to that but you’re not allowed to think like that. We’re all going home, you hear me.”

“I hope so,” he smiled at her softly. “Thank you, Ko-san.” Inko took a deep breath. Shouta had never directly faced Hisashi before. He’d been a monster in the shadows, someone lurking and pulling strings. And much like Inko, Shouta was also terrified.

“We’ll do this together,” she promised, trying to sound braver than she felt.

Shouta took a deep breath and turned back towards where they were heading. He wasn’t sure what would happen, he couldn’t make any promises like Ko-san could. He could only do his best to save his family, to end this once and for all. They reached the edge of the fire, flames licking at branches and leaves as they rose higher, almost a threat in the heat and ferocity: do not enter here.

But Shouta wasn’t about to heed the warning, instead stepping through an open place in the flames, Katsuki and Hitoshi following. He could just hear the tiny pop sound of Katsuki testing his quirk in the new found heat over the crackling of the fire. And as their soft footsteps got closer to the center of the inferno, Shouta felt his heart drop at the sound he heard.

The anguished cry of a jungle cat. Izuku was in pain.

Breaking into a sprint, Shouta raced forward, breaking the tree line, entering the middle of the inferno with no plan, only adrenaline. And there, in the middle of it, was a singed and growling snow leopard, standing between a man alight with a blaze around him and their little girl. The air was hazy from heat and smoke but even through that, Shouta could see the blood on one of Izuku’s back legs, the way it looked mangled even as it glowed, obviously healing the wrong way but Izuku not concentrating on stopping it. And the way, despite the pain he must be in, his soulmate did his best to growl at his father, to protect their daughter.

Shouta activated his quirk, stopping the healing, forcing Izuku to shift and the flames surrounding the villain he faced extinguishing, though it did nothing to temper the forest burning around them.

“Get Eri and Izuku,” Shouta gave directions to the boys, quiet as angry eyes turned to him and he did his best to keep from blinking.

“You,” the man hissed, and Shouta felt a tinge of fear crawl up his spine. Ifrit, even no longer in flames, had a presence about him that was frankly, even after all Shouta had seen, terrifying. “You, I’m glad you decided to show up Eraserhead.” Smoke stung his eyes, he could feel them watering, and the blink happened quicker than he’d hoped, losing eye sight of the villain and feeling his coat catch fire. “You are poisoning my son’s mind,” Ifrit hissed, “Making him think that whatever this thing is will be better for him than what I, his father, can offer him.”

“You’re not a father to Izu,” Shouta shook his head, trying to pat the fire out as he reactivated his quick. He had seen fathers; he’d had his own shit father. “You’re just some entitled asshole who kidnapped him and then kidnapped our daughter. You’re a man with a delusion that will never be a reality.”

The flames burst forth again the moment Shouta blinked, eyes stinging from the elements around them and wishing he had his goggles. The growl hit his ear though and he wiped the watery mess away as quickly as possible, looking up immediately at his soulmate, still obviously injured, eyes glowing before he lunged at the man. “You’re still making terrible mistakes tonight, son,” Ifrit smiled placing a hand out to catch his son’s throat in the jaguar form Shouta could see he’d taken on. He didn’t see Eri anymore, which he hoped meant one or both of the boys had pulled her away.

Izuku screamed in pain and Shouta quickly activated his quirk, watching Izuku’s body shift and change back into his human form, the screaming thankfully stopping. “You are a fucking menace,” Ifrit gritted out, tightening his grip on Izuku’s neck, Shouta watching as his mate gasped for air. He took a step forward but the villain just smirked, “I can always find a way to bring him back. The doctor had a lab you never found. Don’t test me.”

Shouta felt the panic in his chest, trying to figure out what to do as he watched the man he loved struggle for breath, not doubting Ifrit in his derangement would follow through with his threat.

“Let him go Hisashi,” he heard the voice say. No, he felt the panic in his chest escalate. Ko-san was here; Ko-san was stepping out of the woods toward them. “Release my son,” she demanded. “Release him now.”

“Inko,” the man gasped, seeming unhinged as he looked at his ex-wife, though his grip relaxed slightly, Shouta watching as Izuku sucked in much needed air. “You came back.”

“Hisashi,” she shook her head. “I left because you hurt my son, because you weren’t a good man. What makes you think hurting him again is going to fix anything?”

Shouta just barely saw the movement out of the corner of his eye, the person moving in the woods, unsure if it was one of the boys or someone else. Then there was the slow movement of something off the ground behind him. “Inko,” the villain said with conviction, entirely focused on the woman and noticing neither, “I’m doing this for us. I’m doing this to make our family whole again.”

“What part of this is doing that, Hisashi?” she demanded, a fierceness in her eyes. “You always talked about family and bonds and the life we’d have but you’re the one who destroyed those things. You and your ambitions and the thoughts in your head and the way you were willing to hurt us to create that dream.” She took another step forward as she quickly pulled her fingers toward her, a large branch hitting Hisashi’s wrist, making him let go of Izuku’s throat.

“You’re supposed to be on my side,” Hisashi screamed.

“Why on earth should she be?” he heard his brother’s voice.

The man paused with a little smirk on his face turning completely away from Shouta. “Clever,” he eventually said. “But I know that trick, I’ve seen you use it.”

Shouta was waiting no longer now that the man no longer had a hold on his mate, lunging at Ifrit during his multitude of distractions, reaching for his scarf so once he was close enough, he could try to entrap him or at least his hands, hoping the capture weapon would hold up to the fire. He noticed Izuku lunge at the same moment, shifting to a jaguar form and biting down around his neck.

The moment he did there was a cry of pain a burst of flames. As Shouta froze and activated his quick, he could see the fire surrounding the man diminish, Izuku also shifting back as Ifrit once again had a

hand on him. The scream stopped but the villain kept a firm hold on Izuku, waiting for Shouta to blink again with a wild, manic grin.

“Hisashi stop!” Ko-san cried out, voice somewhere between pleading and panic. “Hurting people isn’t how you be a family!”

“I’m trying to make him stronger,” the man hissed, “Keeping him in line.”

“You’re not,” Ko-san yelled, voice shaking, Shouta sure if he looked her way, if he was willing to take his eyes off his soulmate who was struggling to break free of the grip and the villain who held him, that he would see her crying. “You’re just hurting him and hurting us. This is why you were such a bad soulmate. Someone twisted you to think this is love.”

More debris flew up and hit the man again, breaking his grip on Izuku and causing him to hiss in anger as Izuku took a few steps back, Shouta seeing the green light just out of the corner of his eyes just before he blinked and then a hand on his wrist, fire bursting forth and a scream as pain jolted through his body, like lightning running through his bones, crackling with too much energy, trying to tear him apart.

It was at that moment a few things happened all at once: Shouta opened his eyes for a brief moment, not long enough to activate his quirk, just long enough to see a green jaguar latch onto Hisashi’s leg and a set of red feathers whistle by, stabbing into the man and pushing him further back. “Hawks?” Shouta asked in confusion, barely gasping out the name.

“A little rat said you needed help,” the winged hero said as he swooped down, feather sword in hand. “And with the snow letting up I’m a bit faster than the others.”

Shouta nodded, pulling Izuku into his arms, clothes singed and body hurting, knowing he was burnt and feeling the aftershocks of pain still running through his body. He saw a green light as a hand shakily lifted up to his face and the pain began to subside some.

“I’m sorry,” Izuku rasped even as Shouta could feel everything healing, the cold and sweat sending a strange shiver down his spine.

“No, you’re not,” Shouta sighed, nestling his nose into green curls as Hawks battled the flame villain, little explosions telling him Katsuki had joined the fight. “But we’ll talk about it later.”

Izuku nodded before both rushed in to help Hawks, feathers flying and tumbling through the snow until Izuku as a jaguar and multiple feathers had Ifrit pinned to the ground long enough for Hawks to click some quirk suppressant cuffs around his wrists even as he struggled, doing his best to try to send flames up, burning both feathers and Izuku both in the process until they died out again. Izuku's leg was still mangled, he was badly burned, and Hawks was missing too many feathers to take flight again. Sirens could be heard in the distance as Shouta watched Izuku roll off his father into the snow, shifting back to his human form, badly burned before he began to glow green again. "Is Eri ok?"

"Tosh and Auntie have her," Katsuki grumbled, having switched places with Hitoshi when it became evident Ifrit wasn't going to fall for trigger for mind control.

"Good," he sighed before his eyes closed, exhaustion taking over. Shouta scooped him into his arms as a firetruck and a couple cop cars began moving as close as they could, calling out and moving through the woods, the firefighters pulling a long hose attached to something somewhere.

Shouta wasn't paying attention though, pulling Izuku in his arms and watching his chest lift and fall even as Eri rushed to him. He wrapped an arm around the crying girl and pressed a kiss to her cheek. "We're safe now, sweetheart. We're all safe."

Chapter End Notes

> Here's my new one-shot! If you like fluff, gay panic, and Aideku with a small side of Shinbaku, then you should check it out!
>
> In Love With My Gym Bro
>
> As always you can find my with posts about updates and more over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Can't Promise

Chapter Summary

The Aftermath of the fight with Ifrit

Chapter Notes

CW: Hospitals, referenced violence

Hey yall - I don't have an exact number of chapters left yet, but we're nearing the end. This was the last major arc and there's just a little wrap up to do in the following chapters and then the wedding one shot

I have a new Slice of Life story with will follow multiple different people and couples with no solid plot just little snapshots of their lives. Link in the End Notes.

I also have another Aideku Soulmate story that I'm working on so details on that coming soon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

All Izuku knew as the fuzz of unconsciousness faded was his body hurt and he was no longer cold and on fire at the same time. There was something small and warm curled into his side as the beeps of something sounded in even tones in the background. His whole body felt weird, off, and he groaned before he blinked open, wincing at the bright light from somewhere in the room.

Once his eyes adjusted to the light, he glanced around at the little hospital room. Shouta was next to him in a little chair next to a light on the wall, though he seemed to have fallen asleep, and the warmth curled into his side he turned to see was Eri. He reached up a hand and ran it gently through pale silver hair. While he knew the choices he'd made tonight had been stupid, and he knew Shouta and his mother would both be upset with him, he couldn't find it in himself to regret going after his daughter. She was here and safe, which was all that mattered and he knew if he'd waited and his father had hurt her, he'd never be able to live with himself.

She shifted some, snuggling in closer to him, and he smiled softly until the door pushed open and a nurse walked in. "Oh, you're awake," she smiled at him, a familiar tired look he'd seen on his mother's face

more than once. “Recovery Girl should be back soon to check on you. We have you on a quirk suppressant to prevent your healing quirk from taking over since your leg began to heal wrong. They may cause dizziness or a sluggish feeling, as well as some feeling of disconnect at times between your brain and everything else: we sometimes call it brain fog. You may also feel nauseous. I can give you something for that if you need it. What’s your pain level?” She pointed to a chart and Izuku considered the little pictures of different levels of distressed faces.

“Maybe a five?” Izuku said, voice raspy as he looked at the images.

“Izuku,” he heard Shouta’s voice sigh from next to him having apparently woken up while the nurse was talking. “What’s it really?”

Izuku looked over at him sheepishly. “A seven,” he said softly.

The nurse nodded. “I’ll get some pain meds for you. Do you need anything for your tummy?”

“I think that’s fine but I’m thirsty,” I said, feeling the scratchiness in his throat.

“I’ll get some ice chips too,” she nodded. “I’ll be back in a minute and someone will be in for vitals and labs in a few.”

The nurse walked out, leaving a sleeping Eri and the tense silence between Shouta and Izuku. Finally, Izuku heard movement followed by the bed next to him shifting. Then a hand moved, shifting through his hair, and Izuku glanced up as Shouta pressed a kiss to his cheek. “I’m still mad at you,” he said softly.

“I know,” Izuku grimaced. “I just,” he looked for the right words but the best he could find was, “I couldn’t leave her. It felt like my fault he took her and I couldn’t leave her alone again.”

“I know but we were working on getting her back,” Shouta sighed. “I was on the phone with Nedzu and Tsukauchi and trying to get back up.” He sighed and ran a hand through his hair. “Kitten, the only reasons we’re alive right now is because you can heal and Hawks showed up. As it is, he’s going to be out of commission for a few days while his wings regrow. I just,” his voice choked up. “Izuku when I realized you were gone do you know how much I panicked? I thought he’d kill you or disappear with you again. I was terrified already about losing Eri and then I thought I was going to lose you too.”

“I know,” Izuku looked down. “But I couldn’t leave her alone and I knew you wouldn’t let me go. I just acted.”

“Izuku,” Shouta took his hand. “If I hadn’t been coming to talk to you, to listen, to explain to you I understand, then I wouldn’t have known you were gone. What would have happened if we hadn’t shown up? If I’d decided to give you space rather than trying to talk?” Shouta took a deep breath, calming himself as he saw Eri stir some. “I know your father was bad, and I know you were worried. I grew up in a bad home, in bad foster homes. I know.”

“Do you?” Izuku asked, moving his hand to Shouta’s wrist, running a finger over some of the little scars from cigarette burns. “If the person who did this to you had Eri, would you have been able to sit by and wait?”

Izuku watched as Shouta’s breath hitched, as he looked down. “No, and they weren’t as bad as your father.”

“They hurt you,” Izuku stated softly. “Like he hurt me. And you wouldn’t let them hurt Eri too.”

“But I would have talked to you about it,” Shouta followed up. “Izuku I wouldn’t have run off alone.” Shouta took another breath. “I’m not mad about how you felt. I’m mad because you went off without talking.”

“You weren’t listening Shouta,” Izuku said, feeling tears well up in his eyes. “You’d decided what we were going to do. And when the rest of us tried to argue our points, you shut us down.”

“Izuku, do you know how I found out you were gone?” Shouta said softly, a seriousness in his voice. “I was coming to tell you I understood how you were feeling but I was trying to be responsible as a hero. I was trying to logically make sure everyone made it out. No one but me had any gear, we didn’t have any back up, and Ifrit was dangerous. He did all of this to get you, to bring you to him. I was on edge, I didn’t want her to get hurt, but I didn’t want the rest of you to get hurt either. I didn’t want her to see us get hurt. She sobbed in my arms after you passed out. When they took you back for surgery, she screamed and tried to run after you. She hasn’t left your side since you came back to the room.” He took a shaky breath. “I was trying to get her back and avoid all of this or worse.”

Izuku looked down, tears in his own eyes, knowing he’d caused Eri pain, hurting her in a way his father couldn’t. “I was just trying to

save her, Shouta," he said feeling the tears fall.

"I know," he sighed. "But Izuku we need to work on communicating in situations like this. You can't do this to us again, to me, to Eri. I know your heart was in the right place, and you were trying to do the right thing, but you terrified all of us."

The door opened before Izuku could answer, Recovery Girl and another nurse walking into the room with a little cart and a cup of ice. "We really need to stop meeting like this, dearie," the older hero sighed.

"Shouta already chewed me out," Izuku mewled slightly, ears drooping.

"Hey," Shouta squeezed his hand. "I wasn't trying to chew you out. I just needed you to understand why I was worried." Izuku nodded as the nurse moved around, shuffling Shouta out of the way to take vitals while recovery girl talked to him about his apparently broken leg.

"Much like last time, it started healing on its own," she chided, as she looked him over while the nurse began to get vitals. "You forgot to regulate your healing powers and it took over. We'll plan some more training for that. We had to surgically undo the healing and reset your bones. I want to check that it's healing properly before I take you off any suppressants. That said, you may need to consider additional support in your costume for your previously broken limbs. Additional breaks would be bad. I'm not sure how this can be incorporated given your shift but I'm sure PowerLoader can discuss options with you when we return after the holidays."

There was a little more shifting in the bed next to him and then a cry and two little arms wrapping around him. "Daddy, you're awake," Eri said, sniffing as bloodshot red eyes looked up at him, proof Shouta's earlier words about her crying were true. Not that Izuku doubted them, but it broke his heart to see.

He'd wanted to protect Eri, not bring her pain.

"I am," he said softly, lifting his free arm to wrap around her, ignoring the stiffness and soreness of his body. "And I'm sorry I scared you. I can't promise you won't ever be scared again, but I'll try to make sure it's not because of me." He looked up at Shouta, a look that said that promise was for him too, and his mate's eyes softened a little.

Shouta sighed softly when his little family returned to sleep, Eri

cuddling back into a tired and healing Izuku's side. He'd always known Izuku was the type to sacrifice himself, even before they'd realized their bond, had taken in their daughter. It was part of who he was and Shouta loved all of who his soulmate was. But it didn't mean he didn't feel relief at Izuku's promise to try to be safer in the future.

Everything about this night had scared Shouta and he'd be lying if he said the brief fear of losing Izuku hadn't momentarily paralyzed him during the fight. The others had shown up as the fire was being put out. Zashi had helped Hawks while Phoenix and Smoke made sure Ifrit was taken in. Nem was the one who finally convinced Shouta he needed to move and get his family somewhere warm and where they could be checked over, helping to coral him to the ambulance waiting down by the car.

The door pushed open again and Shouta saw Nemuri and Hizashi waiting there. "Hitoshi and Katsuki are both finished giving statements," Nemuri shared. "Inko-san is taking them back to the cabin and then she'll be back. She was afraid Katsuki may yell."

Shouta snorted, "He probably will. We already talked," he ran a hand through his hair. "I don't think it'll be our last talk about it but he understands why I'm upset."

"And you?" Hizashi asked curiously.

"I'm still upset, but I understand why he made the choice he did," Shouta sighed, looking over at his little family. "I know I was being logical, but if something had happened to her because I had decided to wait, I never would have forgiven myself."

"It was a bad situation all around," Nemuri crossed her arms, leaning up against the wall. "You both thought you were making the best choice in a situation where there were no good choices."

"It was our first fight," Shouta said sadly, unable to look his friend in the eyes. "Well, the first time he yelled at me because he was angry."

Hizashi snorted, and Shouta looked up in time to see an eyeroll. "I'm sorry Sho, arguments are part of a relationship. You know Nem and I have arguments and disagreements about things, right? About little things sometimes. You and Izuku moved in together, adopted a daughter, had one minor disagreement about her schooling, and you're upset because in an extremely high stress situation where both your emotions were running high, he yelled at you?"

“What Zashi is trying to say,” Nem gently pushed her soulmate, “Is you’re not always going to have the same ideas. You guys have always communicated really well and today that broke down. It’s ok to be upset about today, but the point is how you talk moving forward and get on the same page. And that may mean both of you moving a little closer to the other. You’re soulmates, that doesn’t mean you share a brain.”

Shouta nodded. “I think we’re moving that way,” he said softly. “And we said we’d work on communicating.”

“Then you’re already moving in the right direction,” Hizashi promised him.

“I’m just relieved they’re ok and this is behind us,” Shouta sighed, changing the subject. “Ifrit is going to Tartarus and they’re both going to be ok.”

“They found a device on him that made him invisible,” Hizashi added. “Nedzu thinks that may be how you didn’t see him because it seems he was staking out the cabin earlier. He thinks he or someone else may have used it in the break in at the school.” Shouta just hummed, reaching out to brush a curl out of his love’s face and pulling the blanket up over his daughter.

“You know,” Nem smiled. “You’ve grown a lot since meeting Izuku. Your little Kitten has brought out the best in you Shouta.”

He smiled softly, saying nothing but knowing it was true. His bond with Izuku had brought him so much, helped him grow so much. And even after a day like today, Shouta knew he wouldn’t trade their bond for anything.

Chapter End Notes

Here's the link to the new Slice of Life story This Quirky Life

Here's my new one-shot! If you haven't read it yet and you like fluff, gay panic, and Aideku with a small side of Shinbaku, then you should check it out! In Love With My Gym Bro

As always you can find my with posts about updates and more over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Twinkling Lights

Chapter Summary

Izuku gets out of the hospital and the family celebrates Christmas

Chapter Notes

CW: mentions of past attacks and mental health

Hey! Sorry it's been so long - I won't go over everything, I posted a little bit in my discord but just suffice to say personal and public things were a lot.

Thanks for sticking with me - also it's weird to write a Christmas scene in June lol

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next day Izuku woke to a whirlwind of activity. There was a still clinging Eri, doctors and nurses coming in and out. At one point his mom showed up, weepy and angry all at once. Katsuki and Hitoshi seemed less upset that he'd run off and more upset that he'd run off without them.

Eventually, around midday, he was deemed ok to be taken off quirk suppressants and as they slowly left his system, he began to feel more himself, even as the green light around him pulsed. "They think you should be able to leave late tonight," Shouta said softly once everyone else had left to get lunch, mom managing to coax Eri from Izuku's side for the meal.

"So we can still have Christmas at the cabin?" Izuku asked, hopeful he didn't ruin any other plans.

"We'll have to see," Shouta ran a hand through his hair. "But possibly? Based on Eri's behavior though, she may end up sleeping in the bed with us."

"I think we can manage that for a couple nights," Izuku smiled fondly. He knew any romantic notions the two may have had at the beginning of their trip were now firmly off the table with him healing. Shouta wouldn't even consider it.

"I know," Shouta sighed. "I want her to feel safe and secure but I also

don't want her being scared of everything that may happen?"

Izuku nodded. "We can set up an appointment with Hound Dog when we get back. Until then we just let her know she's safe? Her going with Mom, even if reluctantly, I think is a good sign."

"If she's sleeping in the room with us, I'll need to get Hitoshi and Katsuki to help me with putting out presents and things like that," Shouta noted.

"I'm sure they'd be willing to do that," Izuku offered with a little yawn.

"Izuku," Shouta said, a serious look on his face. "You know I love you right?"

"I feel like there's a but coming after that, Shouta," Izuku said, brows furrowed.

"No buts," Shouta said, taking his soulmate's hand. "Izuku we went through a lot and you basically woke up to an argument. We had a breakdown in communication the other night, but I want to make sure you know that I love you."

Izuku felt little tears come to his eyes. "I love you too Sho," he said softly, squeezing his hand. He really had found the most amazing soulmate ever, last night had just been proof of that. "And I'm sorry for running off. I know I told you my reasons but it doesn't exactly excuse it."

"I'm pretty sure I already knew you would recklessly sacrifice yourself to save others when we started dating," Shouta pointed out dryly. "It doesn't mean I like it, or that we don't need to be more open about things like this in the future. But I do understand the way you care for people. It's one of the things that made me love you before I knew about our bond."

"I love the way you care for people too," Izuku sniffed, rubbing at his eyes with his free hand. "Like you said, it's different. But like, with offering to train me and with taking in Shinsou and with helping Todoroki and making Eri ours. With the little things like learning to cook meals and making me tea when you know I've had a bad day. You're really amazing Shouta, and I really am sorry I worried you."

"I'm sorry I wasn't paying enough attention to how you were feeling," Shouta sighed.

“No, you went into hero mode which is what I should have done,” Izuku sighed too, looking down.

“Izuku,” Shouta lifted his chin. “There wasn’t a right answer the other night. Either way we went things could have gone terribly wrong. I want you to learn to make those judgments, try to see what may be the best course of action when they all look bad. But until then I hope you can trust my judgment? Or at least talk to me a little bit more before you run into something life threatening?”

“I can try,” he smiled sadly, Shouta pressing a kiss to his cheek.

“Trying is better than nothing,” Shouta sighed before smiling at Izuku. “And in return I’ll try to listen more to how you’re feeling.”

Izuku gave him a slightly larger smile before leaning over to press his own kiss to Shouta’s cheek. “I think we can figure this out,” he said.

The two dealt with visitors and nurses and doctors the rest of the day until finally, Recovery Girl came in with a sigh, looking over the hero, the student and the little girl sitting up between them as they read a book a nurse had managed to find for them in pediatrics. “Well, we’re going to release you but you need to behave,” she said with a little glare. “Now, you can go ahead and start getting dressed and a nurse will be by to go over discharge paperwork. I want you in my office for a follow up next week.”

“We can go home?” Eri asked hopefully.

Shouta and Izuku looked at each other over her head, a silent conversation happening. “Eri, sweetheart,” Shouta said softly. “We were hoping, maybe, you’d still like to celebrate Christmas at the cabin? We can make cocoa and open presents and sit by the fire and play in the snow. Things we can’t really do at home.”

“Now that the bad man is in jail, it should be ok for us to stay there,” Izuku added, noticing the worry on Eri’s face. “There’s no one who is going to come get us.”

“Do I have to sleep by myself?” she asked quietly.

“Only if you want to while we’re there,” Shouta told her. “But if you’d rather stay with us or with Sobo, we can do that instead.”

She nodded, still looking between them, nothing but trust in her eyes. “Ok,” she said softly. “Because I know you’ll keep me safe.”

Izuku felt little tears prick at his eyes. “Of course we will sweetheart,” he promised. “We’ll always do our best to keep you safe.”

The little girl curled into Izuku’s side then took Shouta’s hand and smiled at him. “I you Dad,” she said. “I love you Papa.” Izuku looked up to see the little tears in Shouta’s eyes.

“I love you too, Princess,” Shouta told her moments before a nurse came in discussing different things they would need for discharge, taking vitals and more. It broke the perfection of the moment, but as Izuku looked up at his soulmate wiping the little tears from his eyes, he knew he’d remember this moment for a long time.

***

It was about 3 hours later when they finally pulled back up to the cabin. The walk between the car and cabin had been shoveled, the ramp to the side of it cleared off, and Shouta quickly moved around back to get the wheelchair. “I don’t need that,” Izuku whined.

“Chiyo said you do,” Shouta countered. “And no offense but she still scares me more than you do.”

Izuku huffed but with Shouta’s help slid into the wheelchair that had been rolled over to the passenger side door. His mom was pulling Eri from the back seat and walking her up the stairs, talking about how they were finally going to bake cookies tonight, while Shouta wheeled Izuku up the ramp at the side of the porch. “I’m glad she still feels comfortable going with mom,” he sighed.

“Ko-san is really good with putting people at ease,” Shouta smiled. “Now, the boys mentioned decorating earlier while you were sleeping so let's see what they’ve done.”

They rounded the ramp and pushed the door to the cabin open, leaving Izuku to gasp. There was a tree in one corner, set up but not decorated, stockings hung by the fire, and garland and lights along the stairs. It looked like something out of an American Christmas special. “We wanted to decorate the tree with everyone here,” Hitoshi said from where he was putting a little present with a bow under the tree. “We know you and Eri worked hard on making the ornaments so we thought we’d do that after dinner if you felt up to it. Or if not then we could work on it tomorrow.”

“Thanks Toshi,” Izuku smiled brightly. Shouta stepped back, letting Izuku roll himself around the room, taking everything in before he

rolled himself to the kitchen where Ko-san, Katsuki and Eri were cutting out cookies.

“Dad!” Eri cried out, holding up her cookie cutter. “I’m making a gingerbread man. But he’s a sugar cookie.”

“I’m sure he’ll be lovely, sweetheart,” Izuku told her, smiling brightly. Shouta just folded his arms and watched. This may not be exactly what they were planning, but they were all still trying their best to give Eri a good Christmas. They’d just have to keep it up.

***

The tree was decorated, lit up and looking beautiful, as Izuku found himself slowly nodding off in his wheelchair until two arms wrapped around him. “I think it’s time to go to bed, Kitten,” Shouta teased, lifting him up in his arms to carry him up the stairs.

“Shouta,” Izuku laughed. “I can walk.”

“No walking Dad,” Eri said with her own little yawn. “Granny Chiyo said to stay off your feet.”

“I don’t think she meant it quite like this,” Izuku shook his head but melted into Shouta’s arms. “Are you coming too Princess?”

“Sobo said I need to take a bath. And then I can go to bed,” Eri yawned.

“We’ll make sure it’s quick,” his mom promised. Izuku just nodded, letting Shouta finish walking up the stairs.

He was laid down in bed and couldn’t help but let out a little giggle. “This wasn’t exactly how I pictured you carrying me to bed.”

“Izuku,” Shouta warned. “You’re still healing.”

“I didn’t say we were going to do anything,” Izuku blushed, hiding his face a little in the pillow. “I just said this isn’t how I imagined this happening.”

“Maybe after you’re healed we can do this how you imagined,” Shouta practically purred, changing into his pajamas and crawling into bed next to him. “But for tonight, cuddles?”

“Cuddles sound good,” Izuku said, sleepily nuzzling into Shouta’s chest, the scent of coffee and spice and home relaxing him more until

he fell asleep in the man's arms.

Shouta watched Izuku sleeping, little purrs and snores leaving his lips as his ears twitched. He was adorable, as always. When the door pushed open, he lifted a finger to his lips to let Eri know to be quiet before patting the bed next to him. She crawled in and curled into his other side as Ko-san closed the door behind her, leaving the little family to be. Shouta whispered a little bedtime story and Eri soon drifted off to sleep as well, leaving Shouta to follow soon after, his family wrapped protectively in his arms.

***

Christmas morning had Izuku feeling more excited than Eri, who still seemed confused by the prospect of Christmas, but was happy to go along with everything. Shouta carried Izuku down the stairs, Eri hot on their heels as her Dad practically vibrated with excitement in her Papa's arms.

"So what do we do?" she asked curiously from behind them.

"We're going to open presents and then have breakfast, Sweetheart," Izuku told her, thrilled to finally be able to give Eri her the gifts they'd found her. Some were more practical, others were fun. They'd discussed presents, and he knew Nem had helped her pick some of her own out to give, but her actually experiencing giving and getting the gifts was going to be so fun.

He smiled broadly when he heard the little gasp behind them at the bottom of the stairs. The lights on the tree were twinkling, what had before been just a couple boxes was now gifts piled up beneath it thanks to their family. Toshi was curled up on the couch, looking barely awake while he sipped on a cup of coffee. Shouta moved towards the tree and sat Izuku down next to it, letting Eri curl up in his lap while she still stared wide eyed. "These are the presents?" she asked.

"For everyone," Izuku smiled, adjusting the little Santa hat they'd gotten for her. "Some of them are for you."

"And we'll open them in just a minute," Mom smiled, walking into the room with a couple mugs in her hands. Shouta met her, bringing the three back to them: coffee for him, tea for Izuku and a cute little mug with cocoa and marshmallows for Eri. She smiled brightly, holding it with two hands and taking a sip.

Kacchan walked in a few minutes later with three more mugs: tea for mom, and it seemed more coffee for Toshi as well as some for him. “Alright,” he said, flopping onto the couch next to his boyfriend. “You ready to open presents, Eri-Berry?”

She nodded enthusiastically and let Izuku point out the first one. The morning devolved into gasps, giggles, wrapping paper and tissue. Eri received some cute clothes, some books, games, and little stuffed cats that were black and white to join her green one. The last gift she opened was the bike. “Can I ride it?” she asked with wide eyes.

“Not in the snow, Princess,” Shouta told her.

“I got up early and shoveled the drive again,” Kacchan shared, Izuku feeling immense gratitude for his best friend.

“Does that mean we can?” Eri asked hopefully, practically jumping up and down next to it.

“Once we finish with all the last couple gifts then,” Shouta told her and she squealed excitedly.

Mom received a scarf, a couple of books, and a little grandma necklace that brought tears to her eyes. Katsuki got some workout gear and Hitoshi’s eyes went wide at the new kitten. “Where were you hiding her?” he asked.

“My room,” Mom laughed. “I have the food, litter box and other things for her too.” He thanked her, playing with the little kitten, Eri happily joining him to pet the little kitten she’d had to keep a secret while waiting to ride her bike.

Izuku got some more notebooks, and Shouta got a sweater. They had both decided to spend their money on Eri instead of each other. “I have one more thing for you,” Shouta said softly, pulling out a little jewelry box.

“I thought we weren’t doing big gifts for each other,” Izuku said looking at the box.

“I know but, well, Eri and I saw it and I had to,” Shouta smiled softly.

Izuku opened it, feeling tears coming to his eyes. There was a little bracelet made mostly of cord with three silver beads on it: one with a cat, one with a coffee cup, and the other with a little unicorn. “It’s us,” he laughed, recognizing the parts of the mark that represented each of

them and the little unicorn for their daughter.

“It is,” Shouta smiled. “I also updated the cuff you gave me.” He showed Izuku the new, much smaller heart for Eri on his band with the date they saved her. Izuku felt the tears begin to fall as he wrapped his arms around Shouta. The man pulled him close and placed a kiss to his curls. “You want me to help you put it on, Kitten?”

“Yes,” he sniffed, pulling back and holding out his wrist. Izuku watched as Shouta clipped it into place, Eri climbing back into his lap to take a closer look at it. He kissed her forehead then leaned over her to kiss Shouta’s lips gently. “Thank you Shouta and Eri,” he said softly. “I love it and I love you both.”

Eri smiled up at him. “I love you too Dad,” she said with a happy voice.

“I love you always, Izuku,” Shouta promised, eyes full of love and affection. Christmas vacation may not have started how they wanted it to, but today had been practically perfect.

Chapter End Notes

> As always you can find my with posts about updates and more over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Bargain

Chapter Summary

The follow up after Ifrit's arrest

Chapter Notes

CW: therapy, dealing with trauma, the legal system

Hey yall - sorry things have been crazy with work and life and I appreciate you all for reading and understanding. We're almost done - just a couple more things to wrap up.

Please know I did zero research on the Japanese legal system. I live in the states and have a degree in criminal justice and experience working in civil courts so I used that as the basis. So please thanks for understanding :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The return to UA and the shift back to classes and day to day life came easy enough. Recovery Girl cleared Izuku for training and his life returned to a new brand of normalcy, one with his friends and his daughter, without the specter of Ifrit hanging over his shoulder.

And his life returned to Shouta.

It hadn't been easy initially, it was like Shouta seemed constantly worried he was going to run off and do something dangerous again even as he was trying to trust his soulmate. They'd eventually sat down with Hound Dog and talked it out more, how they each felt, how they would handle the situations moving forward. They created something more concrete than just communicating, instead discussing how to communicate.

And Eri was finding happiness in the things around her. She'd been nervous when they initially returned, unsure of people, of danger. She clung to Shouta and Izuku, her lessons being temporarily adjusted so Shouta could stay with her or so she could work on things at Izuku's desk. But slowly she began to explore and trust again. And as Izuku looked at her bright smile while she was telling him about something she'd learned that day, he couldn't help his own smile that formed.

Dealing with the legal system had been another issue and Izuku knew

they were about to head to another meeting. Tsukauchi thankfully had once again convinced the attorney representing the state, Tanki, to petition for Eri's testimony to be given on video with him testifying to the authenticity of it. Izuku was glad the attorney had agreed, even if only to keep from having to work with a small child on the stand. He didn't want her to have to be in the courtroom, to have to relive her experiences any more than necessary or have to face Overhaul or Ifrit.

They were supposed to have another meeting with the attorney soon about what was going to happen next, though they hadn't set a time, when Shouta's phone rang in the kitchen. He could hear him talking to someone in a muffled tone but Izuku did his best to stay focused on Eri. Shouta walked into the room a few minutes later. "Everything ok?" Izuku asked.

Shouta just nodded, "Yeah, dinner is ready," he offered, but Izuku raised an eyebrow. Shouta just gave him a look that said I'll tell you later and Izuku took a deep breath, glancing over to their daughter and just nodding.

"Let's put up your crayons and wash your hands, Sweetheart," Izuku smiled, helping her pick up her crayons. When she ran off to the bathroom, Izuku turned back to Shouta.

"I promise I'll tell you but when Eri's gone to bed," Shouta told him. "It's going to take time to discuss and I want us to take that time." Izuku just nodded, knowing taking the time to talk was one of the parts of communication they discussed with Hound Dog. He had questions but Eri was running back in and into his arms and as they went to sit down for dinner, he held his questions, knowing they would discuss it.

After they put Eri to bed, Izuku curled up on the couch, pulling a pillow to his chest, anxious about what Shouta was waiting to tell him. "You want to tell me what that phone call was about now?" he asked curiously.

"Yeah sorry, I knew it would be a talk and I just didn't want to talk about it in front of Eri," he sighed. "That was Tanaki earlier. Your father agreed to a plea bargain. If the judge accepts it we won't have to go to trial."

Izuku's brows furrowed at the news that the attorney had offered such a thing after everything his father had done. "What kind of plea deal?" he asked anxiously.

“3 counts of kidnapping for his role in holding you, Katsuki and taking Eri as well as two counts of first degree homicide from prior cases involving heroes,” Shouta sighed. “He had some other charges thrown out, they had a long list of crimes, and agreed to ask for leniency. All together if the judge accepts what they’re putting forward and does give the minimum sentences, he’d serve 14 years, consecutively served.”

“That means he could be out in,” Izuku was doing the math in his head and didn’t like where it was going.

“I don’t think a parole board would ever agree to let him out,” Shouta said softly, reaching over and brushing a curl behind his ear, resting his hand gently there for a moment. “And if they do, we'll be prepared, you’ll be a hero by then, Eri will be older.”

“But why did they offer him a plea?” Izuku asked anxiously.

“His attorney is scum,” Shouta sighed, thinking about who took his case. “Apparently he was going to fight the petition, try to make Eri have to testify to her own kidnapping, stating they had a right to crossexamine her, which technically they do though I don’t know what they stand to gain from putting her on the stand. Not to mention he had worries about getting you and Katsuki on the stand about Kamino. Tanaki said he’s seen this guy tear pro heroes with years of experience to shreds. He didn’t want to put the three of you through that if they’d agree to the plea.”

“I don’t like it,” Izuku said, feeling his heart pick up. “After everything he did, the way he terrorized us, that he could be out so soon.”

“I know,” Shouta said softly, pulling Izuku into his arms. “I know. I don’t like it either. But depending on the judge and the jury, putting you three on stand and having everything you say torn apart. He didn’t want to do it. And I know you’re strong, Kitten, I do, but part of me is glad you won’t have to. Also that Eri and Katsuki and possibly Hitoshi and your mom won’t have to take the stand.”

Izuku took a deep breath. He could understand that, the idea of standing there in front of his father again was something he himself had pushed from his thoughts, not wanting to consider it for himself. It was something he’d do anything to avoid putting Eri through. “When will the judge make a decision?” he asked, voice shaky.

“They’ll have a hearing next week to enter the plea. The judge will sentence right after if the plea is entered and accepted,” Shouta

pressed a kiss to his curls. “We can go if you want but we don’t have to.”

“I need to see it happen,” Izuku said softly, a strange mixture of anxiety and numbness rolling through him, as if the second were keeping him from moving over the edge. “I need to see he’s being sent away.” Shouta just nodded, pulling him close and holding him tight. Izuku eventually relaxed into it, doing his best to stop his reeling mind.

The week seemed to pass like molasses, moving slowly, standing still at times, while also seeming to quickly slip through his fingers. The morning of the hearing arrived too quickly and not quickly enough and found Izuku pulling on his dress shirt and slacks while Shouta was putting on a suit. They hugged Eri tightly, her Auntie Nem agreeing to hang out with her for the day. Izuku could tell Eri was anxious about it, so he did his best to hide his own anxiety. All three promised her everything would be ok and Izuku and Shouta would be back soon.

The ride down to the courthouse was quiet, Izuku just leaning into Shouta on the train until it was their stop. He took his hand and they walked the couple of blocks, making their way quickly through security thanks to Shouta’s hero license and Izuku’s provisional one. Shouta led them through the halls, apparently knowing the court house well, and soon they saw Detective Tsukauchi who had offered to pick up Izuku’s mom on his way from the precinct standing with her outside one of the courtrooms.

She wrapped him in a hug and gave him a soft smile. “This will all be over soon, Izu,” she promised softly. He just nodded, leaning into his mother’s warmth while never letting go of Shouta’s hand.

Now that the adrenaline wasn’t coursing through him, now that Eri wasn’t in danger, now that he had time to stop and think about it all, he didn’t want to face his father again. And it felt like his heart was in his throat, pushing the emotions through him like lightning. Every piece of him was on edge and the dread that had been building in him over the last week seemed ready to boil over.

Soon they were up on the docket and the four moved into the court, taking seats behind Tanaka, Izuku sitting between Shouta and his mom, each holding one of his hands. Soon an officer was escorting out his father, quirk suppressant cuffs tightly wrapped around his wrists and ankles. Not covered in fire, spitting and controlling flames, he was still intimidating in Izuku’s mind, though in a different way than

before. He felt Shouta squeeze his trembling hand as dark eyes met his, a half snarl curling up the villain's lip, but his father was soon directed to face the front by his own attorney, the judge drawing everyone's attention to where he sat on the bench.

He called the case of Shizuoka Prefecture v Midoriya Hisashi, verified the parties present and asked about the charges being brought forth.

Izuku sat on pins and needles, listening as best he could as Tanaka reviewed the charges from where he stood next to his table.

"And how does the defendant plea on each charge?" The judge asked.

Izuku watched as a man with a sleek smile stood up, "On the charges brought forth, the defense pleads Guilty on all counts."

The judge nods, having expected the plea. "I understand this was an agreement you reached working with the prosecution, is that correct?" the judge requested verification.

"That is correct, your honor," Tanaka nodded, Izuku taking a deep breath. He'd actually entered a guilty plea. "A number of other charges you initially saw were dropped and the prosecution is requesting the judge consider the minimum sentences to be served consecutively."

The judge nods before turning back, "And Midoriya you understand that by agreeing to this deal you're waving your right to a trial by jury, your right against self incrimination, and your right to confront witnesses, is that correct?"

Izuku felt the air in his lungs stop for a moment as he watched the man stand up, every nerve in his body on edge wondering what was about to happen. But his father just said, "Yes your honor."

The judge nodded. "In that case your plea is entered into the court and we'll move directly into sentencing."

The next bit moved through quickly, and Izuku watched as the smirk on his father's face fell. 30 years total for the kidnappings, 10 years each, and another 45 each for the murders. 120 years.

"Your honor," his father's attorney stood up, ready to argue.

"Given what your client has stated he's done, he's lucky," the judge warned. "I would normally give the maximum sentence for these

crimes and your client wouldn't have the chance for parole. As it is, with good behavior and true signs of reformation, maybe he'll see life outside Tartarus in his 100s if he lives that long?"

"We were told, your honor," the attorney continued to press.

"That the prosecution would ask for leniency and they did just that," the judge said. "However the final decision is up to me. And the sentences in this case have been handed down. Now, please take the defendant away, we have a busy docket today."

It was a blur, a few cops pulling Hisashi away as he yelled something at Izuku and Shouta but he couldn't hear it, he was crying into Shouta's chest. 120 years. They wouldn't have to face him again.

Ifrit would never darken their steps again. They were free.

"It's over," he whispered.

"It is Kitten," Shouta said softly, pulling away and wiping away one of the tears falling from Izuku's face. "Let's go home and see our daughter?"

Izuku sniffed, nodding. "We should talk to Nedzu about the adoption papers," he said softly. Now that this was taken care of, he wanted to make everything with Eri official.

"We can do that," Shouta said. "But tonight we have a family dinner. Would you like to come with us to the school, Ko-san?"

"I'd love to," mom said, voice also watery as she pressed a kiss to both their cheeks. "I'm glad this is taken care of."

"Same," Shouta smiled brightly as Tsukauchi ushered them out of the courtroom.

Dinner that night in Shouta and Izuku's apartment was a crowded and lively affair. Not only had mom joined them, but so did Shoucchan, Shoji, Kacchan, Toshi, Zashi and Nem.

And of course Eri was there.

Eri didn't fully understand what they were celebrating but was giggling on the couch with Toshi playing with their cat while Kacchan had kicked everyone else out of the kitchen. Izuku just leaned into Shouta with a sigh as he looked around.

“Love you Sho,” Izuku said softly.

“I love you too Kitten,” Shouta kissed the top of his head. His soulmate was strong and amazing. He wanted to marry him one day but he knew that would have to wait. For now he was happy and they were safe. Their lives were messy and loud and for now absolutely perfect for them.

Chapter End Notes

> As always you can find my with posts about updates and more over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Official

Chapter Summary

The family makes things official

Chapter Notes

CW: courts, adoption?

Hey yall! So heads up a lot of this chapter is Eri's POV. Also, I think I've got 2 more chapters left in the main story, I'll let you know for sure, and then the wedding extra that was voted for in my discord.

This has really been an amazing ride creating and sharing this with all of you. I hope you'll stay tuned for my next project - Details to come but finally getting former vigilante soulmate AU off the ground soon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dad sat behind her on her bed in the pretty house he and Papa owned, tying her hair back into the pretty braid she liked so much. He'd also helped her pick out a cute dress and she even had a little bag with her coloring books that matched from Auntie Nem. The locket she'd been given by Dad the first day she met him still hung around her neck.

"All done Sweetheart," Dad smiled at her, taking her hand as they moved out of her new room of the nice house, the one Papa said would be their home now, and downstairs where she heard Papa would be making breakfast. "Are you ready for today?"

She nodded. Dad and Papa and Nedzu-sensei had told her about what would happen today and she was excited, ready. Today was the day the judge would officially say they were a family.

Eri giggled a little when she saw Papa. He was wearing nice pants and a fancy shirt and his hair was tied back neatly as he set a plate on the table full of pancakes that smelled like apples and spices. "I made you something special for today, Eri-berry," he said with a smile. "Your Sobo taught me the recipe."

She climbed up in the chair to eat her pancakes with Papa, Dad telling them he needed to go get dressed and would be right back. Before he

came back, Uncle Toshi stumbled into the room, grabbing a mug full of the bitter drink that Eri didn't like. He sat next to her and smiled sleepily. "Suki went for a run at the break of dawn, he should be back soon," he yawned. "Auntie will be over a little later and we should have everything ready before you get back."

"Thanks you guys," Papa took a deep breath. "Nem and Zashi are bringing dessert and I know Shouto and Shoji are planning to come, maybe Rei?"

"Yeah, Todoroki and Shoji, who saw them getting together?" Uncle Toshi shrugged. "But you know what, if they're happy."

"They are!" Eri said cheerfully as she ate another bite of her pancakes. "Dad said so."

Uncle Toshi made a noise that sounded somewhere between a laugh and a pig snort. "Yeah if your dad says they're happy then I'm sure they are Princess." Eri just gave a nod. Dad was smart about these things.

"I was right about you and Kacchan," Dad teased as he walked in, now also wearing a suit, making Eri giggle again. Her dad and papa didn't dress up often and seeing them do so was fun.

They all talked some more with Uncle Kacchan soon joining them at the table before Papa looked at his watch and decided it was time to leave. They waved bye to her uncles before Dad helped Eri buckle into her car seat so Papa could drive them all away. The building they went to was big, though Eri didn't think it was as big as the school. There were a lot of steps out front and she was really glad when Papa lifted her up. "Come on Eri Berry," he pressed a kiss to her temple. "I'll carry you to see the judge."

He carried her up the stairs and then through some halls until they reached a hallway with a lot of other adults in suits and some kids. Eri sat down with Dad on a bench and colored for a little while until she heard them call her name. Papa helped her pack up her crayons and then she took Dad's hand and walked into the courtroom.

There was a lady in robes standing at the front and Dad whispered that she was the judge. She gave them a smile and waved for them to come forward. The adults said some things that Eri didn't really understand, but she expected that. Papa had told her they'd have to do some legal things and she watched the adults talk. At one point the judge asked about Dad and Papa being soulmates and some papers

were shuffled around and shown to her at different times. It wasn't long even if it felt like forever, but then the judge turned to her and asked, "Eri, do you understand what we're doing here today?"

She nodded, "You're making Dad and Papa and me a family," she said. "We're already a family but Nedzu-sensei said you'd make it official." She stumbled over the last word a bit but smiled when she got it out.

The judge smiled back, "That's right sweetheart," she said. "That means that from now on, you three are a family on paper too. And I have a pretty certificate for you to prove that."

Eri looked at the pretty piece of paper the Judge showed her and then watched as Papa then Dad signed it. After she carefully signed Aizawa Eri to the paper, the judge signed it too then handed it to her, announcing they were officially a family. There were some more papers that apparently were just for Papa and Dad and while Papa was tucking those away, Dad lifted her up. "We can get a pretty frame for that if you want," he offered. "Or we can keep it somewhere special."

Eri smiled, "A frame, please." She wanted to hang it on the wall next to the picture of them.

Once everything was done, the judge waved goodbye to them. Eri let Papa put her paper with his papers to keep it safe for now and then they were leaving the big building and heading back home where her family lived now. Her family, she smiled at the thought of the words.

When the car pulled into the driveway, Eri was looking out the window and noticed a couple other cars there. "Are the other people you mentioned at breakfast here already?" she asked curiously.

Dad just smiled, helping her unbuckle her seat, "Yeah sweetheart," he tapped her nose lightly, "Why don't we go inside and say hi to them?"

"Papa," she called out, "Can I have my paper? I want to show them."

Papa just smiled at her, opening up his bag and pulling it out. "Of course sweetheart," he pressed a kiss to her forehead. "Do you want me to hold it or do you want to hold it."

Of course she wanted to hold it, holding out her hands for the sheet with all their signatures on it. Papa handed it to her while Dad told her to be gentle with it. "After we show everyone we can put it back with Papa's papers so nothing happens to it."

Eri nodded, hurrying for the door and racing into her Uncle Toshi's arms when he opened it. "Look," she showed him brightly as he lifted her up. "We're a family!"

Uncle Toshi laughed a little, "We were always a family, little bit, it's just official now." He looked over the sheet she was holding and smiled. "That's a really nice certificate. I don't think the judge gave me one of those."

Eri's brows furrowed and he looked at her uncle in confusion. "But you're still family, right?"

Toshi gave her a comforting smile. "Of course," he promised. "Your Papa has all the other paperwork, I think the judge just gave you something extra special."

"Hey, stop hogging my niece," Auntie Nem cried out from behind Uncle Toshi.

"Why don't we all go inside?" Dad suggested, motioning for Uncle Toshi to move out of the doorway. "Eri can show everyone her certificate and then we can get this party started?"

Eri's eyes went wide, "Party?" she asked excitedly.

"Yup," Papa told her, closing the door behind them. "Everyone wanted to celebrate us being an official family, so we're having a little party."

Eri looked around at everyone who was here. Sobo was beaming at her with little tears in her eyes, Uncle Toshi still holding her. Auntie Nem was holding out her hands for Eri, hoping for hugs and Uncle Zashi was loudly giving congratulations. Uncle Kacchan was walking in from the kitchen and Eri could see Uncle Shoucchan and Mezo-kun and Rei-san all smiling at her too.

Eri felt her own little tears come to her eyes. This was her family, the people who loved and cared for her. "Sweetheart, what's wrong?" Dad asked, taking her from Uncle Toshi's arms to hold her close.

She shook her head with a little sniff. "Nothing," she promised. "I just love everyone so much."

Papa chuckled, "I think she takes after you," he teased Dad.

Dad smiled in return, kissing her forehead. "I'm ok with that," he

promised before walking further in and letting Eri express how much she loved her family to each of them.

***

Shouta waved to the last of their guests, Rei with her son who had just moved back in with her and Mezo holding his hand. Nem, Zashi and Inko had all left a few minutes before. Hitoshi and Katsuki had already retreated to the kitchen to finish cleaning up while Izuku took Eri upstairs. The morning had been eventful and she was letting out little yawns towards the end of the party, signaling to both her parents it may be time for a nap.

Parents, Shouta smiled to himself as he closed the front door. It was stange, though he'd taken Hitoshi in, he'd never really viewed himself as Hitoshi's parent, more like an older brother who watched over him. But with Eri, she was their little girl, their baby, and she was absolutely his daughter, had been for months but now they had the paperwork to make it legal.

Izuku came down the stairs, tail flicking behind him as he let out his own little kitten yawn. "What else do we need to clean up?" he asked.

"We need to vacuum but once Eri is awake," Shouta said, pulling him into a hug. "Outside that seeing if the boys need any help in the kitchen and taking out the trash?"

"We got it," Katsuki called. "You two relax. We'll be done in just a minute anyway."

Shouta smiled, calling out a thanks before turning his attention back to the soulmate in his arms. He'd been so glad that their soulmate status meant Izuku was able to adopt Eri with him. If he hadn't, Shouta still would have done it, taken her in as his daughter and then Izuku would have petitioned once he was old enough, but to do it all together, to know if anything happened to him that Eri would still be with Izuku, was a relief.

Izuku leaned into him, letting out a soft little purr as Shouta raised a hand to scratch behind his ears. "Why don't we go lay down too?" Shouta suggested. "It's been a long day and that sounds nice."

"Yeah," Izuku purred, pulling away just enough to take Shouta's hand and pull him down the hallway to their room, "I'm just going to change," he suggested, Shouta agreeing and soon both were in comfortable shorts, curled up in their bed, Izuku nuzzling into

Shouta's chest. "She's ours now," he said softly. "Our little girl."

"She was always our little girl," Shouta pressed a kiss to his curls. "It's just legal now."

"I know it's just," Izuku paused as if looking for the words.

"A good feeling," Shouta offered, also unable to find the words for the mix of relief and joy that everything had happened so smoothly. "Kind of indescribable?"

"Yeah," Izuku tilted his head up, pressing his lips to Shouta's in a soft kiss. "Knowing we're a family now, it's kind of indescribable."

Shouta leaned in, bringing their lips back together. "You're kind of indescribable," he hummed.

"Shouta," Izuku laughed, face flushed a little pink at the compliment.

"What," Shouta shifted them, pulling Izuku with him so his love was laying on top of him. "I speak the truth Kitten," he pulled him in for another kiss, hand running down his side. "I'm constantly amazed by you."

"You're the amazing one," Izuku said, shifting for a better position, nipping gently at Shouta's bottom lip. "I love you Sho."

"I love you more," Shouta promised, chasing his lips, bringing them together again as the afternoon melted into kisses and heat and passion.

Chapter End Notes

> As always you can find my with posts about updates and more over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Finally Here

Chapter Summary

During third year a quiet patrol brings an important discovery

Chapter Notes

CW: Violence, human trafficking

We're nearing the end! Thanks so much everything for sticking with me through this story. I've had so much fun writing and sharing it.

There will be one more standard chapter and then the promised story from the poll. Please know work is going to be picking up for me again so extra energy levels may be low but I'll get it out as soon as I can.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Time passed in the Aizawa household. Second year started, seasons changed, birthdays and anniversaries were celebrated and the little day to day things that made up life passed uneventfully. Shouta and Izuku grew closer and Eri settled in well to the new home, playing with the cats, starting at a nearby school.

Second year passed quickly between training, work studies, and having friends and a boyfriend. Hitoshi was surprised by how good life could be again now that they didn't have the specter of Ifrit hanging over them. Members of the League were being brought in every day, it seemed without All For One and possibly the doctor who had been leading their experiments, they weren't sure where to go next.

Third year started with Hitoshi deciding to finish his work study with Sho-nii. He'd considered working with other underground heroes, and had some during his second year, but he felt he worked best with his brother, learned best from him, so at the start of third year he returned to working alongside him.

It was about halfway through third year when Izu looked up at him from the couch and casually said, "We should open our own agency."

Hitoshi blinked in surprise. "Our own agency?" he asked in confusion.

“Maybe not the first year or two but after that?” Izuku suggested, leaning back and looking up at him. “All the underground heroes I’ve worked with tend to work alone like Shouta and Smoke. They don’t really have an agency, relying more on themselves, maybe one or two staff people and their connections. But I know there’s agencies out there for Underground Heroes.”

“Yeah,” Hitoshi nodded, sitting across from his friend on the couch. “And the reason Sho-nii and Smoke and a lot of other heroes don’t like them is the rules and shit.”

“Ok but they still have to follow the rules of the Commission,” Izu pointed out. “There’s a lot of primarily limelight agencies that have underground hero branches, and sure, they tack on extra rules because of image and things like that. But as strictly underground heroes we’d have less worry about that. We obviously should still have a PR person for when issues come up, maybe a couple additional rules about conduct. But we could manage contact and contracts with the Commission as a group and we’d have other heroes there to assist, review cases with, all that instead of having to rely just on our personal connections. Take patrol shifts, work raids together, all that.”

Hitoshi thought about it. “It could work,” he admitted, taking a sip from his mug. “And I assume you have other people in mind to join us?”

Izu just grinned at him. “Hagakure and Jiro would be great starts. There’s a couple from 3-B who may be good to reach out to, but I don’t know them well enough to know their plans moving forward. And I noticed a couple first years at the entrance exams when I went with Shouta who may be good candidates to join us once we get off the ground.”

“Maybe we should start with just the couple from our class and 3-B,” Hitoshi shook his head with a small smile, laughing when he saw the way his friend lit up.

“So you’re in?” he asked excitedly, practically jumping up in his seat.

“Why not,” he shrugged. “We can talk to Zashi and Sho-nii about the aspects of running their own, well, agencies for lack of a better work. Then figure out what works for us. It’ll be hard work, but so is being a hero.”

“I also,” Izu sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. “I got an offer from an underground agency branch for once I graduate? It be a good

chance to see how they work, figure out what we like and don't like."

"I sense a but coming," Hitoshi raised a brow.

"But," Izu looked down. "They're in Tokyo. And it be different from work studies, I'd have to live there. Commuting into Tokyo every day just really isn't feasible. Honestly, wouldn't be worth it, I'd get here in time to crash, wake up early and do it all over again."

"You talk to Sho-nii about it?" Hitoshi asked curiously.

"Not yet," he sighed, ears flattening against his hair. "I'm not even sure if I think it's a good idea or not. I don't want to be away from him and Eri like that. But I also know it's a good opportunity, we don't have anything like that here really, the underground heroes are all solo or one offs attached to limelight agencies."

"Talk to him about it rather than trying to work through all the pros and cons on your own," Hitoshi suggested, noting how conflicted his friend seemed to be. "All those offers come through the school so chances are he already knows and doesn't want to impact your decision."

"You're right," Izu nodded, nibbling his lip slightly. "I'll talk to him about it soon, he has a patrol tonight."

"Just don't wait on talking too long, please," Hitoshi said, looking at his watch. "I have a solo patrol tonight but that's why Shou-nii is going out too. Been a few things going on but it's a pretty tame area, shouldn't run into anything, but I'm going to get a nap in before I hit the streets."

His friend nodded. "Have a good nap, and thanks Toshi," he said.

A quick nap and a large cup of coffee later, Hitoshi was walking his patrol, keeping an eye on things. Graduation was just a few months away and after that he'd be a full fledged hero. There were a lot of things on his mind and he let it wander some since the streets were so quiet tonight: questions about the future, about his and Suki's plans, about what opening his own agency with Izu would be like. He was pulled from those thoughts by a cry for help and took off down the street, knowing he hadn't seen any other heroes around.

He turned down an alley, taking a deep breath when he saw a woman on the ground cradling a small child in her arms. Innocent looking enough, but still he remained alert; Sho-nii had mentioned traps set

like this and he refused to fall victim to one. “Ma’am, what’s wrong?” he asked, taking a step forward, one hand on his scarf.

“My little girl is injured,” she said quickly, which set off alarm bells in Hitoshi’s head as he took in the scene. The little girl was maybe 2 years old from what he could see and didn’t appear to be in any form of distress or injured as she squirmed in the woman’s arms. Why had she been in this dark alley in the middle of the night? And if she wasn’t passed out or severely injured, why was the woman screaming for help rather than taking her somewhere?

He pressed the back up button Sho-nii had given him that sat under his scarf. It be better to call him for nothing than to end up in trouble and his brother had said he’d be nearby doing his own patrol if anything happened. Hitoshi didn’t take another step into the alley, not yet, not until he had more information. “Can you tell me what happened, ma’am?” he asked.

“She was playing and she fell,” the woman said, a hint of panic in her voice that seemed, off, almost rehearsed.

“She was playing in the alley?” Hitoshi asked, keeping a hand on his scarf. “Do you know how she injured herself when she fell?”

“I’m not sure, but something is wrong with her ankle,” she called in a pleading voice, “Can you come take a look?”

Once again Hitoshi looked at the squirming, not crying child and questioned this. “The light isn’t very good for treating an injury. Would you be able to bring her out of the alley?” He activated his quirk in the process.

“No, I can’t move her,” the woman insisted and then her face went flat, and while Hitoshi couldn’t see her eyes he knew she was under the control of his quirk.

“Please bring the little girl here,” he commanded, watching the shadows as the woman stood, still carrying the child and began walking his way.

“What the fuck,” he heard a growl from the shadows a large man with some sort of animal quirk moved out from behind the dumpster. “Irina get back here,” the man demanded, reaching out for the woman, pulling her back, breaking the control Hitoshi had with the harsh pull on her shoulder.

“Dammit,” Hitoshi said, moving into a fighting stance as the man who had been laying in wait approached him, the woman beginning to back down the alley with a scowl on her face.

“I don’t know what you did little hero, but you’ll regret it,” he growled, before running forward and tossing his fist out.

The first hit knocked the breath out of Hitoshi, but he threw his scarf out, wrapping it around the man and throwing him into the wall, looking up and seeing the woman was gone. “Fuck,” he hissed, trying to fill his lungs again. He needed to chase after them, but he couldn’t leave the man here. He pulled out his knife to cut his scarf so he could leave the man tied up when he heard something in the alley.

“I got her, you can just cuff him,” he heard his brother’s voice and let out a sigh of relief. Moving to quickly wrap the zip ties around the man’s wrists and ankles, careful to avoid sharp angry teeth. He looked up as Sho-nii came back down the alley, a little girl in his arms as he pulled a woman along with his own scarf. With the man restrained, he recalled his scarf, letting it wrap back around him.

The girl had little bunny ears poking up through her light blue hair that he could see in the light now and she wiggled slightly in Shouta’s arms, “Is she injured?” Hitoshi asked.

“Not that I can tell, but can you give her a look over while I take care of this?” he gestured back to the woman. “These are the two I told you about. They’ve been attacking civilians and heroes around town the last few nights so I need to call it into a few people.”

“Glad you mentioned the ruse,” Hitoshi grumbled as he reached out, taking the girl in his arms. The moment his hand brushed her arm, the girl whimpered and Hitoshi knew why. He stared wide eyed as he could feel his own tingle, like pin pricks filling out a design, on his side.

“Is everything ok, Siren?” Sho-nii asked, as the woman was spitting some vitriol about how she was just a victim even as the man argued it was her idea the whole time.

Hitoshi ignored it though, pulling the little girl to his chest. “It’s her,” he said softly. “She’s my bunny.”

Shouta’s eyes went wide, “Guess we know what type of bond it is now.” The little girl’s whimpers had stopped as Hitoshi pulled her to his chest. He hadn’t seen the mark yet but he knew the feeling. His

brother turned to the woman, “Is the child yours?” he asked.

“What, of course she’s mine!” she gasped even as the man rolled his eyes.

“Her mom gave her to us for a few bucks,” the man said. “Didn’t really care what happened to her.”

Hitoshi growled at that, that someone would just sell off any child, would sell off his bunny to two criminals. His brother however just sighed, “Great, I’ll call Tsukauchi to help sort this out.”

Hitoshi wasn’t paying attention anymore, standing in the streetlight, checking over the little girl. She didn’t seem injured though she was thin for what he now knew was her age. He reached into his utility belt and pulled out a jelly pouch, breaking it up and twisting the top before settling on the ground. “Hi Bunny,” he said softly to her. “I’m Hitoshi and I’m going to keep you safe, I promise.”

She looked up at him with vivid red eyes that reminded him of his boyfriend’s, bright and curious. “You hungry Bunny?” he held up the pouch.

“Yes,” she reached out and took it, taking a little sip.

“What’s your name, Bunny?” he asked softly.

“Sora,” she said. “I two.”

“Sora,” Hitoshi smiled, like her hair, the color of the sky. “I’m really happy to meet you Sora.” He needed to call Suki, needed to let him know. But for now, he was completely focused on staying here with his child, making sure no one tried to take her from him.

The rest of the evening was a blur, Hitoshi never letting go of the little girl for longer than he had to, keeping her in the little room the precinct had for when children were brought in. They were playing with some blocks when Tsukauchi walked in. “Well, her mom sold her apparently,” he sighed. “We’ll be filing charges against her and we’ll be sending Sora to foster care.”

“No,” Hitoshi said quickly, looking at the detective. “She’s my soulmate, it’s parental. Please.”

Tsukauchi sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose. “You’re a minor and still in high school, you can’t just take in a child.”

“I’m eighteen,” he quickly corrected. “And so is Suki. And she’s our soulmate so there has to be rules about that given everything, ones that let us keep her.”

“There are,” Shou-nii said, stepping into the room. “Katsuki is on his way. We’ll still have to deal with a caseworker like I did for Eri, but given the situation there shouldn’t be any fight on you two taking her, especially with mine and Nedzu’s backing.”

Hitoshi didn’t get a chance to answer as a blonde, his blonde ran into the room in pajama pants and a hoodie. He paused. “Is that her?” he asked, and Hitoshi could see little tears in his eyes, as tough as his love tried to be, he'd been waiting to find their child, their soulmate.

With a little nod, he sat down next to them. “Sora, this is my boyfriend,” Hitoshi told the little girl.

She looked up from her blocks, little ears twitching as she studied him in that way children do before she bounced over to him, reaching a hand out with a block in it, inviting him to play with them. Their hands brushed as Katsuki took the block and Hitoshi could hear the whimper from her, the same one from when he touched her. Tears fell from Katsuki’s eyes as he pulled her into his arms to comfort the little girl, their little girl. “It’s ok, Little Bun,” he promised, “We’re here and we’re going to take care of you.”

His own little family, finally complete, the answers to their questions finally revealed. He leaned over and pressed a kiss to Suki’s cheek, gently rubbing Sora’s back. Their little bunny was finally here.

Chapter End Notes

> As always you can find my with posts about updates and more over here No One of Consequence's Discord

First Step

Chapter Summary

A year after graduating from UA, Izuku has finished his contract with his first agency and is finally coming home

Chapter Notes

CW: None - it's fluff!

And it's here! The closing of the main story! There will still be one more chapter posted here, the long awaited wedding and a companion post I plan to make at the same time for the Wedding Night that was voted on. This has truly been a wild ride and I thank you all so much for coming on it with me.

If you're interested in my new story, it's a former vigilante aideku story and also a soulmate AU - you can check it out at the link in the end notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku took a deep breath as he stepped off the train close to midnight that Thursday evening, his last train ride back after a year of four days living in Tokyo and three days with his family every week. He'd slowly after the last couple weeks brought everything of importance back with him from his tiny studio apartment and earlier today he'd sold the last of his furniture there and turned in his key to the landlord at the front office.

He smiled sleepily at the man waiting just off the platform for him. It was hard to believe it had been over five years since he met Shouta, and when he melted into the man's embrace, he sighed happily. "Welcome home, Kitten," the raspy voice he knew so well said to him.

"Home for good this time," Izuku yawned. "I missed you Sho."

"I missed you too," he chuckled. "Let's get you to the house so you can sleep."

"Sleep sounds nice," he yawned. "Have to get started on setting up the agency tomorrow."

"Nope," Shouta shook his head as he led Izuku to the car. "Tomorrow

you're resting and then in the evening we have dinner plans. You've already worked yourself to exhaustion this week so we're enjoying a day off."

"Don't you have school?" Izuku asked with another yawn, Shouta taking his bag to put in the trunk while he slid into the passenger seat, Shouta getting in and starting the car moments later.

"Believe it or not, I actually took the day off," he grinned cheekily.

"For something other than court or a raid, I don't believe it," Izuku chuckled, curling his tail around him as he looked adoringly over at his soulmate. "Very well, if you took the day off then we can relax together."

The ride home was quiet yet peaceful, something Izuku had grown accustomed to. His conversation with Shouta over a year ago about taking the position had been stressful, Izuku still unsure what the best option would be, how he'd feel about being apart from his family so much. It was through Shouta's support and their compromises that they'd come up with a solution that had Izuku accepting the job on the condition that he work four long days rather than the standard five.

The agency had agreed with the understanding that emergency raids and things like that may occasionally require additional days. Whenever possible though, Izuku did his best to adjust his schedule so he could always spend three days at home with his mate, his daughter. The regular texting and video calls had helped him to not feel quite so lonely when they were apart and he always did his best to be well rested by the time Eri got home from school on Friday. And he'd learned a lot in the process about agencies, how they operate, and various other details that had truly made the experience worthwhile.

But as the car pulled into their driveway, nothing quite beat being home with his family, in his bed with Shouta, in the house they'd made their own. He was thankful that the opportunity to start the agency with Toshi had arrived so quickly after they'd started, the two finally signing the deal on a small office space just last week after starting the paperwork process with the Commission. There was still a lot of work to do to set everything up, but it was the first step toward their dream.

His thoughts didn't stay there for long, sleep catching him the moment

his head hit the pillow. He could think about everything else in the morning.

***

Morning it seems came and went, Shouta finding a sleepy looking kitten of his brewing tea in the kitchen shortly after noon. He chuckled as he pressed a kiss to his cheek, pushing green curls back from his face. “I’ll make lunch,” he said, watching as Izuku just nodded. This last week had been busy between finishing all his paperwork at his old job, goodbye dinners the agency and branch threw, as well as the final steps for moving out. Shouta wasn’t surprised his kitten was sleepy.

But he was home, and the velvet lined box felt like it was burning a hole in his pocket, had been since the moment Shouta bought it, the moment he wanted to forget his plans and race to Tokyo to just ask Izuku. But he’d held back and tonight he’d finally give it to him, finally act on the discussion they’d had so many times.

They wanted marriage, but commuting would have made any planning difficult. Not that Izuku opening his own agency would exactly give him an abundance of free time, but he’d be here in Mustafu for planning lunches or quick moments after work they would use to meet up, to plan, to visit shops. Now was finally the time.

Not that Shouta needed all that: the fancy wedding with flowers and dancing and a cake. He would have taken Izuku down to the courthouse the day he turned eighteen and married him then and there if his romantic side hadn’t won out. He wanted that day to be special, if only because he felt in his heart Izuku deserved that.

The afternoon was whiled away with sitting on the couch, watching his love sip tea, talking about his plans moving forward. It was around when Eri was getting home from school that Shouta declared it was time for everyone to get dressed for the evening. “Already?” Izuku asked, pulling Eri into a hug.

“We have an early reservation,” Shouta told his husband. “And Hitoshi, Katsuki and Sora are meeting us there.”

“Oh, it’s all of us?” Izuku asked in surprise, “I guess I never got details.”

Eri seemed to be wiggling in excitement and Shouta quickly scooped her up to take her to get ready with a note that he thought they’d

have a family dinner to celebrate him and Hitoshi opening the new agency, a reasoning Izuku quickly accepted before moving himself to shower and get changed.

Once Shouta was upstairs with Eri, he knelt down to look at her. “Sweetheart, remember, asking your Dad to marry me is a surprise,” he said softly.

“I know,” she nodded. “I’m just really excited!”

“Same sweetheart but remember, it’s a surprise so we don’t want to tell him yet,” Shouta reminded her. “Can you keep it a surprise just through dinner?”

She nodded with promises that her lips were sealed, even putting a pretend lock on them. Shouta ruffled her hair with a chuckle before pulling down the dress she’d wanted to wear that evening and leaving her to get dressed.

It was about an hour later, everyone cleaned up and dressed, that Shouta ushered them into the restaurant where his brother, his partner, and their child were waiting. Sora was almost four now and was thriving, doing so well with Hitoshi and Katsuki, racing up to smile brightly at them and wanting to sit next to her cousin.

Hitoshi grinned, pulling Shouta away from the others for a moment. “You ready?”

“Yeah,” Shouta took a deep breath. “Thanks for taking Eri tonight.”

“Of course, Sho-nii,” Hitoshi said with a grin. “Let’s go sit down?”

They made their way to the table, Shouta having already set up their orders before, the Shabu Shabu quickly brought out, plates of meats and veggies with different broths being kept warm by the burners built into the table.

Izuku smiled, happily chatting with Shouta, with his friends and the little girls. There was a toast to the new agency, laughter and excitement about it being open and Izuku finally being home. As dinner was ending and dessert was brought out, Shouta moved, shifting out of his seat as Eri, no longer able to contain her excitement for the planned events, let out a little squeal that had Izuku jumping in surprise.

Until he saw Shouta on a knee before him, smiling up at him. “Sho?”

he asked in shock, piecing together what was happening.

“Izuku,” he said, reaching up to take his hand, lacing their fingers together, focused on the freckled face he adored. “Izuku I have loved you since before I knew I should, since before I’d admit I could. You captured my soul long before I knew you were the one it was made for and every step with you had been worthwhile, a sign that our bond is so much more than a mark on my arm, on your chest. I want to keep growing that bond, to love you and be loved by you for life. Would you marry me?”

Green eyes looked at him with tears pooling as his love, his mate, his soul nodded back. “Of course, Shouta,” he said, falling to his knees, placing a hand on either side of his face. “Of course I’ll marry you, my love.”

Shouta wasn’t sure who moved first, who pulled and pushed, but he was aware of their lips moving as one in love and passion until a little body wrapped an arm around his neck. “Show him the ring, Papa,” she said with excitement. “Show him the ring.”

Izuku looked at him with bright eyes as Shouta reached into his pocket, pulling out the velvet box. “I hope you like it. I tried to get something I thought you’d like but that you could still wear at work.” He opened the lid, the white gold ring with little flourishes inlaid into the design, a perfectly cut emerald embedded into it, laying flush against the top of the ring to prevent it getting damaged.

“It’s beautiful,” Izuku purred, tail waving behind him as he placed his hand out for Shouta to slide the ring on, staring at it with a large grin. “We’re engaged,” he said with a watery laugh, a bright smile on his face. “My fiance,” he said pressing a kiss to Shouta’s lips again.

The tables around them burst into applause and Izuku couldn’t help but giggle before burying his face into Shouta’s shoulder. “I love you Izuku,” Shouta said softly.

“I love you too, my fiance,” Izuku whispered back. Shouta couldn’t wait to marry this man, to realize their bond in that way. He remembered the crying kitten he’d found in the park over a decade ago, the one he found again years later, who helped him to become who he was. Izuku had continued to help him, even as he’d grown into someone who could help Izuku too. They grew with each other, developed with each other, and loved each other. And this was their first step towards the next chapter.

This bond they'd chosen to make was the most beautiful thing in Shouta's life.

Chapter End Notes

Please don't forget to check out my new soulmate AU! A Logical Heart

As always you can find my with posts about updates and more over here No One of Consequence's Discord

Epilogue: Bond for Life

Chapter Summary

Shouta and Izuku seal their bond with marriage

Chapter Notes

CW: oops all fluff

Yall I literally don't have the words for this - Bonds is at an end. This story was my first on here and I never expected people to respond to it like you all have. It's been amazing and thank you so much.

I have other stories, so please check them out and the link to the promised wedding night is in the end notes.

Also look at this amazing art by my amazing Strong Enough Co-writer SilverFoxAndCompany

[image]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouta exhaled as he shook his hands anxiously. The day was here, after months of planning it was finally here. The garden venue was beautiful, covered in flowers on a bright spring day and would transition seamlessly from ceremony to reception for their small party.

He looked in the mirror one last time, hair pulled half back into a partial bun, dress pants and vest, sleeves of his dress shirt rolled up. Izuku had suggested a still dressy but more casual look for the garden and Shouta was glad, knowing suit jackets would have made him even more anxious on a day he was excited for.

There was a hand on his shoulder, purple eyes looking down at him. “Breathe?”

“You’re going to be just as anxious when you get married,” Shouta huffed before taking the advice, letting a deep breath of air fill his lungs.

His brother laughed, “One of us will have to find enough free time to propose first. Until then, something wrong?”

Taking a deep breath, Shouta looked away, “I just want everything to be perfect.” Izuku deserved everything they’d wanted today to go right.

“You can’t control that,” Hitoshi shrugged. “But at the end of the day so long as you’re married to Izu isn’t that what matters?”

He sighed, knowing Hitoshi was right. “Still, I just want it to go well.”

“Nem is keeping everyone in line,” his brother promised him. “Everything will go just fine. Speaking of, everyone is almost seated so she told me we’d be starting soon. Zashi is already out there and Suki is wrangling Eri and Sora for now. Inko-san is taking over once everyone is down the aisle.”

“And Izuku?” Shouta asked with wide eyes, hands fidgeting slightly.

“Pretty sure he’s about to burst with excitement,” Hitoshi chuckled. “So, same boat as you. Shouto is talking to him. Probably saying something similar but you know, more like Shouto.”

Shouta couldn’t help but laugh at that, a moment of levity. The idea of the dual haired boy trying to comfort anyone a few years ago would have been difficult to imagine, though between Izuku, the other people around him, Momo, reconnecting with his mom and Shoji, Shouto Todoroki had grown more in touch with his feelings.

“Shouta,” Nemuri poked her head in. “It’s almost time. Everything is perfect, you don’t need to worry about a thing.”

He took a deep breath, checked his rolled up sleeves and pulled back hair once more in the mirror before he stepped out with his younger brother, heading out to the back of the little garden. The space set up for the ceremony was beautiful, flowers in a variety of colors in full bloom, white chairs set up, and at the front a beautiful flower covered arch they’d stand under. He almost missed the little girl, not so little anymore, in a pretty white dress with a little flower crown adorning her hair, running up to give him a little hug. She was ten now, smiling up at him brightly. “Papa, I’m so excited,” she told him, her little miniature version running up too calling for Uncle Sho.

Sora’s father was right behind her, two baskets of flower petals in hand, one for each girl since Sora wanted to help like Eri when she found out about the wedding and flower girls. “Girls, we’re starting soon,” Katsuki said, gentle in a way that was also still amusing to see as he knelt down to be eye level with his own daughter. “Now, you’re

going up after me and Dad, remember," he told her. "You'll walk with Eri and then you'll go sit with Grandma and Ko-san."

"Got it Pops," she grinned with a thumbs up, practically bouncing up and down, bunny ears twitching in excitement.

"Ok, I'm going to give these to Aunty Nem until it's time for you to walk down the aisle," he told her, a good idea as Shouta knew none of them really trusted Sora to not throw them before it was time. Katsuki stood up smiling at his own partner, pressing a kiss to Hitoshi's cheek, and then nodding at the groom. "Congrats Shouta," he said with a nod. "I don't need to warn you not to hurt my best friend."

"I think it's a bit late for that, but you don't," he promised with a soft sigh. He loved his soulmate and would do everything he could to make sure they continued to build a happy life together.

"Sho is right," Nem scooped the flower baskets from Katsuki's hands. "The time for threats is over, it's time for the wedding now. So get in line boys, oh, where is my husband?"

"Making sure the music was set up," he walked up, hair pulled back in a long ponytail, pointing at the air right as the soft music began to play, the seats full with their friends and family. He pressed a kiss to Nemuri's cheek before turning to Shouta, "Ready to finally do this?" he grinned.

"I am," he nodded with a deep breath.

"Alright, well, you four down the aisle first like we practiced," she said as Shouto walked up to join them. "Then you two adorable sweethearts and then Sho and lastly Izuku because you crying at seeing him will be better than him crying, we all know he'll cry."

"I'm not going to cry," Shouta protested, watching his friends, his family move down the aisle, Hizashi and Hitoshi standing to one side of the arch and Katsuki and Shouto to the other side. The girls were handed their baskets right before Nem directed them down the aisle. Sora was bouncing next to her cousin, half the petals just falling out of the basket at the motion rather than her throwing them, making everyone giggle including Eri who did her best to spread the petals evenly.

Then it was Shouta's turn to walk to the front, standing to one side of the arch, turning back toward the entrance, heart pounding out of his chest as his love, his mate, his life came into view. He couldn't help

the little tears that pricked at his eyes as Izuku tried to slowly walk down the aisle. Izuku's own eyes never wavered from him, bright smile still reminding Shouta of the sun as his tail waved excitedly behind him and his own tears began to fall. Shouta found himself stepping away from the arch, meeting Izuku halfway as with a laugh, they both reached up to wipe a tear from the other's cheek.

"Let's go get married, Sho," he said with a watery laugh that removed all Shouta's remaining anxiety. Izuku's finger's laced with his before they walked the rest of the way to where the officiant was waiting for them, smiling as well.

He nodded and then began, Shouta honestly only hearing half the words of the ceremony, eyes completely locked on Izuku. His heart felt like it could fly, this was it, the moment they showed the world their bond was for life. Then the time came for their vows.

"Today I choose you, Shouta, my mate, my love, to also be my husband," Izuku started, squeezing Shouta's hand as he spoke the words he'd written and memorized. "I will stand by your side, continue to grow with you, to challenge you and be challenged by you. Every day our bond will grow. I promise to face the world by your side and for our home to be a place we can go for comfort and security. And I will love you with my whole heart until I take my last breath. Today I choose this bond for life."

Shouta could feel the tears begin to fall again as he began his own vows, feeling the words from the depths of his heart. "Today I choose you, Izuku, my mate, my love, to also be my husband," he sniffed. "I will give you hope to move forward when things are tough and know you'll give me hope as you've always done. I will help to build our lives together, and be a place where you can lay your head when you need rest as I know you will be a place I can go to when the world seems too much. I will cherish and adore you with all that I am; for as long as I live, you'll always be My Kitten, my mate."

He could see the tear filled eyes as his love, the watery laugh, filled with joy and emotion as Shouta smiled, squeezed his hands. "I love you Sho," he said in return.

At the directions from the officiant, they slipped rings on the other's fingers, a symbol of the commitment they made years ago and chose that day to continue making. "By the power vested in me," the man said with a smile. "I now pronounce you joined in bond and in marriage. You may kiss your husband," he said to both of them.

Shouta didn't need to be told twice, pulling Izuku into his arms and joining their lips together. The cheers of their family and friends seemed little more than a dull roar behind them as he relished in the warm lips of his husband, eventually pulling apart only for Izuku to follow and capture his lips again.

"Ok, you two," Hizashi's voice finally broke through their moment. "Save the rest of that for the honeymoon," he teased, causing Izuku to blush and those around them to chuckle.

"Let's go," Izuku laughed. "So we can take pictures and everyone else can enjoy the wine. We can continue this tonight."

"I look forward to it," Shouta purred, moving back down the aisle with his husband, Eri and Sora following right behind them.

Inko pulled both of them into hugs, congratulating them and much like her son, crying happy tears. "You're my son too now," she said softly to Shouta as the photographer started positioning them all for photos.

Pictures went quickly, having gathered their family and the wedding party fairly easily. There were shots with Inko and the girls, their wedding party and even the Ogawas. The older couple had joined them sometimes for dinner, both quickly taken to Izuku and Eri upon first meeting. "Thank you," Ogawa-san said, a smile upon her face as she spoke to Izuku, her husband clapping Shouta on the back in a fatherly way. "He was always such a serious teenager. Thank you for helping him find his joy."

Shouta felt tears again as Izuku pulled her into a hug, "Thank you for caring for him when he needed someone. If it weren't for you I may not have him here now."

"Of course dear," she smiled. "If we don't get a chance to speak during the reception, we're expecting you both for dinner after you get back from the honeymoon."

"Of course," Shouta smiled, hugging her as well. "We're glad you could join us today." They chatted a little bit longer, the photographer snapping some candids the two would cherish when they received them of these soft moments with the couple and their family and friends along with the more set up photos.

From there they moved into the reception, tables moved into the garden in place of the rows of chairs, the sun setting and twinkling

lights flickering on over a dance floor as dinner ended. Shouta pulled Izuku to his chest, swaying under the stars and lights to their first dance as a married couple, a gentle ballad of love and adoration that touched both of them the first time they heard it.

“I love you,” Izuku whispered again, arms wrapped around Shouta’s neck.

Shouta’s own arms were wrapped around Izuku’s waist, “And I love you,” Shouta crooned. “I love you so much.”

Both men danced through the night with various people: Inko, Eri, friends, Sora even insisted on dancing with them both. And as the night finally drew to a close, the people that came together to celebrate their bond formed a line on either side of the walkway to the car, sparklers in hand. They cheered as the couple ran through, waving and laughing before climbing into the waiting vehicle. Izuku leaned over and pressed one more kiss to Shouta’s lips before he drove towards their destination.

This was the beginning of a new chapter for their lives, the next step in building the bonds they chose, the bonds they nurtured, the bonds they made.

Chapter End Notes

> Once again this has been an amazing ride, thank you so much for coming along on it and all your support.
>
> You can find the wedding night here:
>
> Bond For Life
>
> Please don't forget to check out my new soulmate AU! A Logical Heart
>
> As always you can find my with posts about updates and more over here No One of Consequence's Discord

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope you enjoyed.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!